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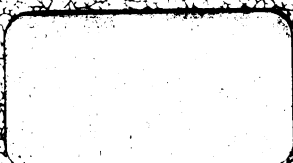
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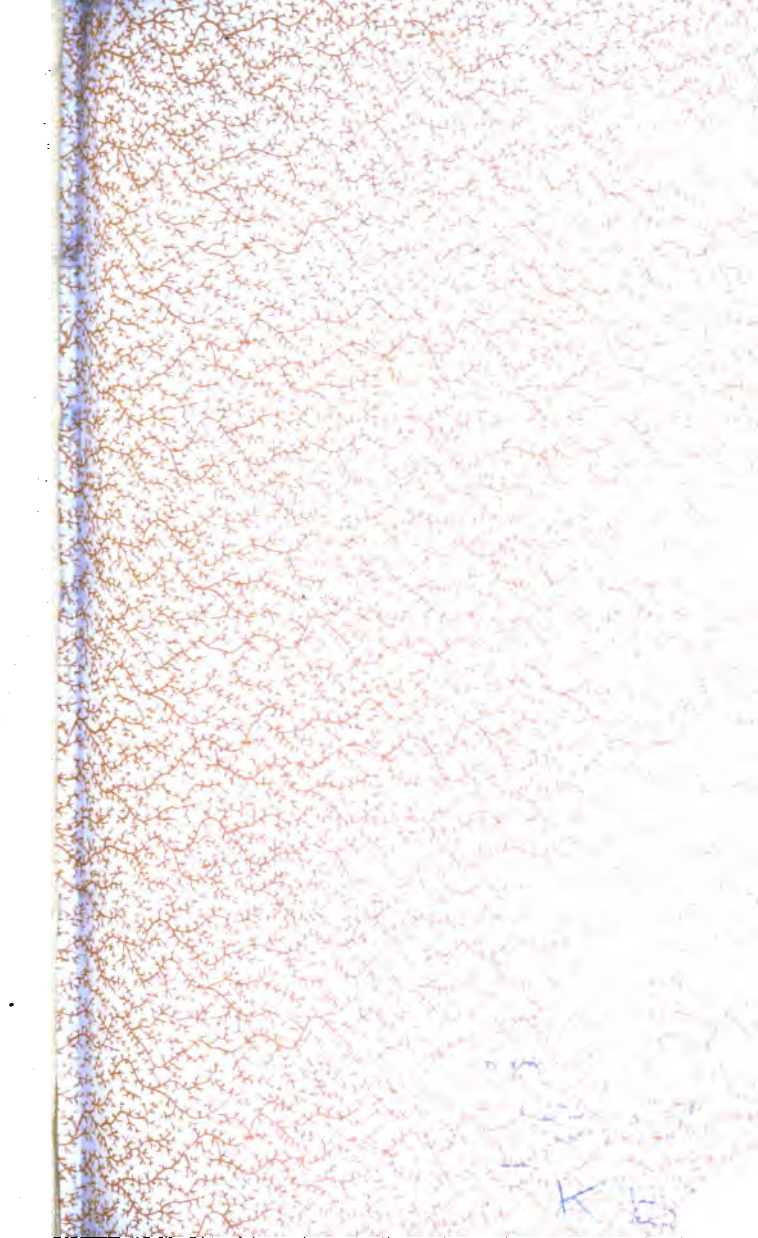
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SCENES AND THOUGHTS  
IN FOREIGN LANDS

BY CHARLES TERRY.



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1848

S.C. 8.



ROY W. WIN  
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TO THE  
REVEREND MICHAEL TERRY,  
LATE OF QUEEN'S COLL: OXFORD.

The contents of this volume you will in great part recognize, the notes were chiefly written for your amusement in my foreign sojournings, and I now inscribe them to you as a tribute of affection.

Your ever affectionate Nephew,

CHARLES TERRY.

THEY WERE  
CLUB  
WAGERS



## PREFACE.

A FEW words, by way of Preface, to a volume like the present, may be expected, and should not be withheld.

It may be well to state, that the Scenes and Thoughts here noted, have chequered the intervals of active, anxious life ; and that circumstances rather than choice have directed the course of my travels. I am desirous that the personal character of many of the descriptions should not be considered egotistical, notwithstanding that many may appear so ; it would have been easy, though to my mind less faithful, to have generalized. In the regions I have happened to visit, there would naturally be a vast variety of subjects for observation ; but, in a small volume of this kind, which has no pretensions to a Book of Travels, only a few can find place, and these are necessarily compressed to afford room for a greater variety. Without giving the exact date, I have inserted the month

and year of the occurrence of these scenes, as indispensable for the reader's information.

The interest, and I may add pleasure I have received in seeing, feeling, and recording the things of which I have here given an outline, have been on the whole so great, that I need offer no other apology for wishing to communicate a portion of the same to others.

C. T.

LONDON, *November*, 1848.



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## SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

### *Losing Sight of England.*



RADUALLY more faint became the outline of the coast until it was invisible. I thought I could still see it long after it was impossible. A few hours ago we left our friends, and now we no longer see our country. Wanderers as the English are, it is not that they love their England less than other people love their country; we too feel a pang of sorrow as we quit the shores whose waters hem in more that is truly great than any other spot on the face of the earth.

English Channel, June, 1842.

### *Bay of Biscay.*

We have steamed through the dreaded Bay, as though its waters had been spell-bound by our appearance; not even did the watchful porpoise display his gambols, prophetic of coming storm, but calm as a lake in summer was the surface of that briny deep, whose

waves have often wrought despair in the heart of the sturdiest mariner.

June, 1842.

### *Gibraltar.*

I landed with a party, and made the most of a few hours stay. The sun was setting; the town was in a perfect buzz, people seemed to issue from their doorways like bees from their hives; the swarm was made up of all nations, all colours, and all professions; at one moment we found ourselves scanned by the lynx-eyed Barbary Jew, at another jostled by the slouching contrabandista and the noisy muleteer. Moreover we had brought the news of an abortive attempt upon the Queen's life, and guns and church bells added their deafening music to the Babel around.

### *The Rock.*

A very obliging officer took our party through the stupendous galleries of fortifications, and I need hardly say they astonished me vastly. In my thoughts I did not harbour the possibility of this fortress being taken from us, but dwelt on the more surprising fact, that we should have taken it from its former possessors: it looks, as it is, impregnable.

June, 1842.

### *Mediterranean.*

These blue waters are beautiful. I had heard often and much of them, yet to describe them adequately is impossible. Poetry to the poetic, and description to the imagination, may do something,—but I say to my

friends, come see and feel for yourselves. Should you enjoy such bright mornings, such glorious days, and such soft evenings as I am now enjoying, you will join me in calling these blue waters more than beautiful.

June, 1842.

### *Malta Cathedral.*

The picturesque town of Valetta pleased me very much, and I soon found myself within the Cathedral of St. John, so interesting from its connection with the celebrated Knights. After examining it from its rich mosaic pavement to its frescoed ceiling, I descended to gaze on the Knights' tombs below. The lamps gave just light enough to make darkness felt, and I would by no means have wished for more; such scenes require no broad glare upon them, simply sufficient to enable the eye to minister to the imagination.

June, 1842.

### *Line of Battle Ship.*

I gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast on board one of our 120 gun ships. The sight of one of these battering Leviathans is a treat to every Englishman. One feels a pride in walking on and within such wooden walls, and to see such hundreds of busy, brawny fellows, looking in as good fighting condition as their burnished weapons, is enough to make one feel a certain comfortable indifference about our enemies.

Malta, June, 1842.

### *Alexandria.*

We disembarked under the burning sun of Egypt.

Conducted as I was by circuitous back ways into the grand square, I certainly passed through lanes and places where my European imagination made me almost see and scent the dreaded plague. This, however, did not deter me from soon getting into the Bazaar, which is vastly amusing to every one who mixes for the first time in such a scene. An Englishman, I find, has just been carried off by the plague.

June, 1842.

### *Donkey Race.*

Passengers, unless they wish to remain at Alexandria, are hurried forwards as soon as the transit arrangements are complete. A party of about twenty of us procured our respective donkeys, and off we started for the Mahmondeh Canal, about two miles from the city. It was almost dark, nevertheless we galloped on, with dust flying, dogs barking, and our noble selves laughing, till we lost our breath, and some of us our seats. We reached the canal safely, after as good a frolic as Pompey's Pillar has often looked down upon.

Alexandria, June, 1842.

### *Clear Night.*

Our party filled the canal boat. It was hot, and the donkey exercise had heated our sanguinary system; a fact, I verily believe, the musquitoes knew and rejoiced in.

The brilliant starlight above us I shall never forget. Reposing on the roof of the boat, and looking upwards,

one seemed to be positively sailing in the midst of the spangled worlds of the universe.

Mahmondeh Canal, June, 1842.

### *Arab Song.*

Our boat was tracked by some half dozen horsemen, cheering themselves by a wild Arab chant as they pressed on. The modulation was striking and peculiar, at one time forming a continuous strain on a single note, then suddenly dropping to a sixth or seventh below it, and then raising the voice again and lowering it gradually, with a very singular effect to European ears.

Mahmondeh Canal, June, 1842.

### *Post Boxes.*

At daylight I was amused at seeing a troop of donkeys filing along on the top of the banks of the canal, loaded with boxes containing the letters our steamer had brought from England for the far East. Sometimes a tired one would lag behind with its precious burden ; and it occurred to me, that if the writers, or those to whom the letters were addressed, had witnessed their chance of being left to repose with the donkeys, they might not have felt the same commiseration for the poor drudges I did myself.

Mahmondeh Canal, June, 1842.

### *The Nile.*

We were now sailing on the far famed stream I had often longed to see. Being at its low state, it was, of

course, less interesting than when it bursts from its bed, and sends its fertilizing waters throughout the vast valley to which it gives its name.

It was quite shallow in places, and our little steamer often keeled its sandy bottom.

The banks bore rich products, and looked luxuriant. The palm tree is frequently seen. A large flock of pelicans sailed along within sight and attracted our attention.

We passed many towns and villages, if they deserve the name; but of all miserable congregations of human dwellings, I think an Egyptian village ranks the worst. The mud heaps look like excellent artificial preserves for disease and vermin.

As we steamed along, serious thoughts naturally crowd upon the mind; and strange indeed would it be, if any one could look over the land of Egypt, for the first time, that "land of wonders," without feeling disposed to think much and deeply too.

June, 1842.

### *Arrival at Cairo.*

We arrived in time for a sunset dinner. I for one was hungry and thirsty, and quaffed freely the cool sherbet brought me by a huge Nubian. Though I felt my blood heated and my pulse galloping, this did not disconcert me; but, giving the reins to my fancy, I soon found myself musing by an acacia, whose leaves were quivering with the evening breeze, and illumined by the gay dance of the firefly.

June, 1842.



*Cairo.*

This truly oriental city is exceedingly interesting, particularly to those who have seen nothing before of eastern countries. After the enjoyment of reading every description which comes in my way, I think I could go out, and, as a spectator of the nineteenth century, still find new tales to tell, as often as I thread my way through the narrow crowded streets.

I leave others to describe its mosques, baths, palaces, and gardens more fully and better than I could.

June, 1842.

*The Flight into Egypt.*

This evening I went to see the place to which it is said the infant Saviour was taken by the Virgin and Joseph on their flight into Egypt.

It is in the vicinity of Cairo; after some delay, I procured the keys of the Roman Catholic chapel which is erected on the spot, and descended some steps into it. Whether in point of fact this is the identical locality or not, the very supposition that it might have been so, filled me with deep emotion, and I fixed my eyes long on the spot where Omnipotence in infancy might have lain. I then looked around on the tokens of the visits of Crusading Knights, and left the place buried in deep thought. The scene will long dwell on my feelings and memory.

Cairo, June 1842.

*Slave Market.*

I was curious to visit this human mart, but I was

too late to witness the usual dealings. Still I saw many miserable objects for sale; and so wretched did they appear to me, that I wondered purchasers could be found for such creatures. It was a painful humiliating sight.

One of the monsters engaged in this repulsive traffic shewed me a lot of poor black girls, and among them was one with a soft kindly countenance that entreated me to purchase her. This being out of the question, I dropped a trifle into her hand. She almost refused it, but her owner's eye was on the silver, and as usual he pocketed the foreigner's donation.

June, 1842.

### *Gardens.*

There are two choice gardens at Cairo. In the one on the Nile, "El Rhoda," I enjoy a stroll in the evening; it is carefully kept, and forms a delicious retreat; I have spent a few happy moments under its beautiful trees.

The other garden, "Choubra," was not so easily visited, as I found this morning, when with a friend I rode to the entrance, with a sort of English determination to get in. Our dragoman interpreted to us that we could not enter, as the ladies of the harem were out walking among its shades and flowers; but this was only an additional reason why we should wish to do so. So we feigned not to comprehend the objection, and were in fact nearly within the gates, when, parbleu! the sentry lowered his bayonet, and with all due courtesy we retired, considering discretion better than cold steel.

Cairo, June, 1842.

*Great Pyramid at Ghizeh.*

We were a party of five, and procured a guide, who undertook to complete all the necessary arrangements for our visit. At ten o'clock Abdallah presented himself, armed ferociously à la Turque; and, to do him justice, being attired in his best and gayest, he really did look well; while the incessant motion of the blue tassel of his crimson fez, and his firm tread, seemed to show that he entertained no slight notion of his own importance.

Abdallah announced that all was ready in the court below, and, brim full of fun, we forthwith mounted our clean-legged, thorough-bred looking donkeys for the start. The streets were quiet until our approach, when a motley pack of dogs followed after us, howling and barking so fiercely, that we appeared the objects of a novel species of hunt. Such were the musical honours under which we soon galloped on to the gates of the city, where Abdallah gave the word, and the sentry let us pass.

When we reached the banks of the Nile, we were detained a short time for boats to convey ourselves and our donkeys across. It was a brilliant night, and the moon's brightness was more silvery than I had hardly ever seen it, so much so, that I sat down and could read a small type.

We crossed the river, but a sudden alarm, and splashing of waters made us uneasy about our donkeys, which formed too numerous a company for the one boat they were packed into; however, all was well, and we pursued our midnight ride under Abdallah's guid-

ance. The Great Pyramid seemed just before us, and we fancied ourselves almost at its base, when we were, in fact, a long distance off; but at last, as the moon waned, we reached it.

Our arrival quickly brought a lot of Ishmaelites around us, of all ages, stature, and appearance. We had some hours to spare before sunrise, so we refreshed ourselves with our Cairo provisions, and then, by torch-light, we all entered the old, stupendous fabric of the Pharaohs' time. After groping along through dusty passages, and climbing up steps, we reached the two chambers within, remarkable for the stone slabs therein; but more so, perhaps, for the fact of chambers being there at all, as, after all, we hardly know for what purpose they were used. There is so little to see within, that our curiosity was soon satisfied, and we were glad to get out into the air again.

It was dark, and as two hours must elapse before sunrise, we sat down at the entrance of the Pyramid, till our conversation flagged; first one of our party fell asleep, then another, and another, and finally, the man I was talking to no longer heard me. Looking on my sleeping friends around made me the less inclined to be drowsy, and indeed the strangeness of the scene was such that I felt greatly interested in my position. My four countrymen were asleep, and fronting us, on three rows of steps, eleven Arabs were seated, with lighted torches in their hands. Their dark countenances, hard features, wild gestures, and quick flashing eyes, formed a striking ensemble with the shades of night in the back ground, and complete stillness every where.

My companions still slept, while I felt increasing interest in the scene before me; at last, I took out my pencil, and amused myself trying to sketch the Arabs. One of them rose, came, and looked over my shoulder, then others, and this led to their talking loudly; so I thought it better not to risk offending their prejudices against "all similitudes," and put my book and pencil in my pocket.

My friends awoke, and Abdallah announced that it was nearly time to commence the outer ascent of the Pyramid.

We ascended the mighty pile, all our party, myself excepted, going to the top. Feeling uncomfortable, and my head unsafe at any great elevation, I sat alone in as high a position as I wished, gazing on this matchless desert, river, and city view.

Darkness rolled away, then came the grey dawn, then the golden light ushered in the dazzling orb of day.

From such an eminence, to look over such a country, is a scene one feels glad to have once contemplated.

Cairo, June, 1842.

### *Heat.*

Egyptian midsummer heat requires all that a vigorous body and good spirits can effect to make it endurable; with these, happily, I was fairly provided: but my short residence in the city of the Nile unstrung me in body, nerves, and spirits more than I thought could possibly have been the case. On my arrival, I overheard a party, as I passed them, remark, "there's a man to stand the climate;" and I dare say I did look

as strong as I was sunburnt, but the grilling weather has soon changed me.

Cairo, June, 1842.

### *Desert Heat.*

From the Pyramid I had seen the Desert, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, but now I am fifty miles within its solitude.

A party of us stopped intentionally a night at the half-way station from Cairo to Suez, and found the heat indeed cruel and parching. We went out before sunrise, and proposed a walk to a solitary tree there is, but the distance deceived us, and the horizontal rays of the sun glowed so fiercely, that, before we could get back, we were uncomfortable and almost sick.

July, 1842.

### *Vermin.*

I am getting accustomed to vermin annoyance, but this place is almost intolerable, being infested with this kind of torment from rats down to every species of blood-sucker.

Flies are innumerable, and I have seen a cloth laid on a long table become almost invisible by the flies upon it. One day I heard a wag doubting whether some portion of the ten great plagues did not still cling to the land of Egypt.

Suez, July, 1842.

### *Bathing.*

This morning, just as I had finished my bath on the beach, a boat came in, and I hastened with others

to see what it was that attracted attention. I found it was a young shark the fishermen had just caught. This has stopped one of my morning's amusements in this locality, as it is hardly comfortable to imagine that such company may be sporting in the same waters with you.

Suez, July, 1842.

### *Call to Prayer.*

My bedroom windows open close upon the minaret of a mosque, and I confess I find the frequent "callings to prayer," issuing from a stentorian voice, by no means edifying. I often wish that pious Moslems would look quietly at their watches, and allow "dogs of Christians" to sleep undisturbed.

Suez, July, 1842.

### *Wind and Heat.*

From my room I can see into the desert on one side of Suez, and such whirlwinds of sand are drifting, first in one direction, then in another, that I heartily pity, even "the children of the desert," the Bedoweens themselves, who may be exposed to the merciless kamseen. The heat is so dry that the thermometer ranges much higher than I was aware of.

Last night I crossed the street at nine o'clock, when the sand was hot under my feet, and the temperature at 106 degrees Farenheit.

Suez, July, 1842.

### *Turkish Merchant.*

I saw a man looking after some bales of goods, and

found he could speak French. Having asked him what commerce was going on, and who transacted it, he proposed to introduce me to his master, which I at once agreed to; for being rather fond of getting into any new scenes, I was glad of the opportunity.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, I was introduced to the Egyptian merchant, a person of some importance, and holding a consular appointment. The party in the room all uncrossed their legs and rose at my entrance, and the person above-named took his stand in the centre, with a long baton in his hand, in the office of interpreter.

The pipe I saw had left the merchant's mouth, and presently his eldest son brought it me, and I put forth clouds of smoke, not only out of compliment to my host, but because it was the best tobacco I had ever tasted. The second son then presented me with fragrant mocha in a little porcelain cup, lodged in one of silver.

Our party formed a circle, and conversation went round as rapidly as one tongue could interpret for many. The interpreter, I soon discovered, was a veritable oriental. I dare say I told them lots of pleasant tales, but I am quite sure they were all metamorphosed by the interpreter's wand before they reached those I addressed.

Their strange questions amused me vastly, and, of course, I did not fail to give instantaneous replies, though as oriental notions differ so much from ours, many questions would naturally be asked, such as would puzzle most people at first. However, doubt and hesitation are so construed, or misconstrued, amongst



them, that if one values a new acquaintance, nothing of the sort must be visible, and, if possible, one's speech in replying should flow freely and rapidly. Orientals will then deem the fountain spring of your knowledge all the deeper and more genuine.

*Bedoween Schiek.*

By invitation, the next day I found myself in the midst of a larger company in the same merchant's divan, and from the same amber mouth-piece I again smoked as earnestly as any of the whole party.

I was particularly introduced to a little man to whom much attention was shewn, and the moment I entered I caught a glance from his quick eye, which struck me as peculiar. I soon learnt that this Schiek before me was the chief of a tribe in the Tor district, comprising three thousand families.

By the help of the interpreter, who stood as before in the centre, the conversation flowed quick, and all parties looked pleased, particularly the Schiek. He then begged to be allowed the privilege of escorting me to Mount Sinai, and I would willingly have entrusted myself to him, but I was bound elsewhere, and could not. He thought in my hesitation I was thinking about the expense, and very delicately gave me to understand that no remuneration to him could be permitted, and that he would see me safely back again in three weeks. I thanked him, and shook hands heartily with the old man. He left Suez during the night.

Suez, July, 1842.

P. S. In 1846, I heard that the Schiek had since died.

*Red Sea.*

The Red Sea is as blue as lapis lazuli, and the clearest of briny waters.

The heat was intense, as is generally the case in this month. The thermometer ranged very high. Many of us laid ourselves at full length on the benches, others on the floor of the saloon, all panting for cooler air than we could get; the voyage at this season of the year is a serious endurance even to the strongest constitution.

July, 1842.

*Straits of Babelmandeb (Tears).*

In the distance was a breeze; we could not tell "whence it came," but there it was, for the waves told us it was there. We approached it, and then were in it: none can tell how delicious, how refreshing was the sensation!

When safely through the Straits, our Arab pilot looked happy, congratulated the captain, and then, facing eastward, went through his devotions in the presence of us all, with the same composure as if he were alone on the top of a pyramid.

July, 1842.

*Aden.*

It is evident that this important Peninsula owes its origin to some volcanic action, while the town and cantonments are as distinctly situated within what has been, in former days, a fiery crater. However, while the sun looks down as he does upon them, and the

dark mountainous rocks refract the rays of such a sun, there is enough to render the place well nigh intolerable, for a third of the year, without the addition of fire and brimstone bubbling from below.

July, 1842.

### *Needless Alarm.*

At sunset a party of us left the ship to bathe, and were enjoying ourselves, when one of our party shouted out, "Shark! Shark!" Immediately there was a rush for the beach, in the midst of which down I fell, not only cutting my legs, but quite thinking one at least was in a shark's jaws. This was a frolic, but I shall take a frolic's warning, and not bathe again in such a place.

Aden, July, 1842.

### *A Storm.*

As we neared the Isles of the Aloe—the Socotras, the wind and the sea became boisterous and tremendous; and now came an opportunity of witnessing a storm at sea, which I had often longed for.

Not having suffered from sea sickness during the voyage out, I fancied myself in this respect storm-proof, but I was mistaken. As soon as I got over the veritable misery of it a little, I was on deck, and secured myself amongst the ropes, in order to enjoy the sight.

The sea rolled and pitched our ship in the grandest style, while the waves were magnificent, sometimes yawning fearfully beneath us, and then, cresting up, they topped our bulwarks. Our topmast came down

with a crash, the sea broke over, and so struck us, that I wondered no further mischief followed.

In a large steamer a storm is a real scene, while the general sickening and the affrighted looks of passengers would lead one to suppose that much more positive danger existed than is really the case.

Off the Socotras, July, 1842.

### *Ceylon.*

This morning we came in sight of the verdant hills round Point de Galle.

I got deliciously wet through in a squall as we landed and never enjoyed a wetting before.—The air being cool, and the dust laid, the island formed such a change from Egypt that I bounded with delight. I devoured a capital breakfast at the hotel, and went off to the hills. I ran, jumped, and felt as wild as a colt just let loose; when this was over, I ascended the highest points, and enjoyed a grand sea view, coupled with beautiful inland scenery, while around were trees and flowers in luxuriance—how refreshing are showers and zephyrs amidst the charms of Nature!

Galle, July, 1842.

### *Bhuddhist's Temple.*

More delicious showers in the morning had freshened every thing, when I started with a friend for a long ramble. We walked up hills and down into valleys, quite heedless of the direction, providing it were in a succession of woods and verdure.

On a picturesque height I detected a something, almost hidden, of a temple fashion, and on ascending

we found it to be a Bhuddhist temple. In some small houses close by dwelt the priests belonging to it; we made signs of our wish to see the interior. This was refused at first, but a small donation from my purse overruled all objection, provided only we would take off our boots. This we, of course, did and walked in. A huge image was in the centre, with a smaller one on either side. The shrine of the images was strewn with flowers, of which I begged and obtained permission to carry away a handful.

When we started this morning, I little thought I should see so close a representation of "Baal's image and groves," which the Prophets of Israel denounced.

Galle, July, 1842.

### *Snake Hunt.*

I wished to find some of these reptiles which abound here, so I provided myself with a good stick, and paid a fellow to take me to their most likely haunts. I soon found a small deadly one, but he was nearly dead already, and too much damaged for me to bottle.

I then went along the banks of a most snaky looking river. For a long time I saw none, at which my guide was astonished; but, while I was being amused at a party of natives bathing in the stream, at my feet glared a pair of eyes I at once recognised. My weapon was on his head in an instant, and having got his writhing body out of the water, I finished him, and put him up in my cambric. This familiarity with a snake frightened my guide, and he ran away. I confess I would almost as readily bathe in the haunts of sharks

or crocodiles as where these less discernible reptiles are lurking about.

Galle, July, 1842.

### *A Ramble.*

This morning I was off for a ramble ; for miles I walked along, musing, in the shade of the cocoa-nut tree.

It was near the beach, where the surf was roaring and dashing in the grandest style, while occasional showers kept the air truly delicious.

After some time I turned out of the main road, and soon lost myself so completely, that, when the sun was hid, I could not guess which direction to take to get back again.

I went on, and found myself on a gentle declivity, overshadowed with lofty palms, and caught a sight of some huts, which I immediately approached. A mild Cingalese came out to me ; and, fortunately, he remembered a few words in some other language than his own, which, with signs, assisted him in shewing me my geographical position.

Being tired, I sat down with the waving leafy plumes over my head, and could see I was an object of no small curiosity to the inmates of the other huts. They looked at me from their doors and lattices, and the children mostly approached me, but some shy elder ones merely peeped cautiously ; and, to have the same privilege, I had to be cautious also ; in fact, one unlucky gaze robbed my eyesight of a pair of neighbouring eyelashes I had caught a glimpse of, and looked for again in vain !

I was refreshed by my half-hour's rest, and the milky wine of the cocoa-nuts they plucked from the trees to bring to me.

Galle, July, 1842.

### *Cinnamon Garden.*

Of course I did not fail to visit a cinnamon garden, its very name has a fragrance with it.

This spice-tree is of the laurel kind, and forms an elegant garden shrub.

Some of the most beautiful butterflies I had ever seen were fluttering their large dark blue wings around me.

A huge lizard or two caused me to draw back ; they were of themselves beautiful and harmless ; but, belonging to the reptile tribe, I must confess that they and all their kind, even to the green chameleon, find but little favor in my eyes.

Galle, July, 1842.

### *Masoulah Boat and Catamaran.*

I was among the first of the party to descend into a Masoulah boat to go ashore ; and, with a numerous crew, we soon reached the surf so well known by frequent description.

To avoid a complete wetting, we had a sail thrown nearly over us, and a curious sensation came over us all as we came within the white foamings, for we were carried first forward then back again, until, on the top of one more furious wave than the rest, we were thrown high and dry upon the shingly beach. This kind of boat is an excellent contrivance.

The crew generally endeavour to instil unnecessary alarm on strangers, in order to procure a present beyond their hire. Near the boats are usually some of the fearless catamaran men on their floating logs ; they afford additional and very interesting security ; for, in case of an upset, these expert swimmers would dive instantly to the rescue of any one, even in the sight of the numerous sharks infesting every part of this coast.

Madras, August, 1842.

### *Madras.*

The first arrival in British India must be interesting to every Englishman.

I was soon in Fort St. George, nor did I rest until I had gone round the whole of this presidential city.

In the evening some snake-charmers came, and let out their cobra capellas to dance before us to their wild piping. This we all were interested in, and should have been painfully so, had we not known that the reptiles were disarmed of their deadly fangs.

August, 1842.

### *Arrival in Bengal.*

My voyage was now closing. We passed Tiger Island, and rapidly approached the eastern city of palaces.

The handsome residences along the banks of the river near Calcutta are very striking, beautifully surrounded as they are with trees, and shrubs, in perpetual luxuriant foliage.

At nine o'clock I stepped up the Ghaut, got into a



palanquin, and soon arrived at comfortable quarters in the chief hotel.

A strange feeling comes over one on the completion of a long distant voyage; I had felt it all day, and still felt it as I sank to sleep tired but uneasy.

The scantiness of the furniture of my room surprised me at first, but it may be that in these hot latitudes the less of such appurtenances the better for comfort.

Calcutta, August, 1842.

### *Indian Barber.*

My first morning visitor was a barber; and he, after tapping at the door, entered, and requested to be allowed to shave me, but I declined his services. Within a short time, while I was hoping to get another dream, a second barber did the like. He understood nothing I could speak, but I managed to make him go and find some other customer. This woke me well: when a third came in, and requested this tonsorial privilege, accompanying the request by telling me (as a stranger) that in India no gentleman shaves himself; so, being amused at this, I patronized his art on account of his importunity.

Calcutta, August, 1842.

### *Sunday Church Service.*

For weeks and months I have had no opportunity of going to church, and the sound of the bell rejoiced me. I like to be early, and I was so this morning; and thus I had sufficient time to look round the modest cathedral of St. John before the service. I felt

deeply the hallowed thoughts conveyed by our beautiful Church of England liturgy.

At this great distance from happy England, to see a large congregation of her sons and daughters worshipping, as at home, in the simple forms and devout eloquence of her Common Prayer Book, is a high and holy pleasure; and perhaps I never joined in the responses more devoutly in my life.

The weather was hot, but a great number of fanning machines (punkahs) were suspended by cords from the roof, and these being pulled to and fro, the temperature is rendered tolerable. The Musselmen employed to pull these punkahs keep on their turbans, as they would do in their own mosques, or as Jews would in their synagogues.

Calcutta, August, 1842.

### *Ladies at Church.*

I dined with some new made friends this evening (Sunday). I was asked what I thought of the ladies I had seen at church in the morning? I said "I thought them elegant," and so they were; "but that I could observe a striking change from those I had left at home, for that the rosy freshness of our northern clime was here a drooping lily." I particularly remarked that one lady sitting near me, though elegant, "seemed come to say her last prayers." There was a smile from my host's lady, next whom I sate. It was the lady herself of whom I was unconsciously speaking!

Calcutta, August, 1842.

*Fever.*

August is an unhealthy month at Calcutta. The heavy rains, after having saturated every thing, clear away, and the sun draws out the malaria from the dead and living vegetable matter around.

I was not acclimated : suddenly my blood boiled in my veins ; sleepless days and nights, with racking, burning fever, perfectly prostrated me. A kind stranger or two, hearing me moan, came in to see me ; and my poor Indian servants distressed me by shedding tears, for which I could have no claim on them. Then, and never so much so till then, did I find myself lonely. It taught me a lesson, a charitable lesson, towards unfriended strangers, such as I shall never forget.

On the morning after five days and nights of this fever, my excellent friend and medical man asked me if I thought I could eat a chop and drink a glass of bitter beer. The thought delighted me, and I whispered, Yes ! The fever was gone, and the doctor knew it ; but when slowly I raised myself, trying in vain to stand, and looked at my limbs, I was astonished, almost frightened, to see how they had become attenuated. However, the fever had left me, and I rapidly recovered my strength, with an acclimated constitution.

Calcutta, Sept. 1842.

*Domestic Snake.*

I took a house, and was much amused as I walked

through the drawing-room previous to its being made ready to receive me.

I saw a little thin thing, which I hardly thought was a snake; but, on my presenting a stick, he twisted his little body round, and raised his head forward in all the hissing impudence of his larger brethren. After making him bite at my handkerchief, I took him down carefully, to know from the natives what they thought of him, and to ascertain the species. The sight of the little creature was enough for them, and they all ran away at once; this being the case, I thought it better to crush my little specimen, rather than make any enquiries of his little fangs (if he had any) with my fingers. I was the less inclined to run the risk of a bite, well knowing that the most fatally poisonous snakes are often those of the smaller kinds, and that they are never too young to be dangerous.

Calcutta, Sept. 1842.

### *Hindoo Entertainment.*

The family residences of respectable natives are large, owing to the custom of living together, until the death of the head of the family, when a necessary separation takes place.

This evening I was invited to the country residence of a rich native, to witness a display of fire-works without, and a fête within doors.

The fireworks were got up very well, after which the company filled the quadrangular court of the house to suffocation in every part. A temporary awning forms the usual shelter on these festive occasions, and

by this means a very large lofty room is made, which is always brilliantly illuminated.

The superior guests had places provided for them in the balcony, while below was a motley crowd of all sorts. In the centre of the parterre were half a dozen musicians, perpetrating the roughest and flattest discord ever heard.

I walked down among the crowd of natives to see them, and observe their customs, but soon grew tired of their monotonous amusement, which is to sit and hear this horrible music, and witness certain strange movements yclept dancing, and chatting with friends as they come and go.

This fête was in honour of some patron idol, whose hideous image was garlanded, gilded, and illuminated in the chief side of the quadrangle.

The believing visitors are expected to pay this favorite some mark of especial attention before leaving.

My native host did not fail to bestow a bouquet of roses on me, to have rose-water sprinkled over my head, and otto of roses dropped on my handkerchief, according to their custom.

Calcutta, October, 1842.

### *Earthquake.*

A friend had dined with me, and we were in full conversation lounging on the sofa, when, about nine o'clock, on a sudden, the numerous crows and kites roosting were thrown from their perches in the trees, screeching, and in another moment I felt a shaking, then a trembling vibration, and soon afterwards the

house was rocking. I exclaimed, "Earthquake! it is an earthquake!" Fearing the fall of the great beams of the house, I ran across the room to get under the massive arch of the doorway, and entreated my friend to come also, but he was motionless, and pale, as I dare say, I was myself.

A few moments more, and I should have been completely sick, but it was over, and the house still stood, while the underground torrent-like noise had passed by. We went out, and the streets were filled with people, fearing, like ourselves, to remain within their houses. It was over, thank God! and this most dreadful of all nature's wonders had not brought destruction to any one.

I have a more horrible fear of an earthquake than of any thing else; it is so utterly prostrating and paralyzing.

Many were the singular effects of this slight shock of earthquake. Among them, it was noticed that the ships in the river seemed to part from their cables, and go aground, which they did not. Fishes rose to the top of the water, and were seen in dismay on the surface of the tanks. Natives ran hither and thither bewildered, and I doubt not but every beast and reptile shared in the general alarm.

Calcutta, Nov. 12, 1842.

### *Ball-room.*

Two of the large Indiamen lately arrived have brought considerable additions and acquisitions to the fair portion of our society. Several of the lately arrived were at the ball this evening; we could distin-

guish them by their English health glowing fresh on their cheeks. I sat near two of these ladies, and very interesting persons they were; but when I saw the busy mosquitoes fixing on them in particular, marking their delicate shoulders, I could not help wishing, for their sakes, that they had remained in happy England, where their blooming countenances and high spirits would have been spared the withering influences of a Bengal climate.

The lassitude produced by the climate extends to every thing but dancing, which is kept up with more spirit than in England; and there is a sort of desperate determination not to lose this joyous pastime, though it may be accompanied and followed by such fatigue as may endanger ordinary constitutions.

Calcutta, Dec. 1842.

### *Hindustanee.*

In order to learn sufficient of the language for common purposes, such as directing servants, &c. I have employed a native teacher, a moonshee.

On my arrival I enquired of an Englishman, in polite innocence, what was the Hindostanee for "If you please." He smiled, and informed me that eastern customs did not require the use of such an expression; and that, in fact, it would be somewhat difficult to translate.

I soon found that the one useful mood of active verbs was the imperative, and that all adjuncts would only prove worthless incumbrances: this, of course, only applies to native servants, and those holding subordinate positions. Amongst the wealthy and edu-

cated, there is a recognized "suaviter in modo" existing, and probably few natives excel them in outward deference towards each other.

Calcutta, Dec. 1842.

### *Musical Rats.*

Incredible as it may appear, and had it occurred only once I might have considered it accidental, but on sundry occasions, after dinner, say about nine or ten o'clock, while alone, and singing to my guitar, I have had rats running about my chair, and scampering round the room as though it belonged to them, and I was their poor minstrel.

Sometimes I have laughed outright to find myself singing some favorite one of Moore's fascinating melodies to such unsentimental company.

Calcutta, Dec. 1842.

### *Birds.*

These are surprisingly numerous in Bengal.

The stately adjutant, a very large bird, during the rainy season and cool months comes to Calcutta in considerable numbers. Government House is one of their favorite roosting-places, and they are striking objects round the balustrades of the whole building, even to the entrance-gates. They are exceedingly useful as scavengers, and it is quite astonishing to see them throw up some great morsel with the points of their long beaks, get it into their great gorge, and then with one squeeze and bend of the neck sending it into their digestive regions.

I have often seen them dispose of a dead rat in this



manner ; but a friend told me he had seen one descend upon a live cat, and bolt poor puss at a swallow !

Kites are very numerous, and they float about gracefully in the air. Their note is so touchingly melancholy that I often listen to it with pleasure.

Crows are innumerable, and without hesitation I should say they are the most impudent birds in the creation. They are well built, active, grey-necked fellows, cawing every moment they are awake. Leave your windows open, and they will often come in. Sometimes, in the morning, I have had them fly in, and, seeing me asleep, would caw until they had well roused me from my slumbers. They enrage me by their impertinence occasionally.

Sparrows of course there are, for they are every where, in every clime between the two poles. Here, however, they are not the bold race we have in England, far too tame.

Vultures are numerous, but they do not join other birds in coming down upon the populous parts of the city.

These are birds to which I always had an antipathy ; but more so, since I have seen them congregate in masses at the place where the Hindoos burn their dead. While the burning is going on, they fly about in the grilling fumes with evident delight, and they will almost singe their feathers endeavouring to seize some fleshy fragment from the funeral pyre.

They are also continually seen revelling on floating bodies, which certain castes of Hindoos throw into the holy stream.

Yesterday a man brought me a bird he told me was

a nightingale, though it was nearly black, and very unlike my favorite. I smiled, and thought I was being imposed upon; but this was not the case, and it was in fact the bulbul, or Indian nightingale.

Calcutta, Dec. 1842.

### *Skulls.*

This evening, as I strolled along the banks of the Hooghly waiting for a friend, I amused myself by examining, phrenologically, some Hindoo skulls, which I found at my feet, blanched by sun and water. No people can more closely resemble each other than the Hindoos, unless, perchance, the Chinese. The lack of "combativeness" and large "secretiveness" are remarkable.

I dare say a short time ago I should have been surprised at my own familiarity with these relics of humanity; however, of late, the scenes which have come in my way have rubbed off many morbid notions and timid antipathies, and this I am glad of, as it is, I am persuaded, useful to know something of the condition "that flesh is heir to," provided, only, callousness be not the result.

Calcutta, Jan. 1843.

### *Cholera.*

This too often fatal disease has been busy amongst Europeans as well as natives, and it is startling to find those we knew lately in health and high spirits so suddenly gone to the grave. The frequent occurrence, however, of such a shock does painfully habituate us to it. I say painfully, because this all-important event to

every living creature should have its proper powerful influence on all around. On hearing of one's death, the usual ejaculation is, " Ah, poor fellow ! dear me, very sudden !" And yet it may have been that the dead man was one of a joyous party at dinner the day before, and the first announcement of his decease is brought by a messenger from the undertaker in the morning, in a note couched in the following laconic terms, and within a black border, viz.

The friends of the late Mr. — are respectfully informed that his remains will be interred this evening, at five o'clock.  
Aged      years      months      days.

J. L——,  
*Undertaker.*

This is all the notice that is given, and it is sent to the whole of the European society. Those who esteemed the deceased generally attend the funeral. Thus in the same twenty-four hours, life, death, and burial occurs, and in about as short a time one is almost forgotten. Such is the tenure of life and such are the circumstances of death in India too frequently.

Calcutta, Jan. 1843.

### *Affghan.*

This evening I crossed the river with a friend, to see a large caravan of Affghans, who usually come once a year from their Cabul homes to this distant market.

They formed a numerous company of men and camels. I do not know whether any of the lost tribes of Israel are among them, but there is a strong Jewish caste in their countenances.

As we approached, an Affghan came up, and we walked along with him, trying him with all the eastern words we could recollect, but to no purpose. He was an enormous man, with a fine laughing face. I have rarely seen a better expression of countenance than this careless, swaggering, good-natured fellow wore.

Calcutta, Jan. 1843.

### *Fête and Ball.*

Last night there was a splendid entertainment given by Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, at his handsome country residence. Most of the Calcutta society attended.

The extensive grounds were illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks to amuse the company.

The votaries of Terpsichore were refreshed by a princely midnight banquet, comprising more precious luxuries than ever found a place at the board of the most celebrated of India's ancient warrior kings.

No sherbet cooled by the mountain snow, could compare with those iced Falernian beverages so profusely provided by our excellent host. The night hours flitted by, and many of us saw the sun rise ere we got back to our homes and pillows.

Calcutta, Jan. 1843.

*Hooghly River.*

I was returning this evening from the opposite side of the river, when one of the boatmen fell overboard, and, though he swam well, I was anxious until we got him into the boat again. The Hooghly is so infested with monsters of one sort and another, that I always fancy some great eyes and mouths are open and waiting for prey.

It is said that alligators do not come about Calcutta on account of the noisy population on the banks and on the river itself, also that sharks will not go higher than the salt water reaches, but the chance of a little touch of hunger affecting either of these creatures, existing in such numbers so near us, makes me very suspicious of their timidity.

Many people would often enjoy the evening breeze on the water, were they not prevented from doing so by the revolting custom of some native castes, who throw their dead into the holy stream from religious motives. I did not keep a good look out this evening, and one of these putrid bodies floated by close to me, affording a feast to some vultures, and sorely upsetting my olfactory organs.

Calcutta, Feb. 1843.

*North-wester.*

At this season of the year these are of frequent occurrence, and last evening we had a very severe one. The weather had been exceedingly hot and close for some days.

I looked out several times from the roof of my

house, but all was clear and still. At sunset the lightning played fiercely in the north-west. Presently the horizon became blackened ; and I enjoy a storm so much, that I sat on the roof with delight, and watched it rapidly approach, until the vivid flakes and forks of lightning around me made it prudent to retire into the house.

The black clouds came hurrying up, and were in terrible commotion as the storm approached.

One bright flash in particular was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, startling and awful—the earth seemed to tremble.

The dust was flying, and the natives were running in every direction for shelter ; while one gust of wind was followed by another, until it blew a tempest. We had to fasten the windows doubly, only leaving a little corner to look out at.

It was grand to see the lightning darting through the falling torrents, while the pealing thunders and mighty winds made up the stirring music of the storm.

Calcutta, March, 1843.

### *Hindoo Corpse.*

This morning I rode along the banks of the river among the crowds of natives to observe, as I best might, their varied manners and customs.

The sun was just risen, and, under the shade of a tree, I saw a poor woman in great grief, with a dead man by her side. Many of the passers by stopped, I also stopped and pondered over her affliction. Her countenance portrayed her distress in so heart-rend-

ing a manner, that I could not get the sad picture from my mind's eye for some time afterwards.

Calcutta, April, 1843.

### *Hindoo Vow.*

In the Bazaar this morning a Hindoo came to me begging. He was one of those who had made a vow never to lower his arm. I examined it, and there it was, turned upwards from the shoulder-socket, perfectly straight and fixed, with the hand, of course, far above the head. His clothing, as usual with the lowest classes, was very scanty, in fact, only a narrow cloth round the waist; hence the distortion of the member was the more sickening to look at.

I have seen many cruelly disfigured by the same superstitious infatuation, and anywise it clearly demonstrates the ruling power of the mind over all, even the most intense suffering of the body, which is often marvellously endured.

A few days ago I saw one of these beings, who had let his hair grow until it nearly reached his feet. It was by no means a pleasing sight, insomuch as the hair was allowed to mat together, and had become disgustingly filthy; but had it been otherwise, Nature teaches its uncomeliness, so inconsistent with the hard features of manhood.

Calcutta, April, 1843.

### *Lightning.*

After sunset, while riding on the course, I observed to a friend that the flashes of lightning seemed to come rather too near to be agreeable, indeed habit

alone prevented our feeling timid. I confess I was glad to get home, as it was unusually vivid, and I thought I smelt sulphur.

Shortly after reaching home, I heard that a gentleman had his horse killed under him about the time we left the course.

It is a matter of surprise to me that the awful lightning we have so frequently should in general be so harmless.

I have walked on the roof of my house in the night during a storm, when the fluid has dashed down, breaking into fiery flakes around, and well nigh blinding me: this I do not recommend to others.

Accidents, when they occur, are generally from persons riding or going by any means rapidly through the air, thus opening a current for the electric fluid to rush along.

It is prudent, if caught in a thunder storm, to proceed deliberately, quietly submitting to a drenching, if necessary, and avoiding all tree shelter.

Calcutta, April, 1843.

### *Visit to a Hindoo.*

I paid a promised visit to an intelligent influential Baboo at his residence. It is a large building, and appeared swarming with people, and it did in fact swarm, for no less than two hundred people, I was told, were hangers on, and three generations that had fulfilled the command to "increase and multiply" lived under the same roof.

I went through several of the apartments on the side of the building separated from that wherein the



women live. They were comfortable enough, and there was also a small crowded library, containing a strange medley of English authors.

After chatting with my friends, I expressed a wish to see their wives, knowing very well that it would be, as it was, refused. Then I said, "Let me see the children;" and at once I had a troop of young dark ones around me, from two years old upwards, most of them with very little dress on them, some with none at all, except bangles (bands) of solid gold round their ankles, arms, or wrists, and one or two of the youngest with a thicker one of the same metal round the waist. Among them was a beautiful little girl. I never saw such a pair of large eyes more exquisitely fringed with long glossy eye-lashes.

I amused my friends by phrenologically telling them their children's characters, and this greatly surprised them. They could not understand how it was possible that the exterior of the head could explain the unknown propensities of the mind. They reported these simple discoveries to their wives, who considered them so wonderful, that they thought me an Astrologer, an important character amongst a superstitious people like the Hindoos, but to me by no means an enviable one.

Calcutta, April, 1843.

### *Taking the Veil.*

This was a ceremony I had never before witnessed. I started early this morning to the Convent Chapel at the Nunnery, and procured a good seat. I was there an hour before the time purposely, wishing to see the whole of the proceedings.

The altar was gaily decked with garlands, and every thing denoted the occasion of the public assembly, which was to witness the reception of a daughter of the world into the bonds of the order of nuns. A number of young noviciates, chiefly Eurasians (half castes), seated themselves in their places in front, wearing long veils, and dressed in white, which shewed off their dark complexion. Occasionally I saw some of their faces, and they were so plain that I thought it a pity they were not nuns already.

The Bishop officiated in the service and a Jesuit preached; then all was attention to the ceremony about to take place.

A beautiful person now came up the aisle, robed in bridal attire, with a dazzling train supported by young attendants. The Bishop received her, questioned her as to her free will in renouncing the world, and her happy smile as she assented was truly affecting. The Bishop shed tears in administering the various vows: few were the tearless eyes in that chapel besides her own—she is firm—she is led away to change her bridal dress. Music, most exquisite music, was chanted during this interval; the “ora pro nobis” was more touching than I can describe. She returns—her robes are now changed from fashion’s elegance to the black vesture of the nun; her beautiful tresses are now cut off, and her head is covered with the nun’s cap: but there she is, still firm, aye! and even more beautiful. I did not think I could have felt so keenly as I did—tears stole down my own cheeks, and I was but one of many. The Bishop’s voice faltered as he placed the vestal cord round her waist. More music, and then

closed this scene, one of the most painful I ever remember to have witnessed. Heavens! I am thankful not to belong to a creed which perpetrates, justifies, and extols such barbarity among God's social creatures.

Calcutta, May, 1843.

### *Indian Fruits.*

This morning, a couple of hours before breakfast, I and a friend regaled ourselves with a large dish of mangoes. They were most delicious.

It is an oblong fruit, about the size of the peach, with a large flattish stone. The mode of eating them is to cut off the two sides, and with a spoon or otherwise to get the fragrant juiciness into one's mouth. It is a great treat, coming into season as it does during the hot weather.

To a looker on it would be amusing sometimes to see a real mangoe eater turn up his shirt sleeves and demolish a large dish of them, finishing the last with the same zest as he began the first, with this only difference to the spectator, that in his eagerness he has probably managed to send the yellow juice all over his face, and up to his elbows.

After a little time I got to like the plaintain, or banana, when very good. In taste it resembles a pear, but is very inferior to it. They grow in large, handsome clusters, shaped like small cucumbers.

These are the only fruits in Bengal much eaten by Europeans, and probably are the only ones to be called innocuous.

The queen of fruits, the beautiful pine apple, although exceedingly cheap and plentiful, is not much cared for.

It is not thought wholesome, and this may account for its being neglected.

There are sundry other native fruits. But what are they all, including the anana, banana, and mangoe, compared with such delicacies as strawberries, grapes, nectarines, pears, and many other of the more common fruits of Europe?

Calcutta, May, 1843.

### *Ice.*

We are all sadly distressed to find that this precious luxury, which has become so essential to our comfort, is gone—it has been consumed—and there is no supply at hand to console us.

Here we are, in the midst of our hottest weather, and every person one meets is sighing and lamenting over the deprivation as a calamity; and truly it is a calamity which will be severely felt by those whom fever and sickness have left delicate, and requiring cool soothing comforts.

Few of the thousand means by which man's ingenuity contributes to the comforts and happiness of those inhabiting these distant parts can be more surprising than that this beautiful substance, so perishable as it is, should be brought thousands and thousands of miles from another hemisphere, even from North America, through the tropics, to the hot regions of India, there to provide one of the greatest luxuries procurable, and so cheaply too, that its consumption is general.

Calcutta, May, 1843.

*Mangoe Fish.*

We get several descriptions of fish, some are pretty good, but none to be compared with the delicious fish which owes its name to the fact that the mangoe fruit and itself are in perfection at the same time.

These two excellent things come in just when they are most wanted, viz. when the scorching weather blunts the appetite, and something better than usual is necessary to tempt it.

This little fish is a general favourite, indeed almost to a weakness with some people; they are eaten at every meal during the season, and we are now enjoying them.

There is a story of a gentleman getting up while the shades of night hung around him, and procuring some of these fish fresh from the boats just arrived, and having them cooked immediately, for a treat before daylight.

Calcutta, May, 1843.

*Armenian and Greek Churches.*

There is a considerable and influential body of Armenians settled here, one of whom, on my expressing a wish to see their church, invited me to his house. He accompanied me to the church, which is rather a large building. Their priests officiated, and they were assisted by some of the laity. These priests were remarkably fine men, with long patriarchal beards.—Although their forms differ much from those of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches, there is an evident similarity of origin.

The Greek church is a small edifice, newly erected. The chanting of the service from the Greek ritual was performed in the most painfully grating twang I ever heard. At the close of the service, many of the congregation, indeed nearly all of them, went up to the altar-screen to receive a morsel of shew-bread from the Priest. I went also, but did not think it proper to request any of the bread.

The Priest was an interesting looking old withered man, his long gray hair flowed down over the white satin robes, and he looked earnest in his duties, whilst fasting seemed to have stolen his cheeks, and given an unearthly lustre to his eyes.

My friend had invited some Armenians and Greeks to meet me, so the morning passed away pleasantly with agreeable conversation over an elegant breakfast.

A few mornings after I went alone early to the Armenian church. I was almost the only person in the church. The three priests stared so hard at me, and chanted so mercilessly bad to my European ears, that I soon retired, but not without noticing that they were three pictures of men, singularly resembling the old paintings of apostles.

Calcutta, July, 1843.

### *Cemetery.*

This evening I walked round the large cemetery, and I should think there are not so many massive monuments in any burial-ground of the same size on the face of the earth; they are of every kind, the less tasteful predominating. Such a crowd of monuments

are, doubtless, for the most part, tributes of affection ; but one scarcely admires so indiscriminate a panegyric as seems here to be applied to every body.

Calcutta, Aug. 1843.

### *Famine.*

Great fears have lately been entertained for the rice-crops, owing to the usual rains not having fallen, but these are now allayed by heavy showers within the last few days having occurred.

This morning I had a conversation with an old intelligent Indian about famine. He recollected one, that happened at Calcutta many years ago. I begged him to sit down and tell me all he could remember of it.

I listened intently to his description of this dread calamity. The old man shuddered, and I shuddered too, at the distressing scenes he depicted. The people, with starving hunger in their countenances, begged ; rupees (2s. coins) were often thrown to them ; the poor creatures threw them back, demanding rice : alas ! rice was not to be had, and death stalked frightfully around ! May heaven ever keep us from such a dire condition.

Calcutta, Sept. 1843.

### *Hindoo Compliment to Romanism.*

The princely Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore exhibited to us the handsome painting (Madonna and Child) presented to him by Pope Gregory the Sixteenth.

There is an anecdote current, that he was asked

where he intended to send a son or nephew for an English education? and he said, to "Eton." On being told that sundry Christian tenets would be indispensably necessary ere he could go to that seminary, he replied, that he had been to Rome, and that he did not see any great difference between the ceremonies there and Hindooism, so that he saw no insuperable objection to a Christian school.

This may account in some measure for the greater facility Romanists have in proselytizing the half-cast population; and it is a stronger testimony to a resemblance between Romanism and Paganism than I expected to hear from a Hindoo.

Calcutta, Sept. 1843.

### *Sea Trip, and Change of Air.*

I had not been quite well for some time, and resolved to avail myself of a fortnight's sea trip in one of the government steamers going down to the Coromandel coast. During the night previous to starting I had a slight attack of cholera, which weakened me so much that I could with difficulty climb up the ship's side. Breakfast time came; I was asked if I would take any, but the question only sickened me. At luncheon I felt better, and before dinner time the change of air had revived me. I contrived to make a dinner, and continued to enjoy good air, and a bountiful table to the amazing benefit of my health.

Perhaps in no country is change of air more signally beneficial than in India. Not unfrequently a person has been carried on board ship so apparently lifeless, that a mirror was necessary to ascertain whether the



vital spark had or had not gone out, yet in a few days, with the blessing of breezes on the briny deep, the invalid would return to the busy world restored to health.

Bay of Bengal, Sept. 1843.

*Compliment.*

Singing is one of our amusements to while away the evening. The delights of a fresh breeze and moonlight tended to stimulate most of our voices.

I happened to sing that hackneyed but still touching melody of Moore's, "Oft in the stilly night;" I had listeners I little dreamt of until the following night, when one of the British seamen, finding me alone, ventured a little request, saying, "Please, Sir, if you sing to-night, do sing 'Oft in the stilly night?'"

The brawny fellow did not know the gratification he afforded me by such a hearty compliment. I believe I never enjoyed singing it so much as at this request.

Bay of Bengal, Sept. 1843.

*Night at Masulipatam.*

In four days we arrived, and a few of us, with the captain, left the steamer for the port, which is some miles from the anchorage. Night was closing in as we crossed the heavy surf in the ship's boat. We got a little wet, and a certain unpleasant feeling was occasioned by our well knowing that, if upset, a numerous body of sharks were awaiting the dainty morsels we should have made for them.

I accompanied a friend to his relative's residence, a few miles from the town. On the way he had a call to make, and I sat alone, on a little bridge, for half an hour. It was late, a few natives occasionally passed by, staring hard at a lonely European at that time of night : clouds rapidly swept over the face of the moon ; the lights and shadows of memory stole over, and threw me into a deep reverie, till my friend came up, and on we went.

I was delighted to see two brothers meet ! then the brother's wife was all that an affectionate heart could make her. I enjoyed seeing all this, but it was not all over yet. I was allowed to see three beautiful children, as they lay asleep : they were fair as beautiful. I inwardly rejoiced too, as my friend's brother and his fair partner rejoiced to show him all these their tributary joys. Tears of happiness were shed. Then the midnight supper came ; old scenes, back to youngest days, were recalled in all their freshness ; while wit and fun filled up every interval of necessary enquiries between brothers who had not seen each other for a long time, and now unexpectedly.

It was a happy night : I have seen few cups of happiness so full. Three o'clock came ; at five we had to start. It was a hard parting !

At daylight we had returned to our boat. The captain looked anxiously at the horizon as the sun rose. The sea increased ; and, although we had twelve lascars working hard at the oars, we got on but slowly. We were only five miles from the steamer, and it took us four hours to reach her. The sun shone down, scorching us ; we had no shelter

whatever ; and, in the meantime, the wind rose, and a black storm was hurrying up, making the captain anxious.

The smoke from the funnel told us that the steam was getting up, and the moment we were within call orders were given to weigh anchor. We reached the steamer, and away she went. Well it was she got away ; as it blew very heavily for several days, and drove us out of our course for days ; but we arrived safely : I with my health marvellously benefitted.

Oct. 1843.

### *Hindoo Character.*

I went with a friend to see one of their most celebrated temples in this neighbourhood. It is a considerable building, constructed much on the plan of the numerous drawings to be seen of Indian temples. We were not allowed to enter, though I should like to have done so, but amused ourselves walking in its precincts, and looking at a lot of hideous images.

The more I see and hear of all that is brahminical, the more mysterious does it appear. The Hindoo character is so degraded by superstitious enervation, that it is truly melancholy to contemplate it. No people in the world are so fettered in mind and conscience as the millions of real Hindoos. With all their soft timid manners, and often kind hearts, they are most inconceivably impervious to all notions beyond their own peculiar dogmas. I once asked a well educated Hindoo, with whom I was well acquainted, what he thought of such as myself ? He begged me not to

ask him such a question : But I wanted his candid opinion, as to whether he did or did not consider me as equal to himself. Well, he said, if I gave my candid opinion, it is, that you are quite inferior to us. I wished to know why ? this was too difficult for him to explain.

These are the opinions founded on brahminical bigotry, which are instilled into the people's minds, however ignorant they may happen to be in general matters.

I have often been shocked to discover, even among accomplished Hindoos, and there are such, how replete their minds are with the most fatal and gross superstition.

A few evenings ago, I asked a wealthy Hindoo what occupation or amusement his wife had ? If she could read, write, &c. ? But all I could discover that she did, was, to cook his food. And, when I remonstrated upon such an occupation, and proposed a higher scale of attainment, he told me that it would only lead to quarrels among the women, and render his home uncomfortable. This being the case, is it any wonder that ignorance and her consort superstition should be supreme ? Is it surprising, that the seeds of superstition should be so deeply engrafted on the minds of a people whose childhood and youth have been nurtured in it ? The ignorance and degraded position of females in India may be said to form the stronghold of the darkness and superstition that broods over the minds of the millions of India.

Calcutta, Nov. 1843.

*Indian Marriage.*

This evening there was a grand ball and supper given by one of the rich natives to the European society, to celebrate the marriage, or rather the betrothal, of one of his sons. It was very numerously attended, and I was among the party. Every luxury, regardless of expense, was plentifully provided. Icy nectar flowed on all sides, refreshing the weary frames of the ardent dancers amongst us.

Under a small crimson canopy sat the future bridegroom, dressed gorgeously in crimson and gold, receiving the congratulations of the numerous company. He was about eight or nine years old. Poor little fellow ! I pitied him, when, from curiosity, we went to look at him, in the way we should have done to any strange object ; but I pitied him the more, when I considered that this early selection of a wife for him was made before either of the two principals were capable of having a voice in the matter. The future wife was not exhibited, and I was glad of it : Her fate is possibly a cruel one ; should death carry off the youthful prospective bridegroom, she becomes a widow for the rest of her days, without having ever been a wife.

Calcutta, Nov. 1843.

*Dying-House.*

Baboo . . . . . came to tell me that a person in my employ was taken to the dying-house to die. I

immediately said, I hoped no unfair means would be used towards him ; and asked my native friend if I could be allowed to see the sick man. I ordered my carriage, and the Baboo accompanied me.

We arrived at the house on the banks of the river, and the crowd assembled as usual on such occasions, fell back and made way for me. I entered the little close room, and begged most of the company to retire to let in some air. The sick man was lying on a mattress on the floor with his head bolstered up ; I stooped down, felt his pulse, and watched his drowsy eye until he caught sight of me, and knew me. Poor fellow ! he seemed so grateful to think I should have come to see him in such a place. I asked him if he was prepared, if he thought he was about to die ? and he replied, " Yes." I then called for the native doctor ; and believing him not to be in a dying state, I said so emphatically, and that I hoped no unfair means would be adopted in his case. After a little time, the doctor came, and pronounced him better. I requested permission to call in European medical advice, but it was refused : nevertheless, the man did recover ; and, strange to say, he returned into the world again from that place which few, very few, have left alive.

When we afterwards met, he always called me his deliverer ! After my visit to this sick man, who was in good circumstances, I determined to visit the other wretched rooms, and their dying inmates.

A more horrible scene I never saw or felt. In these unfurnished rooms were people dying of fever, dysentery, &c. with only an attendant, asleep or awake, waiting until death should leave their corpses to be

carried to the neighbouring pyre, or thrown into the holy stream.

One poor fellow was in agony with cholera, on the damp stone balcony : He had nothing but a rag round his waist ; and a boy was by, watching for his last moments. I took hold of his wrist, his pulse was nearly gone ; he opened his eyes upon me, but they were almost fixed in death ; and the look he gave me I shall probably never forget.

I left this harrowing scene resolved to try my humble efforts towards stopping such cruel customs, in order to give the dying the friendly comfort all so greatly need at that last struggle of human existence.

Calcutta, Nov. 1843.

**SUGGESTION of a Hospital for Hindoos supposed to be in a Hopeless State, and Removed from their Homes to the Banks of the Sacred River to Die.**

1. To be situated on the Hooghly, to avoid offending established prejudices.
2. To contain wards for about a hundred free patients.
3. To contain, besides, about fifty wards, more commodiously fitted up, for patients of a higher condition, who can afford to pay for them.
4. To have native physicians properly instructed, and proper attendance to be always at hand.

It may be presumed that the government would grant a site for the building, and that subscriptions might be raised from the native and European community to

cover the expense of the poorer patients, while the richer ones would themselves indemnify the cost of their wards.

It is my firm belief that some such suggestion as the above could be carried out; that thousands would have their sufferings mitigated, and many be restored to the world from whence they are too often cruelly hurried.

### *Native Women.*

There is probably a great deal of beauty in India, but as all the middling and upper classes of females are kept confined within their residences, there is rarely an opportunity of seeing them. The system of female seclusion is carried to an extent that appears incredible. A native gentleman told me, that he had never seen his brother's wife, although living in the same house together, and each of them had increasing families!

The lower classes of women generally have a dejected care-worn appearance, which is greatly attributable to their very early marriages. There is, however, a remarkable elegance of form and carriage often observable amongst them.

This morning, returning from my ride, I was struck with the symmetrical form of one of these women, who was carrying an earthenware pot of water on her head, and had a form so perfect, that I followed her for some distance with admiration.

The universal habit of carrying pots of water on their



heads, conduces greatly to their erect and elegant carriage.

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

### *Flowers.*

A friend often sends me a choice nosegay from his garden, which is very welcome. The greatest treat is, occasionally, half a dozen violets. It is difficult to bring them to perfection in this part of India; and, of all flowers, these purple gems, with their sweetest of perfumes, are to me the most endearing.

Roses are plentiful, but the beauteous moss-rose does not thrive in soft India; the flower blows, but it is stripped of its charming mossy dress.

Every body has a nosegay on the table, whether they possess gardens or not; but as it is perfectly well known that those who have gardens provide flowers for those who have none, no one asks where they come from, for conscience sake.

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

### *Beautiful Armenian.*

At a ball this evening was a beautiful Armenian. Seeing her did not satisfy me, and I was determined to dance with her if possible; so I requested her lord and master to do me the favour to introduce me. He replied, "With much pleasure;" but he regretted to tell me that his lady did not speak any beside Oriental languages. This was rather perplexing: however, I was not to be disappointed, and frankly said, "She is so beautiful! I should still like an introduction." I

was introduced, and the next quadrille we danced together. Our tongues were unintelligible on both sides, so we were mute; had I said any thing, I must have ejaculated the same phrase, I afterwards heard, that a gentleman had continually repeated, while dancing with her, "toom booth atcha," the only Hindostanee words he could speak, which, translated, mean, "You are very beautiful."

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

### *Masonic Lodge.*

Free-masonry has always been well supported in India amongst Europeans. The natives cannot tell what to make of the craft. The lodge itself, the furniture, the guarded exclusion of strangers, the badges of the members, and the impossibility of getting to know anything about their doings, &c. &c. all these particulars have led to strange conjectures, and our place of meeting is called by them "the magic house."

I happened to be the bearer of despatches from the grand lodge, and was much gratified by my reception amongst the brethren.

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

### *Cold Weather.*

This sounds refreshing; but I hear old residents in India call it any thing but enjoyment. The cold, they say, is damp and penetrating, creeping into the very bones and marrow, chilling both body and spirits. For myself, I prefer any thing to heat: the broiling sunny days of India burn up the life within me.

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

*Christmas Eve.*

I went to the Roman Catholic cathedral to witness the midnight festival of that church.

It was gaily decorated, and the high altar illuminated with as many wax lights as could be tastefully arranged about it.

The church was crowded, a great proportion of the congregation being of Portuguese extraction, and half-castes.

The bishop went through some marvellous ceremonies; and at one time he had such a succession of garments laid on him, that I pitied him. A very eloquent jesuit preached in English; and soon after twelve o'clock the festival was over.

I must not omit a little circumstance which occurred, and which disturbed my seriousness altogether. I happened to be seated next to an Englishman, whom I had never seen previous to that night. The pew-opener, after some time, informed us that we must remove to another pew: my neighbour hesitated; but we removed, as requested; when, to my amazement, he told the man audibly, and significantly, that if he again disturbed us, "he would turn Protestant, and d—n the Pope."

His manner was to me even more ludicrous than his threat: It had its effect, and we were not disturbed again from our seats.

Calcutta, Dec. 1845.

*Sleep.*

It is amazing to notice the quantity of sleep natives

can manage to endure, I will not say enjoy. The ease with which they roll themselves up in their garments, upon hard floors, and drop off into death's similitude, is surprising. This they effect not only in night's solemn darkness, but equally well when the sun is in the east, at the meridian, or in the west. Sleep is a matter of such facility with them, that it is called proverbially "black man's fun." "Nature's sweet restorer" is here altogether beyond poetry.

Calcutta, Dec. 1843.

### *Botanical Gardens and Pic-nic.*

These gardens are situated a few miles below Calcutta on the opposite side of the Hooghly, and are very extensive. Fine trees, including the lofty teak and spreading banana, shade deliciously the pleasure walks, intersecting them.

A large party made up a pic-nic from Calcutta, upwards of a hundred of us were there at the appointed time, and determined on enjoying ourselves. A good band soon paired us off into quadrilles and waltzes on the turf.

Gay and happy looked those who formed the party to this sylvan scene. The sun's last rays found many still tripping lightly, and all disposed to quarrel with night's interference in so short a pleasure.

I am surprised these beautiful gardens are not more frequented than they are. The tree foliage is so thick that the sun cannot penetrate to destroy the pleasure of its umbrageous walks. They are unfortunately on the wrong side of the river to suit morning and evening visitors, who would otherwise often enjoy them.

Calcutta, Jan. 1844.

*Arab Horses.*

I looked out this morning to know the cause of a great consternation in the road, and found that it was my own horse escaped from the groom, and enjoying a gallop to the amusement and alarm of crowds of natives. It was my favourite gray Arab, at once the most formidable-looking yet quiet creature I ever met with.

I often go and talk to him in the stable, when he puts his head under my arms and bites the edge of my coat. Frequently when I return from my ride he takes off my gloves, biting gently all down my hand and fingers, until he gets to the ends, when he refuses to let go his hold till they are in his possession. Such an animal makes himself perforce a favourite.

Arabs form for the most part the riding horses of the community, and there is a good display to be seen on the course every evening. The cost of bringing them from the Persian Gulf necessarily enhances their value greatly, and a good young Arab fetches three times the price that a first rate hack would cost in England.

Calcutta, Jan. 1844.

*Town Hall and Fancy Ball.*

This evening there was a great assemblage at a fancy ball and supper, given to the ladies of the gallant heroes now in Calcutta.

It was a brilliant affair. Among the costumes was a good sprinkling of the ridiculous, as well as the superb. I felt somewhat proud as I led in an elegantly

dressed girl of the time of the old French Louis, with her dark brown tresses flowing down over a cerulean mantle; but I was obliged to retire, overpowered with laughter, when a gentleman presented himself in the scanty attire of a buy-a-broom girl, his exaggerated proportions notwithstanding. This was too absurd to recover from easily.

It was not until young hours were growing old that all of us got back.

The Town Hall has a splendid ball room, and probably, when well filled and lighted, there are few more brilliant ball scenes to be met with, while the varied handsome uniforms of the military add no little to the general effect.

Calcutta, Jan. 1844.

### *Bazaars.*

Many are the visits I have made in all seasons to the bazaars of this city. It is by going around, within, and among these strange assemblages of shops and dealers that one gains a sight of the really oriental.

Calcutta bazaars, taken collectively, rank in extent with those of Constantinople, Cairo, and Damascus; and, although they lack their elegance in construction, the apparent method of dealing is somewhat similar.

There is less richness in the dresses of the multitude of dealers than in Turkish bazaars, but an equal variety, and even more strange to European eyes. There are people from every region of India, and of all shades of complexion. Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews may be seen among them, as in almost every Eastern bazaar. It is said, however, that the Jew finds his

match in dealing with the usurious Bengallee, and that Israelites do not prosper here as in the large European cities.

I have been surprised to find the Jews here of a fairer complexion than they usually are in England. A short time ago I was introduced to an old Jew, with the finest snowy beard I ever saw. He was a fine picture of a patriarch, and he seemed to enjoy the conversation as much as myself.

I have had the opportunity of looking into a great many of the numerous warehouses in the midst of these crowded bazaars, and I have been much struck with the vast amount of property of all kinds they contain ; indeed, few that are not conversant with these localities can have any idea of it.

One universal Eastern propensity exists here, namely, to be careless about cleanliness. Masses of filth lie about in pestiferous heaps, throwing off loathsome vapours ; and I much wonder that pestilence, in such a climate, is not engendered thereby. It is well that the people are compelled to keep some of the drains clear, otherwise there would soon be another city for a plague to depopulate.

Within these bazaars must be an immense and varying population ; it is difficult to estimate it, but is supposed to often number four to five hundred thousand.

The natives do not confine their dealings to the day, indeed probably the most extensive are reserved for the night, and it may be that night is often their proper season. Last night I went out to see the opium dealers, or rather gamblers. Time-bargains

are then entered into to an enormous amount, accompanied by every species of unwholesome trading ; yet this is no more than perhaps a monopoly on the side of its production, and a smuggling trade on that of its destination may be calculated to foster.

Calcutta, Feb. 1844.

### *Servants.*

I have counted the number of all sorts comprised in my little bachelor's establishment, and find they have accumulated to upwards of twenty. This to European notions would appear rather a large number, but in this country it is only what is usually requisite. The number is much increased owing to the system of caste which prevails, and most tenaciously too, in Bengal. A separate servant is required for every duty, and frequently one or more assistants under him. There are separate servants for the toilet, the table, wine cooling, hookah, pulling punkahs day and night, the kitchen, messages, each horse, dogs, doorkeeper, washerman, waterman, sweeper, gardener, &c.

Mahommedans take the purveying, table attendance and stable departments ; while Hindoos are the personal servants.

I consider them good servants, and am not at all inclined to believe in the necessity of what I often hear affirmed, i. e. " that they require to be occasionally chastised." Where I have seen this practised, I have greatly doubted the judgment of their masters. A little closer consideration of the relative position of master and servant, of their natural strangeness of blood and birth, above all, a moment's reflection on a



Christian profession, ought to forbid such things taking place. I go further, I could not strike a man who dares not, who feels and knows that he dares not return it. I believe no provocation should induce a man to do so ; it is, in a word, dastardly, and I believe mere passion or thoughtlessness, if any, to be its only excuse.

Kind usage makes them at least as devoted as servants of other countries. I have observed them truly afflicted at their master's misfortunes, and have seen tears roll down their swarthy cheeks when watching my own sick bedside.

Calcutta, Feb. 1844.

### *Dum Dum.*

These head-quarters of the Bengal artillery are only about eight miles distant from Calcutta. The artillery practice, with the noble elephants in the field, is a military exhibition well worth seeing.

The officers' bungalow with the grounds about them look pretty, and more English-like than one expects to find in India.

The short distance from Calcutta occasions continual agreeable interchange of society, and the splendid hospitality of this branch of the service often assembles a large sprinkling of Calcutta residents.

I think, at a grand entertainment here, I have observed as brilliant an assemblage, in every respect, as can well be gathered together out of England. The handsome artillery uniform adds much to the general coup d'œil of a large party, whether at the banquet or

in the ball room. Last night there was one of these splendid entertainments.

Calcutta, February, 1844.

### *Dead Woman.*

I drove out with a friend some few miles from the town. As we passed by, I was shocked to see the corpse of a poor woman by the road side. Alas! she had fallen beneath a mid-day sun, without friendly help to place her while living under the shadow of a neighbouring tree. Now, she is a corpse, and there is no one to bestow on her the last earthly offices. There lies a frame lately the habitation of an immortal spirit, and if not soon removed by human hands, it will only become an evening feast for the vulture, jackal, and carrion tribes.

Calcutta, March, 1844.

### *Jackals.*

These animals are incredibly numerous throughout Bengal. They are a sly, cunning race, and larger than I expected to see them. As carrion scavengers they are of great use in a country like Bengal, where cattle so frequently die; but they are too partial to a feast on dead humanity to be favourites with the living. During the night they prowl about the city and neighbourhood in packs, and on moonlight nights in particular they set up their abominable deafening cries. They afford amusement to a subscription pack of hounds; and were they not so numerous that the scent

soon gets lost from one to another, there would be fair sport for scarlet and tops.

Calcutta, March, 1844.

### *Churruch Poujah.*

I was curious to see some of the strange customs of this Hindoo festival, and drove off to the south of Calcutta for the purpose.

I never witnessed any thing more diabolically hideous than the bands of Hindoos which issued on all sides from the villages. Many were literally "skewered" from head to foot. The skewers about the head, body, and limbs were double pointed, and so inserted within the skin from one part of the body to another, that the slightest movement other than slowly and steadily forward would drive the points of the skewers into the body. Wild, dissonant music accompanied every band of these exhibitors. The great feat of the day is attended by thousands of spectators, and by many performers. It is the swinging round a pole by a rope, with a hook driven through the flesh of the back. It is a very revolting exhibition, and most properly forbidden within the precincts of Calcutta.

This self-infliction is usually endured by the lowest caste, who thereby expect to be rewarded by a better inheritance in futurity.

Calcutta, April, 1844.

### *Hookah.*

This luxury is less in vogue than it was formerly, though it is still rare for a party of half a dozen to dine together without one or two elegant hookahs

being brought in for their smoking owners. They are brought in during dessert, while ladies are present; though the fashion for ladies to smoke has entirely ceased.

By some the hookah is considered injurious to the health, owing to the necessity of inhaling and drawing from the chest; but, since among the oldest European residents are hookah smokers, it may be, like tea-drinking, killing for octogenarians. The compound smoked is made of rose leaves, conserves, and tobacco, sometimes a little opium is added, and the tube is occasionally seasoned with some aromatic essence. Many of these hookahs are very expensively and handsomely ornamented, with large chased silver mouth-pieces, and beautifully cut-glass water-holders, through which the smoke is drawn and cooled; altogether they form an elegant description of luxury.

Calcutta, April, 1844.

### *Hot Weather.*

The heat during this season is intense. A medical friend yesterday stopped his carriage at my door, rushed into the house, and described the heat as literally flaming. At noon I have seen the atmosphere all in a golden blaze, and solemn as the darkness of midnight. No one stirred; not a dog crossed the road; birds were panting with their beaks wide open: yet with all this, seriously disagreeable as it may be, it is considered the least sickly season of Bengal.

Calcutta, April, 1844.

*Gwalior Fête.*

The Governor General returned to the Presidency, and a grand fête in honour of achieved victories took place. Fireworks are favourite amusements in the East, and a great display was attempted this evening. Paper forts and castles were to be so annihilated as to leave nothing but smoke behind. The whole was said to have been rather a failure, but I am no judge.

The weather was propitious, and the band played, while the large promenading party assembled at Government House was sufficient attraction to many of us.

The Governor General sat in his gilded chair in the semicircular balcony facing the plain; peacock-feathered fans were held behind him; some of his fine swarthy body-guard were near him; the continual influx of the élite of society called forth his graceful recognition, and altogether it was a vice regal scene.

But with all this, there was a something sad to some of us, although it was doubtless not intended to be so construed, but, on the contrary, a compliment was probably supposed by inviting them, but there sat, in Eastern crosslegged style, "the Ameers of Scinde," at the feet of the gilded chair which held the potent Governor. Poor captive Princes! there were some who felt for you that evening, and you looked as though you felt too for yourselves.

Calcutta, May, 1844.

*Course.*

. Probably, after Hyde Park and the Champs Elysées,

there are few drives better filled with company and equipages than the "Course" of Calcutta. Walking is out of the question with the generality, so that nearly all Europeans ride, drive, or are driven. Wealthy Indians vie with Europeans in the elegance of their carriages, and the "ensemble" is a scene befitting the eastern city of palaces.

At the sunset hour all are anxious to breathe the precious, because the coolest, moments of the day, and appear bent on enjoyment.

It is refreshing to see so many smiling faces in every direction, and to go through the frequent pleasant task of recognition. It is our every day amusement, the news of the day supplies ample topics for chat, to say nothing of the dramatic incidents in social life; it is society's rendezvous: on moonlight evenings it is difficult to drag ourselves away from its charms for an eight o'clock dinner.

Calcutta, July, 1844.

### *Bengal Luxury.*

Many of our Bengal habits, partly from custom and partly from necessity, would be called luxurious.

I never think of dressing myself, but always find my two men at hand for that purpose. I often smile to see one putting on one of my socks, and the other its fellow.

I was greatly amused when happening to call on a hale friend who was undergoing this agreeable mode of attiring, and laughed outright to see his servant brush his hair, and positively put on his spectacles for him. To Europeans these customs appear strange at first.

There is no ringing of bells to summon attendants. Some are at hand at all times, to answer to the *Qui hye* (call universally used in Bengal) of their masters. At night they lie about in their calicoes, like dead men in shrouds ; and going at a late hour to an upper room in the large hotel, I have been obliged to pick my way amongst crowds of these shrouded sleepers.

Last night, at a dinner party of twenty, I counted about thirty servants. Everybody takes one or two, nor will these attend to any else besides their own party, unless directed to do so in consequence of some accident having kept one's own servant away.

It is usual for the personal servants to wear a particular coloured waistband, and for the turban to have their master's crest on it. I have observed many of these men to be handsome. The remarkable fine cast of countenance and flowing beard of one of my men would make a good picture.

Calcutta, July, 1844.

### *School Inspection.*

I held an office constituting me one of the governors of the Free School, a most admirable institution, and this was my month to act as inspector.

My friend the chaplain took me over all the rooms, chambers, and hospital, afterwards to the church, which was under repair.

The numerous children were so evidently happy, and the arrangements were so complete, that I envied those who originated so excellent a charity. I entered one room where a large class of infant children were standing round a patient, kind instructress, going

through their little exercises, and singing simple hymns. Some of them were dark, others fair, but all looked touchingly contented and happy. They came up to me as the inspecting governor, and with their little voices thanked me for my kindness. I was overpowered, and obliged to turn away. To be thanked by such innocents, and to see hundreds before me rescued from distress and misery, or from forlorn orphanhood, was a happiness thrilling and enviable.

Calcutta, Dec. 1844.

### *Medical School.*

This large institution should be an object of pride to every Englishman. He can behold here the great science of Hippocrates treated in an efficiency only inferior to our European schools.

One of the professors accompanied me over the various departments. The anatomical museum is on an extensive scale, and there is a good hospital.

I inquired about subjects for dissection, and went through the airy dissecting room. There was a long row of subjects, enough to startle a novice to such scenes; indeed so many were there, that I was induced to inquire about the means of procuring them, presuming that some may have been brought here after being dragged out of the Holy Stream; but in this I was mistaken. They were fresh from the stroke of death, and procurable for the merest trifle. "Burking" and "resurrectionist" felonies are totally unknown in this Eastern region.

The training up of native practitioners, to supersede in some degree the superstitious ignorance of the pre-



sent race, is one of the loftiest aims of our Christian government.

Calcutta, Dec. 1844.

### *A Brahmin's Death.*

Yesterday morning, one of the sons of an intimate Indian friend came into my room, in a flood of tears, to tell me that his father had been seized with paralysis, and that he was being taken to the river side, according to Hindoo custom.

I hastily dressed, and accompanied him in his carriage, and we soon overtook the whole party. It was a mournful sight. The old man, still alive, was borne by several attendants on a kind of low bedstead, and all the numerous male relatives and servants followed on foot and in vehicles.

They halted on the banks of the Hooghly, previous to taking him to a small house on the opposite side, the usual resort for the wealthy in their last moments.

Some of the family wished me to see him, and I shall never forget the scene. They formed a circle round him. I stooped down to catch his eye; the sun was rising, a northerly wind was blowing, it was a fresh morning—all around was life, yet in the midst was death near at hand. I still held his hand, until at length he saw me, knew me, and spoke to me for the last time.

They took him across the river, and as soon as I returned to my house, I wrote a note to my friend their European doctor, to ask if any thing could be done for the Baboo. The following is a copy of his reply :

“ My dear Terry,

“ You may depend on it the Brahmins will not part with the old man’s body, whatever becomes of his soul. I went to his house this morning about seven o’clock, and was told that he had been taken to the Ghaut on the other side, being the holy place, and there would not be a chance of doing him any good, unless I were to sit down all day by him, and with my own hand give him his medicine and food ; for all that his relations dare give him is Gunga gal and mud (Ganges water). I had some hopes of him last night, had they persevered ; but the only request the poor old man made to me, when he recovered sense enough to recognize me and to speak, was, ‘ Don’t let me die at home, let me go to the river.’ So you see there is no use in such cases in forcing medical advice on them, and I am persuaded they neither want nor will allow it.”

In the afternoon, I went over and met the doctor there. The sick man still lived. He wished to give him a little medicine, but there was not a glass to be had within half a mile !

This morning I went over to pay a last visit to the poor old Baboo. The Brahmins had taken him to the water’s edge, and there he lay, on a little mattress on the soft mud, panting, with nothing but a little thin muslin over his body, and his head bare. The rays of the sun fell on him hot enough to have injured a strong healthy person. Three Brahmins continued to vociferate the names of goddesses in his ears, and to give him Ganges water. This mixture of superstition

and cruelty disconcerted me ; but, as the closing scene approached, the family begged me to retire, which I did. A few minutes afterwards, amidst one loud cry to the goddesses, the Baboo died.

It is impossible to convey to another the whole scene as it occurred. To a Christian, it was a very painful sight ; and my intimacy with the party made it the more so to me.

In a few hours the Baboo's body was burnt, and nothing remained but to entertain a great number of Brahmins, and incur the usual heavy expenses attendant on the death of a Brahmin of high caste and acknowledged position.

Calcutta, Dec. 1844.

### *Leaving Calcutta for England.*

I was on board the steamer long before the appointed starting time. I gave a look at my berth, and then paced the deck with a satisfaction I had rarely felt. I could scarcely believe I was returning home, to England, my father-land, whose very name brought delight to me.

In the hurry scurry of a general leave-taking, I heartily wished kind friends " Good bye," having too great reason to fear that with some, in all human probability, it would be the last.

It took an hour to turn our good ship's head homewards, every moment adding pangs to parting friends, but to none so great as to a husband and wife whose two children we were taking away. The children attracted my attention no less than the parents ; they were coaxed, and made to look happy by kind-hearted

passengers, while the fond mother and father looked also, but sorrowfully. The wife clung to her husband's arm for support, alternately raising her handkerchief to wave a farewell, then wiping away the blinding tears. This lasted an hour, and although I was a stranger, and a mere spectator, such sympathy stole over me, that I was compelled to turn away.

I pictured to myself these loving parents on their return home—the wife, no longer under the gaze of strangers, giving vent to her heart's overflowing sorrow; and, by her side, the husband, silently comforting her, both of them overwhelmed with grief. I verily believe, in that house, on that day, was felt a bereavement only equalled by the sudden stroke of death itself.

This is a scene I would have those witness who extol the blessings of such as seek fortunes in India. It is not an isolated case I here describe, I have seen many others; but it is a desolation continually suffered by parents, whose children must be early sent to a northern climate for the sake of their health as well as for their education.

Hooghly River, Feb. 1845.

### *Jerusalem Jew.*

As deck passenger to Madras was a tall, gaunt man, who was allowed to make himself as comfortable as he could, and in doing so he had ensconced himself so oddly that he seemed in a cage. I often went up to him, looked at him, and talked to him, wondering who and what he could be, and why he travelled in these regions. He spoke many languages, and appeared a

meek, quiet creature, until one evening one of the passengers, wishing to put his knowledge of languages to the proof, addressed him in Persian, and very improperly. The old man was instantly fired with rage, his countenance was hideous, his bleared eyes glared daggers, and all we could do to persuade him that no insult was intended, failed to appease him.

I then learnt that this Jew had pursued a debtor from Jerusalem to Calcutta, and was still pursuing him! He had scented him at Madras, and may merciful Heaven cover his retreat. To expect mercy from the Jew, he might as well expect the elements to change their natures—that fire should no longer burn, or water drown.

Shakespeare, one would think, must have seen some such creature as this, ere he depicted his Shylock. In my life I have seen no mortal assume so fiendish a mien. If a company of demons assumed outwardly the aspect of this Jew, we should detect them at once as being escaped from some infernal abode.

Bay of Bengal, Feb. 1845.

### *Sunday Church Service at Sea.*

We were a large number of passengers on board our fine ship.

There was a changed appearance this morning amongst us. At the breakfast-table the ladies looked more smilingly than usual, their light dresses fresher from the laundress, and gentlemen had honoured the sabbath by an early toilet. This change was general throughout the ship—officers, seamen, servants, all betokened that it was a day to be respected.

The bell tolled, and a goodly congregation assembled for divine service under the awning on the quarter deck, backed by a row of brawny British seamen.

Our officiating minister was a missionary, a German, who spoke English well, but his pronunciation was bad, and his voice thin and unmusical. With this last disadvantage he gave out a hymn. I tried to join, others tried, but it was impossible, our leader led us up and up, left us, and squeaked through the whole himself. I suffered the most painful muscular contortions in checking my tendency to laugh.

The prayers concluded, the same minister gave out his text for a sermon, which was the following, "For if the salt, &c." It was a most unfortunate text that our German friend had selected, as he could not pronounce the important words it contained without inserting an h, and the words "salt, savour, salted," he pronounced "shalt," "shaver," "shalted;" they were of necessity frequently repeated, and with such peculiar effect, that I was utterly lost to all devotion. Several curling lips near me set me laughing inwardly, and I fear beyond my power of concealing it outwardly. It was a hot day, and the tropical sun shone through the canvass awning, compelling many of us to wear our caps or hats. This I regretted, from having nothing left to hide my face in during the most unprofitable sermon I ever listened to. I was centrally placed, or I should have retired, avoiding unseemly behaviour, and saving myself two painful hours.

Church Service at sea is in general imposingly solemn, with nothing but the heavens, waves, and winds above and around the floating habitation, bringing

devotion to serious minds, and impressive even to the gayest.

Singing, however, should not be attempted unless it be known that it can be joined in somewhat generally, when the swelling chorus can be made to echo heavenly strains.

Bay of Bengal, Feb. 1845.

### *Hilly View.*

We came in sight of the lofty hills on the coast of Ceylon. I had not seen any thing for nearly three years to be called a hill in any sense of the word, such a dead flat is the whole of the Calcutta district of Bengal.

It was with a peculiar pleasure that I looked upon the coast we were now passing.

I no longer wonder, that people bred up in mountainous countries have a higher, more free, and a bolder spirit, with loftier aspirations than those who live in flat regions, having their horizon closed in by some hedge or wood around them.

The imagination partakes greatly of the character of the country we are nurtured in ; and I confess, I have felt the deadening influence of a residence in Bengal.

Coast of Ceylon, Feb. 1845.

### *Port of Galle.*

This morning we entered the little land-locked harbour I was so rejoiced to see for the first time in 1842.

The sea was calm, and our steamer shut off her steam with a great noise, disturbing, it seemed, more than ourselves.

I was forward, looking out when an enormous skate jumped eight or ten feet above its element several times; I supposed, to see what was the matter; then, to my amazement, there rose, quite close by the ship, a large black snake, fully fifteen feet long, as I imagine. He held his head out of the water in the direction of some rocks in the distance, to which he went like an arrow, working himself along from behind in true archimedian style.

Besides these, some Cingalese fishermen towed a young shark they had just caught round the steamer, to amuse our eyes and tickle our purses.

Point de Galle, Feb. 1845.

### *Morning on the Ramparts.*

I was alone on the verdant ramparts at an early hour inhaling the refreshing breeze, and listening to the roaring surf dashing beneath me on the rocky shore, with birds still singing and chirping their matin songs. All nature was awakening, active lizards came shooting by, sometimes stopping, and with their glistening eyes seeming to enquire why motionless I stood there? I was enjoying a happy dream 'till the sun rose so high in the heavens that my dream was dispelled.

On my way back, two clerical looking persons approached, one of whom was my fellow ship-passenger, the Missionary: they came up, and he introduced me to his friend a brother Missionary. Conversation followed, and I soon discovered that I was considered a fit object for a little clerical artillery.

I exulted in the glorious morning, and talked about



simple-minded Bishop Heber, his benign character, his christian qualities, and his poetry; calling to mind those lines,—

“ What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft on Ceylon’s Isle, &c.”

adding, “ how I should like to have known him.” Indeed, exclaimed my new friend, with a swelling sigh issuing from a narrow bosom, and slowly in a long breath he said, “ would you like to have known Bishop Heber ? ” “ Yes,” was my reply ; this, after a moment’s silence he followed up by saying, “ Ah ! you must go to Heaven, to meet him now.” I replied, “ of course, I dont expect to meet him elsewhere.” Our interview ended forthwith in a shake of the hands, and “ good morning.”

I dare say my new friend is an excellent man, though his impression regarding myself may be very unfavorable. I would, however, have him study human nature a little more, and he would find that there are some who cannot comprehend why drawling tones, feminine manners, long breathings, &c, should be requisite accompaniments of serious thoughts. It may be, that by some he would find that all such things are considered as repulsive, as they are inconsistent with the dignity of moral worth and christian character.

Point de Galle, Feb. 1845.

### *Sick Man’s Wife.*

Amongst our many passengers were a sick gentleman, his lady, and several nice children. Soon after we put to sea he grew worse and worse, so dangerously so, that the utmost attention on shore was deemed his

only resource. He had committed that often fatal error, "delayed leaving India too long;" and now it was well-nigh too late: he was rapidly sinking from liver complaint.

He was taken ashore on our arrival, at Point de Galle. I could not help wondering how his lady bore up under the accumulation of sorrow and fatigue attendant on watching over a sick husband and a large family of young children. It is true their servants were attentive, and their fellow passengers were kind, (who could be otherwise to any one under such circumstances?) but, on her rested a burden heavy indeed, nevertheless, she had always a cheerful word for every one at all times.

This morning she came on board, parted from three children who went on with us, thanked many for their kind attention, which some got out of the way to avoid hearing; and then descended into the boat, sat amidst the baggage. She looked thoughtful, but uttered no repining word, and shed no tear.

The whole was an exhibition of the strongest fortitude under severe trial I ever witnessed.

Point de Galle, Feb. 1845.

### *A Party of Spaniards.*

At Ceylon we took in a party of eleven Spaniards, Priests, Officers, Merchants, &c.

Amongst them was an excellent musician, and almost every evening he delighted us with Spanish songs, accompanying them on the guitar. It was a great treat to circle around him and listen. He sang to us love songs, jovial drinking songs, and revengeful songs;

but the amorous lays were those that most enchanted us.

The blood of the Spaniard glows as much when throwing his fingers over his favorite guitar, as when he handles his murderous poignard.

The Priests were well mannered men. After dinner I often joined their Spanish clique, and our conversation was usually somewhat argumentative, at times noisy.

We were a party of twelve gathered together this evening, and one of the Priests noticed the fact, calling us the Twelve Apostles, and picking me out for the Judas Iscariot. This speech they thought witty, and the Priests headed a hearty laugh at it.

I have before observed Roman Catholics make use of a scriptural reference to excite merriment, but it is strange and unbecoming that Priests should do so, while they affect to consider those scriptures too sacred for the eyes of the laity.

At Sea, Feb. 1845.

### *Evening at Sea.*

The weather is beautiful, and the sea calm, excepting the usual long heavy swell of the ocean.

How many of us traverse the highways of the deep as a matter of course, scarcely reflecting on the wonderful genius of humanity that is empowered to effect rapid and easy communication from land to land, administering to the necessities, comforts, and pleasures of the whole human family; and probably, to the fulfilment of great hidden designs of our Divine Creator.

The sun is setting; a breeze fills the sails; the pad-

dle wheels are tearing round ; and the huge steamer is proudly pressing onward, at eleven knots an hour.

I am sitting alone, watching the scene on our deck. We are about three hundred souls on board ; and a greater variety of people is seldom, or ever perhaps, to be found met together than we present.

Professions, commerce, trades, mechanics, labourers have each their representatives amongst us. At this moment I see before me a parson, a judge, a barrister, a lawyer, a general, colonels, majors, captains, subalterns, doctor, maritime officers from the captain downwards, engineers, merchants, bakers, butchers, confectioner, cooks, carpenters, seamen, stokers, servants of all sorts, &c., nor do we lack the softening influence of ladies' society among us. In fact, our whole company is large and varied enough to constitute a flourishing town in a good colony ; taking with it the materials for founding the same civilizing institutions which have enabled our parent country to stand proudly, on the highest pinnacle of human greatness.

This evening our deck is like a fair ; I see promenaders, groups listening to songs, talking, laughing, smoking, children playing about, and a few not mingling with the rest whose spirits may be haunted, touched it may be, with a melancholy which delights in loneliness, but they perhaps have their enjoyment as well as the happier faces around them.

This is a scene which has riveted my attention, a scene as interesting as joyous to look upon, but I must go and join one of the groups, and it shall be where the ladies are ; the conversation is sure to be enlivening.

Indian Ocean, Feb. 1845.

*Dinner with the Mess at Aden.*

I dined with the regimental mess, having luckily met an old friend among the officers.

All was excitement before we sat down, as though some great event had happened, and true enough such an event had happened to those who were assembled. A sail had come in sight, and was found to be one of three, bringing troops to relieve their Corps.

They had passed three long years of service here, years spent in cantonments within a volcanic crater, extinct certainly, but where the heat is well nigh enough to burn up the fountain springs of the mind as well as those of the body.

Happy men to get away from such a place ! and furiously happy they were ; they seemed like prisoners receiving a respite from some dreadful sentence.

Dinner was over, ushering in a jovial evening. Hearty friendly pledging was general, and no man harboured a thought of enmity against another that night. Those who could sing, did ; and those who thought they could not, sang also ; all drank deep—and how could they help it, while the excitement newly brought upon them seemed to require a counter excitement of some kind or other ?

The song and the cup went round till some retired, and some slept ; closing up one of the most outrageously happy parties I ever witnessed.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

*Midnight on the Beach.*

The same night I went down with my friend to the

little walk on the beach, which is hemmed in by the rocks. It was to enjoy the sea-breeze cooled by the night air; and perhaps we felt it the more refreshing from having just left the unusual warming at the mess-room.

My friend thought the scene before us romantic, and so did I. Some rocks were so situated that the moon shone in, about, and among them magically; the gentle waves first splashed against the rocks, then murmuring on towards us, stopped on approaching us, as if in courtesy. Perhaps it was the freak of a heated imagination, but there seemed a something in the moon's beams, something in the rocks with their dark shadows, something in the waves on the shingly beach, something in the midnight air, fiction like; more like tales of such scenes as I have often read in childhood, and which haunt me still, than the calm delicious reality I have enjoyed.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

### *Aden and the Turkish Wall.*

Before sunrise we were on horseback, on our way to the Turkish wall. The native town is Indianlike, and contains a population amounting to fifteen thousand.

The cantonments are built on the Table land, with the road running through it and gigantic rocks towering around.

These rocks, except at two points, surround the whole place. One of these is the land entrance, out of which my friend and I passed, it is simply a carriage road made and enlarged out of a fissure in the rock. The place is thus rendered apparently as impregnable

as it is intolerable, by shutting out the current of air, and refracting the heat from the lofty volcanic rocks down into the town and cantonments below.

Nothing grows here to furnish food or other necessities for man or cattle, not even a blade of grass.

It was a truly Eastern sight as the sun rose, to watch the strings of camels ascending from the Turkish wall, winding their way up to this one rocky entrance, laden with all sorts of things, even to the wood for kitchen purposes. These the Arabs bring from some twenty miles distance, where, it is said that there is luxuriant vegetation, producing grapes and a variety of fruits and luxuries.

It must be from some such spots as those that Arabia in this region is called "Felix," for, as far as the eye can reach, barely any thing is visible, but an expanse of desert.

We galloped down to the Turkish wall, which is well protected by several bastions commanding it, while a great quantity of ordnance is mounted on the rocks facing it, and others are perched on heights one would have thought only fit for eyries.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

P. S. The fortifications now in process of construction are on a most formidable scale, intended, probably with a view to withstand European, rather than Arabian enemies: I went over them this morning.

April, 1848.

### *Hyenas.*

We visited a sick man in his bungalow at the Turkish wall: and amongst other things, I asked him

whether Hyenas came within the wall. He told me to open a door close by. I did so, and disturbed three young ones, resembling little ugly humpbacked pigs ; and they ran round in a sly, singular way.

I learnt that the old ones come at night, moaning over the captivity of their family, and sometimes howling in horrid music round the bungalow. These brutes meet with but little compassion ; and they would, unquestionably, get a bullet reception, were it not for the military orders that prevent a gun being fired.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

### *Soldiers' Wives.*

The sun at ten o'clock has great power even in this month. It was afflicting to see several soldiers' wives (Europeans) following on foot the troops just arrived to the cantonments. Poor women ! without umbrellas or any thing to protect them ; the sun seemed scorching them, making their faces swell ; while some carrying children looked more fit to be carried themselves. Altogether, they looked so haggard and worn, that hard indeed must be the fate of a soldier's wife in these parts.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

### *African War Dance.*

Amongst our stokers are some huge Africans ; and of the same nation were many employed in the coaling of the ship.

They were grouped numerously on deck, and knowing that they are always ready for some of their



national dances, we proposed that they should exhibit some of them to us.

It was dark, and the glimmer from a small lamp or two, was all that served to light up their wild features and gestures.

Two of them piped their monotonous music, when two enormous fellows armed with staves commenced the war dance.

The stamping, jumping, brandishing of staves, and the awful butting they gave each other were most surprising.

They were black as a coal; and this shewed off to greater effect their wild eyeballs, and the row of white teeth between the crimson inner coating of their broad lips.

These men have often been known to work on with their party till they have dropped down dead. They never work without throwing themselves into great excitement by clapping hands, stamping, and joining in their wild choruses. Some of them put lime into their woolly hair, turning it almost red; and of course hideously disfiguring themselves.

Aden, Feb. 1845.

### *Distant View of Mount Sinai.*

Arid mountains, backed by still loftier ones, were pointed out to us in the distance this evening, an hour before sunset.

We strained our eyes to observe the highest of them, which, we were told was Sinai. Most of us seemed inclined to look silently on this memorable mountain range, probably thinking of the "mighty thunderings,"

and wonders which accompanied the promulgation of those laws to which every civilized community on the face of the Earth, directly or indirectly is so much indebted.

The great height of Sinai makes it visible at a great distance, though it is seldom seen very distinctly from the sea.

A narrow part of the Gulf of Suez is pointed out as the place where the children of Israel escaped from Egyptian bondage. It may be the spot; but as it can only be conjecture to call it so at this time, some among us did not require any thing of the kind to heighten our interest in the miraculous highway, once formed by the rolling back into billowy walls of these very waters.

Red Sea, Feb. 1845.

### *Landing at Suez, and leaving it.*

After a disagreeable sail from the steamer in a boat, which took us some hours, and turned some of us sick, we arrived at Suez. We formed a larger number of passengers than were expected, or provided for by vans, at least until more came across from Cairo, when, in all probability, they would not arrive back in time for us all to join the English steamer at Alexandria. This, with other motives, including one, viz. that I thought it would be a joke, induced me with a fellow-passenger to cross the desert to Cairo on a camel.

We ordered camels, and found that none were procurable but heavy baggage beasts, but they were brought. I strided one, just to try him; when he

rose, nearly sending me over his head : however, once mounted, I got a few of my traps about me, and we determined at once on making a start of it.

It happened that a good deal of traffic was going on, and the wide space in that wretched town, Suez, was crowded with Turks and Arabs, amongst whom our arrival and large party created a vast sensation ; in fact, the whole place was in a ferment of excitement visibly, and an artist would have found an irresistible picture in the ensemble of turbaned heads, camels, bales of goods, and a thousand things there congregated.

Our fellow-passengers, many of them came out and waved handkerchiefs and hats, cheering us as we slowly set out upon our desert journey.

Suez, 1845.

*Journey on a Camel across the Desert.*

We passed out of the gates of Suez, and at once faced our journey on the Desert.

My friend fortunately was a strong man, and blessed with a companionable disposition, matters always of no small importance where travelling is concerned.

We were now each of us perched on the hump of a camel, with their Bedoween owners by our sides. They were armed with pistols and sabres, while we had no defensive weapon whatever ; so that, had they taken a fancy for our watches or money, we should have been unequal to any successful resistance, unless their powder and steel were bad, and worse handled. On the way, as night drew on, I thought of this possibility, but without the slightest alarm. Over-confidence may

be akin to over-fear in its effects ; therefore, it ought not to be entertained : but, I confess, I find it difficult to feel any timidity in trusting myself with Bedoweens, and this may be caused in part by the tales of hospitality so often recorded of these " children of the Desert." There is a recent instance of a gentleman travelling alone, under the protection of a Bedoween, of his dying en route, and of his corpse and property, untouched, being taken on in safety to his destination. These traits of honesty, which are general with these wanderers, are the more beautiful when it is considered how wretchedly poor most of them are.

We were in good spirits for some time ; sang songs, and told tales of bygone scenes ; but the motion of the camels, to which we were unaccustomed, began to tell upon us : gradually silence took the place of our cheerfulness, and our backs ached sadly. Night came on, and with it a cutting cold wind, such as I had long been a stranger to, and it seemed to pierce through my light clothing as through a sieve. Moreover, the wooden affair I was seated on was so slightly padded, that it was intolerable.

At length, after eight hours riding, we reached the first station, twenty miles only from Suez,—two miles and a half per hour being the utmost rate we could attain. Our camels seemed to know and rejoice in the glimmer of the station-light as well as ourselves, and were glad to lay down to let us alight.

After a hasty supper, we laid down on the sofa-divan to rest, and slept. While we were there, a party of our passengers came up in one of the vans, and kindly lent me a few things I sadly needed.

We could only afford a stay of four hours, and again mounted for another eight hours' stage. As day broke upon us, an irresistible desire to sleep seized me; and more than once I very nearly fell off—and had I done so, a broken head, limb, or death would probably have been the consequence.

On we went, the sun cleared away the night's chilliness, and heated the sands of the Desert, until, in all directions of our horizon, we saw the deceptive mirage, resembling calm lakes, with here and there camels in the distance, sailing along like "ships," with serpent heads; and I must say, their appearance was much more "ship-like" than I expected.

This phenomenon brought our next station so apparently near to us, that it was disheartening to find our hopes of reaching it mile after mile deferred.

Before mid-day we arrived. My friend, being stronger than myself, pulled me off, and held me standing until my cramped legs were restored. I was not idle, but shouted with all my might to the people in charge of the station to uncork two bottles, one of beer, another of porter, the restorative we decided upon, and took on arriving at every station. We then ate quickly and heartily, and slept about four hours.

The Bedoweens always on arriving curled themselves up about the necks of their camels, threw their camel's-hair wrappers about them, and thus slept; caring but little for the hot sun by day, or the cold wind by night.

Again we were en route. My back ached distressingly, owing to the peculiar motion of the camel, which

is sideways, the fore and hind legs moving in the same parallel at the same time. Being thrown forwards, then back, the suffering to the rider becomes very great, until habituated to it; far greater than I had imagined.

We walked some miles. Night came on again; and, as we walked much faster than our camels, we lost sight of them in the darkness. My friend asked me, if I could see the track? and I could not; but I knew our proper course, and had been watching a star as our guide. We waited, however, till the camels came up; not at all relishing the possibility of wandering, star-gazing or otherwise, in a trackless part of the Desert. We had also another reason for mounting our camels, from our night vision not being so good as theirs; indeed, once or twice we nearly found ourselves tripped up, and lying in the midst of the bones of dead camels; while, on one occasion, I was nearly sprawling into a putrifying one, had not my sense of smell luckily saved me.

Again we halted; ate, drank, slept, and started on our last stage. Hope, that wonderful support, was with us; and, although we went no faster, and the miles were as long as before, they appeared shorter. At length the citadel, the domes, and minarets of Cairo were in sight, then the fertilizing Nile, the luxuriant gardens, the rich cultivation along its valley, and the pyramids at Ghizeh,—all lit up by a glorious morning. It was a scene peculiar and beautiful, the more striking to us, just issuing as we were from the silent solitude of the Desert.

There is a something indescribable in the solitude

of the Desert; not a living object within view; nothing but a vast expanse of arid wilderness, and the noiseless tread of a caravan of camels passing occasionally, rather tends to keep one silent than otherwise. We had seen the Desert by day, and felt it by night: scarcely a bird is to be seen by day, and at night nothing is heard, save, perchance, the snarling of dogs, or the jackals, or the horrid growl of hyenas feasting on the carcase of some weary camel that has dropped under his burden—thus closing a life of toil, to be devoured by the hungry teeth of carrion brutes.

We entered the gates of Cairo amidst the buzz of crowded life. I recommend no one unaccustomed to camel riding to attempt even a short journey, unless very leisurely, and being better provided in every respect than my friend and I were.

Cairo, March, 1845.

### *Turkish Bath.*

Arrived in the court-yard of the English hotel, I gladly alighted from my camel, and immediately selected, from his looks and gay attire, a dragoman to attend on me.

I sent him off to the Turkish bath, with instructions which made me smile as I gave them. They were as follows:—Go to the best baths, and announce the arrival of a great Englishman, who wants a good bath. The bath must be made clean, and all the best linen, &c. in readiness immediately to receive him; and add, that the foreigner does not care about the expense. I knew the last item would be the most effectual, and

adopted it. The cost is trifling to our notions of expense; and, moreover, where baths are concerned, fitting preparation becomes essential to European comfort.

I soon followed my messenger on a donkey, inwardly laughing at the figure I cut. The great Englishman was reduced to a very sorry compass. I dare say, I looked as though I had endured an unusual fagging, and my whole dress was the same I had put on at Suez, with the sandy additions I had picked up, and the beard which had grown on the way.

I was quickly in the hot-vapour-room, being rubbed and scrubbed over and over again by four men. I do not know how many layers of skin cover our bodies, but they appeared to me to scrub off two or three. This lasted a long time, and then I was nearly par-boiled in a large stone bath, where I remained until I felt exhausted and faint.

They then led me into an adjoining room almost as hot, and sprinkled me first with tepid water, then with cold. After a while, I was conducted to another room, much cooler, when two lads came and shampooed me. It was a small room, with a perforated cupola, I was now in; and I dozed with a delicious dreaminess, while the gentle fumes of sandal-wood curling upwards and around, assisted to produce a delight I shall never forget.

I was afterwards admitted to the divan, laid up under a canopy on soft cushions, smoked sundry chibouks, drank coffee, and felt elevated to some Moslem paradise for a couple of hours.

When I left the bath, I was altered as much in



spirits as in figure ; the aching of my joints was forgotten, and my whole self glowed with renewed vigour ; and I must say, that, after great fatigue, I know of nothing like a Turkish bath for a delightful restorative.

Cairo, March, 1845.

### *Traveller's Tales.*

I have lately become acquainted with one of these. The passengers, India bound, arrived at Suez : I entered into conversation with one of them, a very agreeable cadet, full of youth's energy, with his blood flushed, for the first time, in a warm climate. I told him I was about to start on a camel for Cairo. Then, he said, " You will overtake an immense caravan of Mecca pilgrims I have met." How many camels were there, do you think ? I asked. " Seventy thousand," was his reply. This was a staggering number ; and I told him so ; but he still insisted on it. I overtook the caravan, it was a very large one ; and, on enquiry, I was told that there were " two thousand camels." My friend is going to the wrong country to tell marvellous tales in ; and it is to be hoped he will learn the expediency of thinking a little before hazarding such wild computations.

Cairo, March, 1845.

### *Pompey's Pillar.*

I went alone, and purposely so, to visit this old pillar, which is strikingly situated ; and this evening it was brilliantly illuminated by a splendid sun-set.

The column and capital are perfect ; the former,

composed of one enormous block of granite. It is marvellous to my mind by what means the men of old managed to raise so wonderful a monument, one not more wonderful than beautiful.

As I stood at its base, and thought on the changes of conquerors, and of religions; on the fearful pestilences, fires, earthquakes, &c. which this mighty pillar has looked down upon—and that for hundreds, almost thousands of years, I grew serious. Graves of Moslems now surround it; and, as the pillar itself is a monument to the memory of past ages, so they form monuments of those dying daily around it. The wind swept by it with an unearthly tone, indescribable and affecting.

Alexandria, March, 1845.

### *Singing Birds.*

At night I came on board the steamer for England, and at once retired to rest. Several bird-cages were hanging near my berth.

I awoke early, or was scarcely awake when a joyous trill from the little warblers broke upon me. I think I never heard any thing so exhilarating. It took me by surprise; and I was happy in listening, for I had long been a stranger to such melody, and a nearer approach to England may have increased the happiness I felt. Spring was in fact breaking in upon this warm latitude, and with it, to me, a freshness upon life itself.

At Sea (Mediterranean), March, 1845.

*Malta Quarantine Harbour.*

Our stay of only one day in this harbour was enlivened even by a visit to the prison itself, where all sorts of Maltese trinkets and jewellery, &c. were laid out for sale. One could not help being greatly amused at the careful anxiety of all these little dealers in bijouterie lest we should touch any thing, and leave a plague-spot on it. Even our money was thought to have, possibly, an infection upon its precious surface, for it was taken up by a pair of tongs, and submitted to an immersion in water before it was considered fit for the possession of its new owners.

A looker-on, however, who should see the bright gold handed by some fair one to a dark, meagre, ill-favoured recipient, would consider it something like a farce, and that infection was more probable on the other side.

It is an amusing break in the voyage to call at Malta; but to such as visit it for the first time, or who have friends there, it must be provoking not to be able to land, and ascend the steep streets, into the pretty town of Valetta.

Malta, March, 1845.

*View of Algiers, and the Atlas Mountains.*

This evening we came in sight of Algiers, and approached so near to the town that we could look right into the streets. Its white buildings and sloping site were well lit up by the setting sun, and the snowy ranges of Atlas closed in the scene grandly. Snow!

I have not seen any for years, and I long to get near it, to look at it, and handle it, as I feel I shall do with a pleasure I never thought of before. The very glimpse of it from this distance, fills me with a delicious feeling of coolness, such as I have often pined for in vain.

The country residences around Algiers look inviting: indeed, little betokening the ravages of Abdel-Kader and his followers, and the consequent troublous warfare to its French possessors within the province, and, at times, almost at the very gates of the town.

Off Algiers, March, 1845.

### *Sea Frolic.*

It is strange, and often very amusing to notice, among so large and promiscuous a company as we are, the different ways in which some people are affected under certain circumstances.

It has been blowing half a gale of wind, laying many of us on our backs with sea-sickness. However, I heartily laughed at hearing of one amongst us being in a great state of alarm. This gentleman had been particularly noisy, and full of bravado, in fine weather; and several of us, I among the rest, thought this a good opportunity for a frolic. We agreed one at a time to visit him, look serious, and one after another to bear more foreboding tidings; "how the captain looked; how the sea looked; how the night looked; how the wind was rising," &c. &c. These gradually worse reports put him into a great, greater, and most terrible fright. Then one of us would carelessly sing—

" I'm on the Sea, I'm on the Sea,  
I am where I would ever be," &c.

as though the weather was beautiful. This was no song for our friend, who seemed sunk in despair and fear.

This morning we persuaded the affrighted man to come on deck, to look out, and assure himself of our perfect safety ; and I, with several others, was standing near the wheel when he ventured up to the top of the cuddy stairs, looking wild, and particularly miserable : this was too much for us, and we laughed outright. At that moment a sea struck us, came over, and so poured down upon our frightened friend, that we saw no more of him until the fine weather came.

Mediterranean, March, 1845.

### *Fog.*

We have steamed through the Bay of Biscay at a great rate, but not without unpleasant feelings.

A dense fog enveloped us the whole distance, day and night. Although the fog bell was kept going, I could not help fearing the possibility of our being unfortunate enough to run down some unwary ship. For ourselves, little danger was to be apprehended, but with our great size and speed any ordinary vessel with which we might come in contact would instantly be shattered and sunk. May Heaven protect the mariner from such a calamity !

Off Ushant, March, 1845.

*England and Home.*

At last, after straining our eyes, we caught sight of England and rejoiced. Our band played "Home, sweet home," and these were happy moments.

Night closed in, and it was dark when our anchor rattled down off Cowes—nothing but the town lamps were visible.

How cheerful we all were. Here was England, not England's colonies, not England's protégés, but England herself, her very land, her very waters.

I walked the deck till late, so pleasantly absorbed that I should hardly have seen an open hatchway, had there been such in my path. I was delighted. I saw again the same scenes I had looked on in early boyhood. Thank Heaven, the country wears well, the same happy comforts appear to surround every homestead. People must love their homes, strangers would say, to take so much care of them.

I could not help looking again and again at a fine wood on the rising ground. There were no leaves on the trees; it would, I know, be strange if there were any, but I had been so long accustomed to see every tree in all seasons clad in luxuriant foliage, that the change took me quite by surprise. Yet they were beautiful in 'stem and branch, and noble even in skeleton nakedness.

We have come from the land of the plague, and our yellow flag has kept away visitors; however, a post bag brought letters to some of us from those we love. The day soon passed away, and we knew the morrow would scatter us, and draft us into our fatherland.

The wind blew hard, thundering through the leafless trees, but there was a sound of home in every blast.

With the morning our anchor was weighed, and I entered the same port I had started from. I looked hard on the dock quay, to detect, if I could, any figure I knew. I soon saw one standing by an iron pillar, alone, gazing as intently as myself, and recognised my nearest relative waiting to receive me.

Southampton, March, 1845.

### *Quitting England.*

Again I have left England, after thinking it unlikely that I should ever again quit its shores. Little indeed do we know what peculiar circumstances, or what inducements may unexpectedly lead us to alter our determinations.

I remained long on deck to catch the last glimpse of my country, and retired to my berth to dream of the varied scenes I am about to visit before I return from a long and interesting journey.

May, 1846.

### *Havre.*

This essentially commercial port I recollect well from my visit to it in boyhood. It is the Liverpool of France, and increases in importance; its dirty characteristics are unchanged.

The views from the heights behind the town are very fine, they took me quite by surprise, reminding me of Clifton: there are many handsome residences beautifully situated upon them.

May, 1846.

*Vespers and Baptism.*

In the evening I walked into the large parish church, and heard the close of a sermon of adulation to the Virgin. The congregation was composed chiefly of women. A few aged men reminded every one of their presence by spitting vehemently, and one man in particular amused himself by positively trying how far he could operate in that way across the aisle. After the service I stopped at the railing of an enclosure where the font was. A priest was baptizing a child, and used many forms which, to a Protestant, were quite unintelligible. I presume that what he muttered was, in fact, the prescribed Latin formulary ; but I never heard anything in the way of utterance so rapid in my life, and, I may add, less devotional. The parents and sponsors were treated in the most summary manner.

Havre, May, 1846.

*Steam Trip up the Seine.*

The steam trip up the Seine to Rouen is romantic and delightful, although not to be compared with the beauties of our own Wye scenery. It has its castles, wooded heights, green valleys, and charming scenery to delight the eye ; above all, it has its Norman history clinging to its banks, full of romance and chivalry. An Englishman has many recollections to make these scenes interesting to him. There were, as is usual at this season of the year, a large party of us English on board the steamer, and, strange to say, we appeared to make ourselves agreeable to each other.

May, 1846.



*Rouen.*

I was glad to spend sufficient time in this venerable town to ramble over it. The lofty houses and crowded narrow streets recal more picturesque scenes of bygone centuries than perhaps any other town in Europe.

The Sunday was a feast of the Roman Catholic church, and I found myself early at the cathedral, walking round and admiring this very rich and celebrated specimen of Gothic architecture.

An indescribable feeling haunts one whilst walking over the pavement of such a building, when all is so still that the tread, however light, is echoed. I find it equally impossible to describe my feelings, whilst from a distance I looked upon the kneeling multitude and the gorgeously robed priests, with fumes of incense curling around and upwards, heard the voices of a numerous choir, alternated with touching music from a fine organ.

The Archbishop himself officiated, assisted by a great number of priests, and the display of crimson and golden robes was beyond any thing I have ever seen.

The Cathedral was crowded, and the many peculiar costumes made the scene the more striking. Of course there were scarcely any men, none beyond a few that were very old, and a sprinkling of sawny rustics from the country.

I paid the Cathedral a second visit, and lingered a long time outside, examining its exquisite western façade.

I went to other churches, and enjoyed their great

architectural beauties. I strongly recommend all who are fond of such attractions to spend a week or two in this old and favoured town.

May, 1846.

### *A Week in Paris.*

Boyhood's impressions generally grow into gigantic proportions, and a revisit in after years is wont sadly to diminish and disappoint them. I have always found this to be the case until now, and probably it would be the same with regard to Paris, were it not for the great improvements and embellishments which have taken place of late years, making it, what it certainly is, a very imposing city.

I visited the usual sights, not omitting to lounge about the Louvre, or to perch myself on the top of the Arc d'Etoile, from which is one of the finest panoramic views of a city imaginable.

Paris has become so intimately known to the English, that I am persuaded many of us are better acquainted with it than we are with our own large towns, which we could as easily visit.

June, 1846.

### *Foreign Travel.*

I have often heard a love of "the foreign" censured, and it may be, that to hear evidently ignorant people talk much of having seen a little, is no slight trial: but I am quite certain the general effect of foreign travel, however short, is beneficial, and that, in the highest degree. It has its drawbacks, it has its evils to some persons, but in the main it is calculated to

improve the mind, to enlarge it, and to loosen prejudices, which too often become chronic by a confined sphere of life at home.

Paris, June, 1846.

*Paris to Lyons.*

There are but few parts of France one would not prefer passing rapidly through, and the railroad to Orleans was a welcome help on my long journey. The diligence from thence was the substitute. It happened to be unusually hot, and dusty beyond belief. Had an artist been present, wishing to put a picture of misery on his canvass, he would have found an ample subject in the unhappy discontented countenances to be found in our crowded diligence.

I must here observe that Frenchmen above the lower orders are much given to bitter complaining, even when they see its utter uselessness.

It is surprising how the drivers manage to get the cumbrous vehicles along at the rate they do, with their little cart horses, which resemble the small Welch cart breed. The means they use consist of an incessant application of the whip, and an incessant swearing at them by all they believe to be in heaven, on earth, and under the earth.

These drivers amused me very much, especially one or two thin, wiry, fierce, little fellows, who looked as though they wished their five or six horse team could be bedeviled like themselves.

The Loire and Soane provinces are charming, after traversing so much uninteresting country, which helps to make up "La belle France." Neither the heat

nor the dust prevented my greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery on the approach to Lyons. It was midnight when I and a friend reached an hotel at Lyons, hungry, tired, and covered with the accumulated dust of a three to four hundred miles journey.

Lyons, June, 1846.

### *Lyons.*

We rose early, to be in time for the Rhone steamer. I had no previous intention of remaining at Lyons, and the hasty glimpse I now took of it by no means inclined me to prolong my stay.

It is the Manchester of France. Its manufacturing occupation might be detected by the sour smelling atmosphere, which the night hours had not purified. It has lofty houses, good streets, broad quays, and much more perhaps to recommend it than I should wish to stop and look for.

It is delightfully situated on the Rhone and Soane.

June, 1846.

### *The Rhone.*

I was most agreeably surprised at the mountain scenery we wended through in our course down this magnificent river. Its clear waters rush along with a rapidity of which I had no notion. Our steamer went at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Showers and sunshine made the weather delicious. We had music too—the clear notes of the nightingales were wafted to us from the valleys by the summer breeze.

These must have been the regions where those

minstrels were nurtured, who found their way into courts and delighted royalty in bygone ages. Time has thrown an interesting mantle over the minstrel, which poets have coloured. I confess I should like to hear the wild strains and wilder tales which were so captivating in their day.

I wonder so little, comparatively, is said about the Rhone. A trip from Lyons is a treat in which few would be disappointed.

June, 1846.

### *The Popes' Church at Avignon.*

I arrived at Avignon earlier than I expected. It is a place I much wished to see, and I soon found my way up to the old palace of the popes, which is situated on an elevation, commanding a very extensive view of the surrounding country. It must have been a delightful retreat for their holinesses. I entered the church belonging to the palace. It is a very old edifice, in the Byzantine style, and said to be built on the site of a celebrated Pagan temple.

After paying a visit to some splendid tombs, and looking at all that was worth seeing, I stopped at the altar railing, and was attracted by the marble papal chair within. This chair is very simple and elegant. It has a carved device on its side which amused me, a watchful "cat." It may be merely heraldic, but, if intended to symbolize "the watchfulness of the popes over the church," it seems strange that so notoriously deceitful an original as that of one of the feline race should have been selected.

June, 1846.

*Palace of the Popes.*

This morning I was again in the old Church, while the sun shone brightly into it, and the wind echoed around, many a serious thought rolled through my own mind.

Afterwards I visited the old palace. I had lately read the architectural and historical description of this once splendid and terrible place; and now, when going through the very inquisition and torture rooms, looking into the pit into which the dying and dead were hurled, and seeing the prisons where poor victims of malice were chained, set me on fire. I would gladly have joined in a crusade against any set of beings who could dare to use the offices and shelter of Christianity to commit such inhuman crimes. What a creed! to permit, applaud, and require such hideous bloodsheddings to uphold it.

Thank Heaven, those dark ages are gone, and the light of heaven shines upon us, as the sun now does into the ruined recesses of this old seat of tyranny.

I have just read a little French account of this palace; and, to my amazement, it is therein regretted, that the popes do not still occupy it in its old style.

Farewell, old palace! my satisfaction is to see your horrible parts in ruins—your banquet rooms barracks for sixteen hundred soldiers—your chambers a prison for criminals—and your armoury rooms kitchens.

Avignon, June, 1846.

*Avignon and Café.*

My maxim is to see and hear all that comes in the

way of my travels. This evening, hearing the sound of music, I entered a large but inferior sort of café. It was crowded with customers of the working class, and at the end was a raised platform. I really heard some very good singing from two well dressed ladies and two gentleman performers. After each piece a plate came round, to collect the copper donations. The people were all well behaved, and I could not help wishing that some such cheap, rational amusement could supersede our stupid drinking-houses at home.

I don't know whether the popes and cardinals ever made this place a pattern of morality when they resided here ; if so, which I doubt, it is now vastly changed. The people generally are good looking, the women particularly so. The streets are narrow, and Egyptian smells every now and then reminded me that I had quitted a northern temperature.

The chief hotel I found comfortable ; and if a traveller happens to like such wine as hermitage, he will find himself well provided with it.

My stay was short, and I thence took the steamer for Aarles, calling at Beaucaire and Valence, without having time to leave the vessel to pay them a visit.

June, 1846.

### *Aarles.*

I arrived late, but wandered forthwith up to the Roman ruins, and there stopped, looking over the distant scenery, lit up as it was brilliantly by the moon. This is one of the oldest towns in France, it is said to have been founded 1500 years B. C. but I am very sceptical about such a date. The people are

a fine race, the women the handsomest in France, and many that I have seen, carry themselves well, and are as goodly looking as one would wish to see.

This morning I have enjoyed a great treat among the choice ruins of antiquity here. I have been treading upon, amongst, and within mighty works of old Pagans and old Christians. The amphitheatre is one of the most perfect in existence, and few, if any, are more imposingly situated. It is built of massive stone, and is a very interesting ruin. I have seen it under a midnight moon, and a mid-day sun hot enough to crumble any but Grecian or Roman cement. The view from the summit is very extensive. Charles Martel fortified it against the Saracens, and, without straining the imagination, I could well fancy that fierce, swarthy race making their way into beautiful Provence.

June, 1846.

### *English Gait.*

Somehow I had joined a party of Frenchmen, and the subject of conversation turned personal. They wanted to know what country I belonged to. I saw their curiosity, and begged them to guess. I gave them a little Italian, then German, then English, making the latter a stammering difficulty. Some guessed rightly, others, and most of them, wrong; but I happened to walk across the promenade, when they all at once exclaimed, "Anglais! Anglais!" The fact is, we English are as discernible by our gait as any thing.

I am not surprised at their discovering me. I do



not think it worth while to turn out my toes, place my hat on my head, and appear self-satisfied as Frenchmen do ; and the French may think it singular that I should slouch along, and look independent, as Englishmen do, not bestowing a glance on any thing or any body which does not concern me or present some striking interest.

I whiled away a pleasant hour with these Frenchmen, who were, as they usually are, very agreeable people in conversation.

Aarles, June, 1846.

### *Minute Observers.*

I met an Englishman at Avignon who was devouring every piece of antiquity he could discover. He intended leaving Avignon when I left it ; again, his intention was to leave Aarles in the same steamer I sailed in, but some object or other found him too much amusement. He is right, there is enough to see, and worth seeing twice ; but I could not help smiling in my sleeve, at observing him stop, call my attention, and express continual wonder and fresh interest in the repetition of the same trifling objects. I cleared away, for those minute observers do not suit my temperament. I can scarcely think such men capable of a " great idea," as it is called, they are so crammed and cramped with little ones.

I do not believe my countryman would find more room in his imagination for an exquisite Grecian temple or the Coliseum of old Rome, than he does for some trumpery monkish production.

Aarles, June, 1846.

*Roman Cemetery.*

I walked down to the Roman Cemetery. Railway excavations have disturbed the repose of a great number of stone coffins. The dead once laid within them have long since gone to dust; the bones of that proud race have mingled with our parent earth, and their coffins are now turned up and thrown into a byroad. Should they not be removed to fill up corners in museums, for the amusement of the living, they will probably soon be put to some menial purpose. This is the sequel to the pomp and funeral care which esteem and affection may have anxiously bestowed on the preservation of the remains of mortality.

These coffins form a long street; some of them are very large, and perhaps contained several bodies. The Romans should have borrowed Egyptian art to have succeeded in the preservation of their dead.

Aarles, June, 1846.

*The Port of Marseilles.*

In a dirty little steamer I descended the Rhone, and arrived once more in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. A few hours more steaming brought us into the port of Marseilles.

The harbour was crowded with shipping, and it took us some time to land, every moment of which is to be remembered by the most intolerable smells. The morning was hot, increasing the disagreeable effluvia.

One can well imagine this harbour, where the water is stagnant, to contain the filth of ages, which it doubt-

less does. The depth within is much greater than at its narrow entrance, and there are no tides, so that the egress of all deposits is prevented. The very fish are poisoned when they unluckily swim into it ; nor will it astonish me at any time to hear that some pestilence from it depopulates the surrounding city.

I wonder how it happens that some means have not hitherto been discovered to rid this important commercial port of so great a nuisance. I have been told that some plan is about to be tried, and I wish it may succeed.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Religious Processions.*

I am arrived at the commencement of an eight day series of religious processions, and have unluckily taken rooms in an hotel in the main street, where the show is to be exhibited more particularly.

These processions form one of the greatest annual amusements of the people. All classes appear to join in them, either as positive performers or as spectators.

Marseilles, probably because nearest Rome, is more bigoted in observing these old processions than any other French town. It is much to be wished that it were equally scrupulous for its virtue.

About six o'clock commenced one of these processions, and the wide street was greatly crowded. Military lined and kept the way clear, then a military band ushered in groups of people in strange costume, in black, white, pink, and blue ; then a cow, with head garlanded ; afterwards a host of priests in their robes. Continual bands of music had preceded, then there

was a choir of boys, of women, and lastly of the priests themselves. The priests sang in loud peculiar tones, more like a requiem than any thing else, followed by the head curé, carrying the host under a velvet canopy, easily mistaken for a gay hearse.

The show lasted an hour in passing down this street, which was crowded with masses of all ranks of the people. The coup d'œil was very imposing, and the serious quiet which pervaded the whole still more so. The quiet does not last long, and, ye priests ! ye know full well that a lot of gaiety is drawn together by you, which too often ends in vice. I do believe that the multitude imagine that a few religious processions and services permit them indulgences which scarce will need repentance, the sin being forgiven by anticipation.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Another Procession.*

I strolled out for a walk in the evening, and fell in with another of these endless processions. The striking feature in this one was, that there was a greater number of ladies amongst them, all dressed in white. I observed, that most of the prettiest wore a coquettish veil ; while those one did not care to see, were unveiled.

Heedlessly I stood in the crowd of people, soldiers, and priests, near the repositoire (a temporary garlanded altar) whither the chief curé carried the host. I stood with my hat on, and my arms folded, when on a sudden, a bell rang and all the people, priests, and the soldiers with their arms grounded, fell on their knees. I felt quite out of my place, and as soon as I could, retired.

I had no business there ; for no one has a right to shew disrespect to the religious ceremonies of others, whatever their own opinions may be. Formerly, I should perhaps have had an ugly blow of some sort to put up with ; and in Spain at the present day, it would be a hazardous position to place oneself in.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Another Procession.*

Shops and offices all closed to-day, and the civic authorities joined in a grand procession, to commemorate the ceasing of a Plague which destroyed half the population, in 1720.

On this particular day of the month in that year, the Bishop walked barefoot, clad in coarse cloth, a rope round his body, and performed high Mass at an altar prepared on purpose in the public street.

From that moment, it is asserted that the Plague began to cease. Such a coincidence, of course, was turned to account in those days.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Notre Dame.*

This afternoon I walked to a high point in the neighbourhood, surmounted by an old church ; dedicated, as most churches in high repute are, in Roman Catholic countries, to " Notre Dame."

It was hard work climbing up under so great a heat as rules at Marseilles in this month.

The view is very fine, with the Mediterranean on one side ; and on another, rocky hills surrounding the city, which lies below.

This hill has chapels on the way up ; it has now its great procession day, and bears all the impression of having been a frequented place of pilgrimage in former times.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Fire-men.*

There has been a turn out of the fire-men to-day, owing to the many comments which are making about their total inefficiency. I never saw such a company of little scrubby looking men in uniform in my life ; about thirty in all.

A vessel with some of the crew was burnt in the port last week. Providentially, no wind was stirring at the time, or the whole of the crowded shipping might have made one huge bonfire, to the great destruction of life and property.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Heat in England.*

At the table d'hôte, one of the company riveted the attention of the rest, by the fearful contents of a letter he had just received from England ; reporting that " the heat was so intense, that people were tumbling down dead in the streets."

I dare say it is warm there, and for England, hot ; for it seems that the sun is doing double duty in Europe this season : but I look upon the frightful eloquence of the above report as a great exaggeration. Probably, the heat does alarm some of those large gentlemen, whose proportions are such, that a winter's

chill as well as a summer's sun would endanger their heads.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

### *Churches.*

I visited most of the churches to-day.

The Temple is the Protestant Church. There was a goodly assemblage, including many men. The form of the service is similar to the Presbyterian; singing, simple and good: an eloquent preacher was listened to attentively, notwithstanding the great heat. This church is massively constructed, and in temple-fashion with heavy pillars.

The Roman Catholic churches are inferior to what I looked for in so large a city. I was early at the largest, where one mass after another was, and would be going on all the morning, with crowds of old women every where, for whom, in particular, one would imagine the Romish Faith was intended. A little boy in his robes came round from the altar, rattling a money-box to make a collection for "La Sainte Vierge." I think he may have collected half a dozen sous; but I do not believe, much more. I was among the hard-hearted and uncharitable.

Another church I found crowded with the lower classes, and with a goodly number of men, chiefly seafaring people. I did not stop long, indeed it was impossible: my English nerves could not endure the hogo of garlic, &c. mingled with the fumes of incense, and warmed up by a temperature approaching blood-heat.

Marseilles, June, 1846.

*Serenade to Ole Bull.*

This celebrated violinist took up his quarters at the same hotel where I happened to be. His talent has made him a traveller. He is an intelligent, pleasant man ; and about thirty-five to forty.

Last night, about eleven o'clock there was a large muster of the town's-people assembled in front of the hotel, to welcome him by a serenade. There could not have been less than six to seven hundred people ; and from thirty to forty singers. They sang some excellent music with great effect. The succession of glees and madrigal music delighted the numerous assemblage ; and evidently, was very gratifying to Ole Bull himself. The serenade lasted about an hour, when they all dispersed quietly.

I was much pleased with this method of welcoming genius, so purely continental.

Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Spanish West-Indian.*

At dinner, I happened to be seated next a Spanish West-Indian. The conversation turned upon the new fiscal measure in England, regarding sugar. It was news the Spaniard thought too good to be true.

After considering, and calculating the boon it was to himself, his remark to me was, that on his estate, all he wanted was, more slaves. I listened, and presently heard his opinion about the slave ; his relative position in the human family, and his treatment by his Spanish master.

It would have shocked a Wilberforce, to hear what I did ; and perhaps some of those who have favoured



such traffic in human blood, might have felt some doubts of their own morality.

Marseilles, July, 1846.

### *Funeral.*

This morning one of my French friends told me he was about to join a large company in funeral procession, out of respect to a deceased merchant of the town. I said I should like to see it, when he asked me to join also. I was not in mourning, but my friend said it did not matter, and in a few minutes I was amongst the mourners. I tried to look serious, although my dress was almost entirely white; and rather a contrast to those I had joined.

We were preceded by a long procession of children with lighted wax candles, a number of crucifixes, and a host of priests chanting. We were marched unnecessarily (save for the sake of a show) up one street, and down another; at last we reached the church of St. Joseph, when the corpse was taken from the hearse, carried into the church, and placed on a stand.

The priests then commenced the service. I loitered about some time after most of the company had left, it being customary only for the immediate relations to follow to the cemetery; but the heat at last drove me away. I came home feverish from its effects, and wondering at my having joined a funeral procession, of all things in the world. There might have been many among the party who felt some solemnity in the respect shown to the deceased; but I must say I had no notion that a funeral could be managed so as to affect one so little.

Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Public Resorts.*

Marseilles has its boulevards of course, and at the theatres or cafés one is sure to meet acquaintances if there are any to meet. There is also a commercial club where the head merchants assemble to read the newspapers, eat ices, and play billiards, &c. ; and it is a well contrived establishment, with this remarkable peculiarity, that it is never closed night or day.

Merchants spend an incredible time at their Exchange. I should think they must all have an immense deal of business to transact, or a very bad system of dealing. I am sure it would not suit the British merchant, to turn out for an hour or so twice a day, as is done here ; but, it may be, people find some amusement in it.

Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Grands Bains de la Méditerranée.*

I am spending a few days at the "Grands Bains de la Méditerranée," a few miles from Marseilles, charmingly situated on a cliff overhanging the sea.

I rose very early this morning, and from my window looked out upon the sea view before me. In the distance are some rocky islets, and on one of them is a castle-looking fort. As day dawned, and the rising sun cleared away the night mists, lighting up the blue waters, it seemed the most perfectly enchanted scene I ever beheld. I grew quite romantic under its influence.

Lamartine felt his genius moved when he visited these baths. I am told, he used to promenade in the garden with rapture, and well he might. There is a

delightful walk with overhanging foliage, which Lamartine called "La dentelle de la nature." I forget its botanical name.

This sea bathing establishment and hotel is in good repute, and often crowded. It is now pretty full, and some agreeable people among the party make my stay here one of pleasure.

Near Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Fine Evening.*

We were a large party at the table d'hôte, and lots of amusing conversation went on amongst us; and when the ladies retired we became noisy. I like to see Frenchmen become vehement, it is then that their eloquence is worth listening to; and I am guilty of sometimes adding "fuel to the fire" to keep it burning. The suiting action to word sometimes becomes alarming, but generally, the storm is soon over; and one comes to wonder what it was which brought it up.

Our evening walk separated us off into cliques, and I found myself with a nice party just returned from a tour in Italy. They were lovers of nature, none could indeed be otherwise that night. A delicious breeze quivered the leaves near us, the gentle waves kissed the beach as if by stealth below us, the blue spangled heavens seemed more beautiful than usual; late as it was, we still walked on in enjoyment, loth to retire.

A Frenchman afterwards asked me if I knew who I was with? I did, and I told him that they were well mannered people: but this was not enough for him, and he replied, "Mon Dieu que oui c'est du premier sang de la France."

Near Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Scorpion.*

My attention while dressing this morning was attracted by the exclamation of a neighbour who had killed a scorpion at his bed-room door. After breakfast, I asked him if he had been joking about a scorpion? "Indeed not," he said, "you can now find it dead where I left it." I found it: it was one of the worst species. I dare say I have some in my bed-room, but I do not intend hunting for them beyond a look round as I turn into bed.

Their sting is venomous to be sure; but by no means so serious as we are early taught to imagine it.

Near Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Close of Stay in France.*

Last night I finished my pleasant visit to this very agreeable watering place hotel. We danced the evening away.

I like a dance. Some of the party told me they should be sad when I left, thus making out that I had contributed to our mutual enjoyment. If it is so, I am glad, for sorrow and depression of spirits come soon and often enough in the place of gaiety.

My visit to France is now concluded, during which I have received many civilities. The French character is very different from that of the English; and, if we wish to enjoy France, this should be borne in mind: were it so, we should probably understand how to make ourselves more agreeable to our neighbours, and to increase our own enjoyment.

Marseilles, July, 1846.

*Arrival at Genoa.*

I took up my quarters within an edifice once a palace of a doge, then a palace of the admiralty, and now a very capital hotel. I do not know how many stories high it is, but I was delighted to be accommodated on the first floor.

Late in the evening I seated myself in the courtyard near the entrance, while the cool waters of a fountain were playing by my side ; and as I looked up at the rows of marble pillars of this palace, now so differently tenanted, I could but picture to myself scenes which in days of yore may have taken place within it.

July, 1846.

*The Heat.*

The season, it is said, is most unusually hot ; otherwise the sooner Indian appliances for protection are adopted here the better. Indeed, a punkah in such heat would be considered indispensable in India. There is not a breath of air stirring by day or night. This evening I tried in vain to get into a draught ; but, with windows and door open, there was not enough to make my wax-light flicker. Musquitoes are as numerous and hungry as in a tropical climate.

Genoa, July, 1846.

*Street Scenes.*

In front of the hotel is a noisy scene from morning till night, and the groups of people afford me great amusement as I look down upon them. I did not expect to see the Italian opera scenes one is accus-

tomed to, so closely realized. It is the most motley crowd I ever saw, from the night-capped demagogue to the elegant fashionable. Late at night, generally, sundry parties of the lower orders are wont to come past the hotel singing in chorus, with excellent effect, and quite beyond any thing I expected to hear.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Agreeable Society.*

I spent the evening with some very agreeable "companions de voyage." Their rooms were some of the best in the hotel, and as palace-like as could be desired. They may well have belonged to Genoa's palmy days; they are furnished in excellent taste, and one only wonders that such splendour is so cheaply attainable for a short residence.

I regret they leave to-morrow, as I shall then be thrown entirely again upon my own resources for entertainment. I do not dislike sight-seeing alone, or even the thoughtful quiet of solitude; but occasional intercourse with agreeable society is one of the pleasures of life, not to be lightly prized. For the due appreciation of scenes where the mind is led back to the past, I incline to the lonely visit: the mind can afterwards strengthen and enjoy its vivid recollections by associating with kindred spirits.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Priests and Friars.*

This city is the first I have visited where priests are so ubiquitous; they are to be met with in every byway, street, and pleasure-walk. I am curious to

know their number, but it must be legion. They are of all ages, complexions, gowns, and hats. Some look nearly starved, while others are jolly enough; and, generally speaking, they have a better mien than most of the people. There is also a good sprinkling of friars, particularly capuchins, with their coarse brown hooded cloaks, knotted rope round the waist, and sandals on their feet. Almost all that I have seen are fat, and well to do in the flesh. Friar Tuck, I should think, must have been of this order. They are rather a vulgar looking set, but they appear honest; and I like them all the better for not seeming to aspire to heaven by starvation. This morning I happened to be in their favourite church, and watched them go through a mass for some departed sinner or saint, and they went through it in most business-like style. They were, perhaps, both serious and sincere; but I hardly thought them so; probably it was I who lacked these sacred virtues.

If associating together is any sign of fraternity in religion, there is but little of this existing between the priests and the capuchins. The former seem to keep the latter at a considerable distance, and one imagines that amongst them aristocratic notions make poverty wear its too frequent garb of humiliation.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Palaces.*

There must have been a vast number of princely people living in Genoa in the days of her greatness. Palaces are crowded together into whole streets. A great many are usefully tenanted by a variety of peo-

ple; others are going to decay; and some are still splendidly kept up. Almost all of them have their court-yards, fountains, marble halls and staircases.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Churches.*

The churches, at this time of the year, are the coolest retreats; and I often go from one to another from many motives beyond those of a mere lounge, or idle curiosity.

Genoa has its multitude of churches as well as palaces. Many are beautiful. They are rendered as attractive as possible by all that costly altars, sacred relics, fine pictures, and fresco paintings can effect, in combination with music, priests, prayers, and incense.

In one beautiful church, where the organ was fine, I recognized an old Italian air I had often encored; and, afterwards, a waltz was played, which made me any thing but devotional.

In another, I was in time to hear a popular preacher. The church was crowded with attentive listeners; and the pulpit was very large, perhaps fortunately so, for the declaimer went to and fro in a state of incessant violent excitement: and, if his eloquence failed to affect his hearers, it was not the fault of his bodily exertions.

The people of Genoa I should think the greatest church-goers in the world; it seems to form a part of every day's occupation. Whether it has a charm from devotion or amusement, I am not inclined to judge.

Genoa, July, 1846.



*St. John the Baptist's Chapel.*

At the cathedral, this morning, I was going round, looking at all that attracted me. Other parties were doing the same ; and I was amused when we came to a chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. All the men were invited to go behind the altar, to look at some relics, or other curiosity : and why not the ladies ? was my enquiry. " No, they are excluded," was the reply. The sin of Herodias' daughter is visited on all her sex ; they may only weep at the altar railing !

Genoa, July, 1846.

*Fresco Painting.*

The quantity of fresco painting in Genoa is astonishing ; whole colonies of artists must have been engaged in this ornamental art, much of which is very beautiful.

Not only are the churches profusely decorated, but almost all the houses of any pretension, in their entrance-halls, and some even the whole façade.

Scriptural subjects are those most common which we Protestants can detect ; but it must require a vast knowledge of Romish saints and wonders to know any thing about a multitude of others to be met with. " Susanna and the Elders " adorned the ceiling of a merchant's counting-house I was calling at this morning.

Genoa, July, 1846.

*Promenade.*

This evening I followed the multitude to the favorite promenade. It was like a fair, and crowds surrounded an excellent military band. I got near enough to hear some capital music, of a much higher and more serious kind than much I have listened to in the churches. It was Sunday evening. Theatres were open ; fireworks were being let off ; and all the world seemed gay.

There was a goodly sprinkling of bright eyes amongst the multitude. The Genoese dress is pretty ; the more so, that it does not mar the figure by a hideous bonnet, or a hottentot cloak ; and the flowing veil is very becoming.

It was a fine evening ; a delicious breeze came down from the Apennines, and the cool air from the mountains made the look upon them doubly refreshing.

Genoa, July, 1846.

*Country Walk.*

This morning I extended my walk into the country several miles, and found myself within an amphitheatre of verdant heights. In the valleys it was hot ; but on the hills, cool pure air came down from loftier regions, seeming to come from the blue heavens above, so invigorating did it feel.

Genoa, July, 1846.

*The Opera-House.*

The "Carlo Felice" is a very handsome house ;

and, to my mind, arranged in better taste than any theatre I have yet seen. It is very large; but most insufficiently lighted. The amusement for the evening was meagre; simply a comedy; but the acting so little reminded me of a comedy, that I was choking with laughter at the very absurdity of calling it so. There was a fair assemblage of people, but not one sign of approbation or otherwise exhibited, either at the beginning, during, or at the close of the piece, which was in several acts. The beautiful drop-scene told us it was over; and we all quietly, noiselessly dispersed, as though we had just joined in some funeral ceremony.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Dirty Quarters of the Town.*

Genoa has its crowded dirty alleys and streets as well as other large towns; and they are certainly as great a contrast to its better districts as could well be conceived: and the habits of the lower orders are evidently uncleanly.

I was amused last night at a conversation which took place at a soirée among some of the first people here. The subject was "Dickens' Pictures of Italy." They voted it pleasant, light reading, but evidently they did not quite relish his description of their beautiful city, so far as regards the "sour old cheese-y atmosphere" he talks of, or the similes he chose for their priesthood. Travellers would do well not to be too dainty when they visit warm latitudes, for it mars much enjoyment when they are so.

Unquestionably there are some quarters in Genoa

as filthy, in every sense of the word, as need be imagined; but delicate-nerved people are not compelled to visit them.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Foreign Habits.*

The habit of spitting exists here, as in France, only in a greater degree. It is very disgusting; I keep a sharp look-out, for fear of the consequences; for the habit seems universal amongst all orders. In the churches, the people have no respect for the beautiful marble pavements, and the same notice which I observed framed and gilded in "La Madeleine" church at Paris, viz. "il est defendu de cracher dans cette Eglise," is sadly wanted here.

From priests at the altar down to the little ragged beggar by the road-side are all addicted to this habit.

I must allude to another prevailing habit, which, happily, English manners prohibit. The Italians and French correspond in habitually picking their teeth at table; toothpicks are as essential to the table arrangements as any thing else. A few days ago, we sat down, a party of nearly forty, at the table d'hôte, half of whom were opposite to me. At one time I observed almost every one picking their teeth, and some made such wry faces, that, had I not known what they were about, I should have imagined they were suffering the pain of extraction. I often see ladies looking upwards in seeming meditation, with one elbow on the table, and the other hand engaged with a long toothpick. It is well these are provided; for I am sure, that, if they were not, forks, and even

knives would be made use of, as I have seen frequently done, if nothing more convenient happened to be at hand.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Wine and Fruit.*

The common wines of the country I like better than the usual "vin ordinaire" of France, at least, such as we are provided with at the table d'hôte is superior to what I met with in France. It is stronger, but I like it, and some of us drink it on the Dutchman's principle as regards watery dilution. Fruit at this time is in profusion, and various enough to suit most palates. On the table to-day were raspberries, pears, peaches, nuts, plums, grapes, melons, and almonds, all fresh from the stems which bore them.

Genoa, July, 1846.

### *Arrival at Leghorn, and High Mass at Pisa.*

In the morning we anchored in the harbour, and immediately went on shore. It is the sea-bathing season, and all the good hotels were so crowded, that I went to a second rate one, and the only room I could get was so intolerable from many causes, that I left it at once, and started for Pisa.

Thanks to an excellent railroad, the twelve miles to Pisa are quickly traversed, and I arrived there early enough to find myself in the beautiful cathedral, and to witness high mass. It was an important occasion, which assembled unusual crowds. A particular request for rain to the Virgin was being made, owing to the

late drought in this part of the country. Some doll was exhibited to public gaze, and a lot of priestly ceremonies performed quite beyond my limited comprehension. Perhaps they have said their prayers backwards, and done other singular things; so that if rain does come soon, no slight impression will be made on the congregated believers.

Pisa, July, 1846.

### *A few Days at Leghorn.*

I returned to Leghorn, and got more comfortable quarters. For a stranger, this town has no great attraction, indeed few towns even purely commercial have so little. Its commerce has brought many Jews, Greeks, and Turks amongst its residents.

A little gaiety has enlivened my stay; last night, at a large ball, I danced till glad to get away. I met a few of our fair countrywomen, and of course I say, as most Englishmen do, "that there are none like them." I wish to say this without narrow prejudices, but, if my judgment does not err greatly, it is so—and if the testimony of many foreign ladies I have met is at all correct (and ladies are better judges of the comparative merits of their sex than we are), it is so.

We have had some delightful weather; thunder, lightning, rain, and wind. The parched earth is refreshed and invigorated, and the withering olive may yet yield its oil, and the grape its wine.

Leghorn, July, 1846.

### *A Visit to the Wonders of Pisa.*

I went over to Pisa to have a quiet solitary day

there. I was soon within the group of wonders, comprising the Cathedral, Baptistery, leaning Tower, and Campo Santo. Probably on the face of the earth there is not such an assemblage of religious edifices. No parsimonious age could have built such a tower for a joyous peal,—such a structure wherein to baptize their children—such an edifice to worship God in, or such a resting place for their dead.

I stood, sate, and walked in the Cathedral with delight. Some of the altars have some fine paintings to adorn them, and altogether it is the richest marble building I have seen. Its appearance is not that of the venerable abbey, for, in fact, after the fire demolished so much of the old cathedral, it was so completely restored, and so much later, that it will require a century or two to mellow its new appearance.

The baptistery is to the left; it is here that all classes of the people of Pisa bring their children to be admitted by baptism into christianity. It contains sculpture from many countries, including some very exquisite specimens of Grecian and Egyptian art in small columns of marble. This elegant structure is surmounted by a dome.

I entered the gates of the Campo Santo, a burial ground surrounded with beautiful cloisters. The earth to the depth of six feet is said to have been brought from Jerusalem centuries ago, but doubtless the dust from the dead has often replaced the sacred soil. Probably this spot has received more dead humanity than any similar spot in the world, and that continuously for centuries. For some time past interment has not been allowed here, and very properly. I stood

looking on this ground, consecrated by the burial of thousands, seriously thoughtful.

The cloisters form a long and interesting walk. Tombs and pieces of old sculpture make up a sort of museum, but I was chiefly attracted by the old frescoes on the walls, many of which retain their vivid colouring, although so many ages have rolled by since they were painted, which was in the thirteenth century. The subjects were both sacred and profane, and it will be long ere I can forget a horrible one from Dante's *Inferno*, it is really horrible: the "last judgment" is enough to startle any eyes that look on it.

All descriptions I have read of the wonderful tower have failed to give me a proper notion of it, and I will not attempt to describe it, beyond expressing my wonder at its slanting construction, and my admiration of its many light elegant columns, and of its fine peal of bells, which rang joyously while I was there. The object of its extraordinary slanting construction, if intentional, must remain a mystery for the curious to speculate upon; it is far more out of the perpendicular than I expected to find it, and I did not feel comfortable standing in its shadow.

August, 1846.

### *The Arno by Moonlight.*

After spending hours among the great sights of Pisa, I strolled about through the fine old town, which looks somewhat deserted at this time, for the heat has driven away the fashionables, and all who can manage to get away to a cooler place of residence.

An excellent little dinner was provided for myself



at one of the good hotels; and having heard much of the "monte pulciano" wine, I asked for some, and a flask of it was brought, to which I confess I did full justice. This wine is delicious, it has the united fragrance of hermitage and burgundy, with its own peculiar excellence. Its quality was probably the more fully appreciated by me, from the external heat of the day, and the internal mental excitement I had enjoyed. Night came on, the moon rose, and I sat on the parapet of the quay, looking down on the Arno, whose slow waters seemed to enjoy night's coolness as well as myself. It was a dreamy, happy hour I spent, and perhaps few days' scenes of my life will be more agreeably riveted on my memory.

Pisa, August, 1846.

*Arrival at Civita Vecchia, and Beggars.*

The steamer was punctual, and left Leghorn under a stiff breeze, which spoilt the dinners of many of us. I retired to my berth early, and did not wake until we anchored at Civita Vecchia, a town the sight of which makes one desire to quit it, while its smell forcibly reminded me of Egypt. Lots of trouble was given us about our baggage, notwithstanding that we feed the examiner to give us as little as possible. Beggary is professional here, and most annoyingly so. Any stranger who is unlucky enough to wear a decent coat is besieged by all sorts of importunate mendicants. I have had them round me by the dozen, and after bestowing on them all that I felt disposed to give, some fresh set would come up to the attack, till at last I have thrown them my hat in a rage. I found them

numerous beyond belief at Pisa and Leghorn. They were however in dismay. The Grand Duke, it is said, intends building residences for them. I sincerely hope his Holiness will have the good judgment to have the same done in his territory, and that every lazy beggar will be whipped into them. I am told they do not relish their prospects.

Civita Vecchia, Aug. 1846.

*Civita Vecchia to Rome.*

Without my wish and against my intention, I was booked with a party who filled a carriage, and we were soon en route for Rome. To be alone is what I should have liked, I had still a few more pages to read to finish Bulwer's "Last of the Tribunes," and I wanted quiet for thoughtfulness.

Our party was composed of a motley set of people, a Dane, a Sardinian, two Frenchmen, a refugee Italian, and myself. One was a priest, and the Italian whispered to me, that owing to a priest being among us, some disaster might be looked for, and it was voted, if necessary, that we should make a Jonah of him.

The road is by the seaside for a long distance before it branches off. The dust and heat were such as were not to be forgotten. Not only did dust clothe us, but we were compelled to eat it liberally, feeling no slight disgust at a dose of what might have been the crumbings of antique ruins.

I was glad to see most of our party asleep. Here and there a corn harvest had been reaped, but much of the country we passed over is as desolate as can be well imagined. For hours we scarcely saw a human

being, except at the posting houses. The land does not look so poor as to deserve being left uncultivated; but I could not help thinking of those eloquent fearful denunciations to the Israelites, of turning their corn and wine crops into briars and thorns, which predominate here in every direction.

Two hours before arrival the dome of St. Peter's was in sight, the gilded cross gleamed in the evening sun.

I think I would rather not read any one's thoughts which could be penned at such a moment, almost barren must be the minds of those who could gather them together. I would leave the thoughts of the imagination to be presumed, they cannot fail to be a dense crowd of some of the most interesting ideas, well nigh confusing, if not overpowering.

We entered Rome, a name known to all ever since ears could listen, or eyes could read, and now I am traversing its modern reality up towards the Piazza di Spagna. The darkness of night closed the prospect, and sleep at last composed the stirring thoughts of the things of which I am about to take a hurried glimpse.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *Modern Populace.*

Crumbling ruins live out a protracted existence in the solitudes of old Rome, and they will probably long outlive the existence of modern Rome. The modern city is no solitude, but consists of miles of busy peopled streets, although it only contains its hundreds of thousands, instead of the incredible numbers it is said

to have once included. I wonder whether the populace resembles the portraiture drawn of them in *Rienzi's* time. Happily the present ruler shews a genius and a character, obsolete for many years among those who have worn the triple crown.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *The Pope.*

If a good name may be rejoiced in by its possessor, few rulers have so great reason for joy as Pius the Ninth at this moment.

Anecdotes are told on all sides of his exalted Christian feeling. Mercy and peace appear at last to have found a willing advocate in him. I doubt if I should have gone across the road to see the late Gregory, but I am most anxious to see his worthy successor.

It is reported that his Holiness is not liked by the Cardinals generally; the wholesome example of economy he has given them is construed in portending an innovation on their earthly ease and luxury. It is said that the Pope knows this, and that should any or all prove rebellious, they would find instant quarters in the Castle of St. Angelo.

My wish to see the Pope was soon gratified. He is a benevolent looking man, with a quick eye, but not so penetrating and intelligent as I expected, with much more of the peculiar aspect of the Romish priest about him than I was prepared or wished to see; but his good deeds, particularly that forgiving mercy which he exhibited to a host of political prisoners, makes me glad to have seen him. May the same sacred virtues adorn his pontificate to its close, and may he in his old

age be blessed with that peace which he has endeavoured to impart to others.

Rome, August, 1846.

*St. Peter's.*

The next morning after my arrival I was early at St. Peter's, and by some means I contrive to find myself there every day. Every additional visit makes me the more astonished at its wonderful symmetrical magnitude.

What some of the vast Pagan temples may have been, or what Jerusalem's famous temple was in its pristine splendour, I cannot realize to myself. The pillared massiveness of the former, and the curiously wrought precious things in the latter may have exceeded the splendour of St. Peter's, but the magnificence of the whole Roman Cathedral is, I believe, beyond that of any temple ever raised by man for the worship of a Deity.

One morning I stood at the entrance of a chapel in one of the transepts where mass was being performed by some dignitaries of the church. The fine organ was played, while the perfumed incense curled upwards and made dim the giddy height of the beautiful cupola.

My expectations of St. Peter's were far short of the glorious reality, still I could not help thinking it more like a building erected to commemorate triumphant doings than a place of worship, for which the Gothic style is so much better calculated.

Under the cupola is the tomb of St. Peter, round which burn a hundred lamps. One morning I de-

scended into the crypt, the old church beneath, with a few others, and accompanied by some priests. I was astonished to find such a number of chapels and tombs in this lower portion of the mighty fabric. After going round and examining the many beautiful Mosaics, &c. we came to the range of tombs of popes. I felt almost disposed to be disrespectful towards one or two tombs of popes notorious for their cruel and unhallowed lives.

During the heat, St. Peter's is a delicious cool retreat.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *Jupiter and St. Peter.*

Romanism must have been anxious to strengthen the proof of her relationship with Paganism, when she converted the bronze statue of Jupiter into that of St. Peter, and set it up in the magnificent Basilica itself. It seems wonderful, nevertheless, how such an appropriation should have gained consent, but it was done when the people did not care to know or believe any thing beyond their own secular matters, leaving the care of their souls, and all therewith connected, to the charge of the priests. Since Jupiter represents St. Peter, one is rather surprised the popes have not made some pious use of the wonders in the Vatican, and made a modern Pantheon of wonderful St. Peter's; but perhaps they judge rightly in supposing that enough has been already done in that direction.

Rome, August, 1846.

*The Forum.*

Without classical enthusiasm, I felt deeply interested in walking about the old haunts of Horace and Cicero.

Ruins are the only vestiges of one part of the Forum, that place once echoing with the voice of learning and liberty in the powerful days of Rome. Another part of its original site is covered with shambles. What a change is this latter! One regrets that all was not left to the silence of ruin, rather than have its atmosphere tainted with such a nuisance.

The walk through the Forum to the Coliseum is probably one of the most interesting in the world. Ruins, broken pillars, &c. recal solemnly the genius of the past.

Rome, August, 1846.

*Coliseum.*

It happens that I am here when the unhealthy season has sent visitors away, and I have made several lonely visits to this wonderful ruin. Probably as a single ruin it is the finest in the world, and its vast proportions grow the more astounding at every visit. Under a mid-day sun, I have seated myself in solitude, where, in the great days of Rome, I might have made one in an assembly of eighty or a hundred thousand. What a sight it must have been!

It is a matter for rejoicing that this magnificent amphitheatre, with its bloody tragedies has succumbed to time and christianity, and that the place of cruel martyrdom is now a witness to the religion of the Cross once so persecuted there.

I should, however, have liked to see some other inscription than the following on a cross in the centre, viz. "Baciando la S. Croce si acquistano due centi giorni d'indulgenza." (Tr. Two hundred days indulgence to all who kiss this Holy cross.) This is one of the strange things which only Romanists can understand and appreciate.

This morning I went from one triumphal arch to another till I again found myself in the Coliseum, wondering at its huge area, as every one must do that is blessed with eyesight. I then strolled about the monte palatino. A shower of rain came over and I sheltered myself under an aspen tree, whose leaves seemed to be moved by the spirit of the place, almost drowning all feeling of the present, in visions of the past.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *Pantheon.*

The Pantheon is not so large a building as I expected, considering the purport of its name; but it is more perfect than any of the ancient remains in Rome.

The single skylight in its dome is peculiar and imposing. Altars and monuments are placed around, and daily church service is performed in it. It is evidently not well kept, perhaps because it does not happen to be a favorite church of the Romans. The pillars of the portico are very grand; the enormous shafts of granite are surprising, and lead one to expect that the temple itself would be on a larger scale—but anyway it is a splendid building.

Rome, August, 1846.



*Old Rome's Baths.*

The ruins of the great public Baths cannot fail to astonish the beholder. Those of Caracalla have enough vestiges left to demonstrate and point out the enormous scale of those public resorts in olden times.

Dioclesian's Baths are the only ones remaining of which the columns and marbles have not been entirely removed. The great hall has been converted into a church, which is adorned by the same mighty pillars which were placed there in Dioclesian's time. This church, which is in the form of the Greek Cross, is imposingly grand. It is after the design of Michael Angelo, and dedicated to S. Maria degli Angeli.

Rome, August, 1846.

*Catacombs of the Martyrs.*

These catacombs of the martyrs I had longed to visit, and under a broiling sun I started for S. Sebastiano, the church which covers the entrance; distant about four miles from Rome.

I was glad to arrive, for the heat was so great. A Capuchin Friar was engaged sweeping out the Church, and when I went up to him and expressed to him my wish to see the catacombs, he looked at me very hard, said he was sick, and that the malaria below was bad. Poor fellow, he looked very sick; I requested him to find some one of the fraternity as a guide, and away he went, but he himself returned doubly clad, and lighted two long candles, giving me one. I fastened every button on my coat, and down we went out of light into darkness such as I shall never forget. I asked the Friar

how we should manage if our lights went out, and was glad to find that he had some matches with him. On he led me through narrow earthy passages, up and down damp steps, with every thing as silent and dark as can be conceived. We were the only two living creatures here beneath in the bowels of the earth. The Friar often turned round to me describing the horrors of martyrdom; and I have no doubt the painful thrill which came over me turned me as pale as the spectre-like countenance before me. The Friar had told me he was sick—he was emaciated and looked so—his pale, thin, worn, bony, eyeshrunk countenance was all that the candle could light up; his coarse hooded cloak was of the same dark hue as all around; his ghastly aspect haunts me still. I thought of the possibility of my poor guide dropping down dead. The idea startled me, and every time he told me that the malaria was destroying him, I heartily prayed that I might be spared a death-scene in such a place. I had heard that these catacombs are interminable; and as to getting out I could conceive no possible means of doing so. I then pictured to myself the probability of my wandering far beneath until my candle was burnt out, and that then, if not sought for and found in time, the great grave of the martyrs must become mine. I confess I never realized a more painful feeling. However, on we went, with not a skeleton to be seen, only the niches where they had lain. Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are said to have been interred here; but all along the excavated passages we passed, every bone had been taken away to serve as relics throughout the world. The martyrs'

palm is often seen, and other symbols of martyrdom are engraved about. I had my head full of the horrors of the past as well as of uncomfortable fears for the present.

On we went, and as I thought, to the most distant point my guide intended to lead me; but the strange circuitous passages of this region put me entirely out of all knowledge of where we might be, and glad indeed was I to discover a distant glimmer of day-light, it was at the steps by which we had descended.

We ascended from this dark sepulchre, and the sudden change of temperature was so great that I felt my head swimming and my senses going out of my control—but a few minutes recovered me.

The poor Friar I paid for his trouble first, and then added a trifle for him to get some quinine to help to sustain him: but he wont want any thing long, the sand in his glass is nearly run, poor fellow! I shall long remember him.

I recommend no one to visit these catacombs in the hot season; nor is it quite prudent to visit them alone as I have done.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *The Vatican Palace and Gardens.*

I spent a few hours running through a multitude of rooms, containing some of the greatest works of art of all ages existing on the face of the earth. I enjoy reading a description of this famous place; and all I now did, was, to assist that enjoyment by an actual glance at most of its wonders: it requires months to

go through the eleven thousand chambers this immense palace is said to contain.

The surprising genius of Raffaele you here see, with wonder and admiration.

I did not fail to visit the Sistine chapel, where Michael Angelo's wonderful but horrible painting of the "last judgment" kept me some little time. The painter must have had an extraordinary imagination to have put together such a dreadful picture.

From the Vatican I admired the taste displayed in the Pope's gardens. Their holinesses have a delightful little Eden, which I hear every Pope does something to beautify.

How St. Peter the poor fisherman would be astonished at his apostolic successors' splendid palace, with its gardens, and pagan embellishments ! The cross he bore was a contrast indeed to the present triple crown, and were it not that we are assured St. Peter was arraigned and suffered martyrdom here, it would be difficult to imagine that any similarity of faith ever existed.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *Churches.*

I know not how many churches I have visited out of the three hundred and fifty existing in Rome, but certainly, a great number ; it is quite bewildering to see so much in a short time. Some of them (the Basilicas) are immense structures.

Many of the churches are decorated profusely with fresco paintings, pictures, altars, marbles, &c., but among them probably that of St. Ignatius Loyola, be-

longing to the Jesuits, is the richest; its beautiful altar of Lapis Lazuli is a deserved object of attraction to the stranger.

This evening I drove to St. Paul's, which is rebuilding after the fire which in great part destroyed it in 1823. It was the petwork of Gregory the sixteenth, and it is said he hoped to live to see it finished; but he is gone, and this magnificent edifice is left to the care of others. Money from the faithful is coming from all lands for its completion. It is a very chaste and beautiful church: the marbles are exquisitely rich; the eighty columns of polished granite, and the pillars of rare marble will form an extraordinary and magnificent coup d'œil to this Basilica when finished. Unfortunately it is situated in an unhealthy locality, so much so, that during the hot weather every one leaves its neighbourhood who can do so.

I was glad to escape the season and the sight of the multitudes who ascend the sacred staircase at S. Giovanni Laterano on their knees, and I was almost angry with myself for consenting to be shewn a portion of a pillar, purporting to be part of one which was rent during the crucifixion at Jerusalem. These and a host of similar wonderful relics are beyond my belief; I am convinced rather that popes, priests, and monks of old took strange liberties with the people's credulity, so long as the ignorance of the age enabled them.

More than Peter's pence must have been contributed to the vast collection of money which has been expended in this centre of Roman Catholicism. The offerings of the living and dying in Christendom have evidently been lavished here, and if they can procure

blessings here and hereafter, verily a multitude are rewarded.

All that Christians can hope while they admire these prodigal gifts devoted to a sacred purpose, is, that the donors were blessed with a higher "charity," without which, had they "given their bodies to be burnt" it can profit them nothing.

Rome, August, 1846.

*Church of St. Maria Maggiore and the Pope's  
Benediction.*

I was early at this old Basilica, which is an imposing church. The rows of pillars, and its whole construction, make it one of the most chaste in Rome.

It happened to be one of the great days on which the Pope performs mass and blesses the people.

The church was crowded. I nevertheless had a good position, and waited patiently for the appearance of his Holiness.

At the appointed time he came, seated in the Papal chair, and borne on shoulders above the heads of the multitude. He passed along waving his hand, and blessing the people. I was so situated that I was within the sphere of his benediction more than once. His mild countenance bore the impress of sincerity, and if my want of faith deprives me of any benefit thereby, there were many who did believe that they would in reality be blessed. A friend told me the names of the Cardinals as they followed in procession, and amongst them the astonishing linguist I was anxious to see. Their scarlet robes have a more splendid effect than the Pope's white satin, gold be-

spangled dress. Then followed bishops, and a few of the favoured clergy.

The chanting and music quite disappointed me, and I was not sorry that it did not last so long as I expected.

An interesting scene closed the whole. Outside there is a balcony with crimson cushions, from which the Pope blessed the people. Immediately below were the crowds in waiting for him ; an excellent military band kept them amused, while some well mounted cavalry and half a regiment of foot formed the outer circle of this scene. Guns fire in the distance at the moment when it is known that the Pope blesses ; and it was a solemn sight to see the multitude in silence humbly receive the benediction.

This over, the gilded carriages with their black horses, crimson trappings, and gay liveries, took home their princely masters.

I do not wish to judge harshly, but, methinks these high and mighty ones cling to the pomps and vanities of this world in too good earnest. I left the religious show and stopped at a memorable spot, now marked only by solitude and ruins, and was glad to rub off the vision of gilded splendor I had seen. I felt that no cobwebbed authorities could ever satisfy me that our glorious faith hath ought in common with such exhibitions as these.

Rome, August, 1846.

### *Leaving Rome.*

I am leaving Rome even earlier than I intended, but a touch of fever is working in my veins, and I feel the less regret. I comfort myself with the hope of revisiting this old Queen of Cities.

After one more look at St. Peter's, another linger at its magnificent approach ; formed amphitheatre-like of a splendid quadruple range of massive pillars, and adorned by an Egyptian obelisk and two beautiful fountains, I left Rome by starlight.

August, 1846.

*Rome to Civita Vecchia.*

I occupied the last and hindermost seat in a crowded Diligence, and for the first four hours endured such a jolting, that I longed for the old Roman roads, for in this particular, as in many others, the present generation is sadly at fault. The wretched state in which the roads are, may not be inappropriate to the ruins they lead to ; but it appears strange that the living residents should not have better means of going to and from such a city as Modern Rome.

At midnight we had coffee at the half-way posting house, and I waited patiently for my turn to be served, but the waiter somehow helped me before a Frenchman whose turn it certainly was. I would cheerfully have handed it to him, but he became so enraged to see the Englishman have a priority, and he looked so annoyed at such a trumpery thing in the midst of travellers' impatience, that I took the cup and amused myself with his indignation. He chattered away to a companion on the subject, and I expect his coffee gave him a fit of indigestion.

August, 1846.

*Civita Vecchia.*

I have spent a whole day at this dullest of places.



During the afternoon, in my wanderings about, I found myself in the chief church. Vespers were going on. There were very few persons present besides myself. I could not help laughing at a large black cat as he went from chair to chair, in front of and about the altar railing. It was absurd to see a cat choose such a time and place for amusement. The Vicar went through the service as fast as he well could ; and I met him in the evening on the promenade by the sea side. He stared at me so hard and so often, that I should know him again, even if he had not a suspicious looking red nose in his face.

A military band played until late, and very excellent music ; indeed the Roman bands I have listened to strike me as superior to any I ever heard. There is great combination of harmony and vigour, and the kind of music they play is very effective.

August, 1846.

### *Civita Vecchia to Naples.*

A pleasant breeze accompanied us for some hours, but during the whole evening heavy clouds were gathering around and lighting us up with electricity. Late in the night an angry thunder storm came over and woke us all.

I went on deck once or twice, but the rain and the lightning soon drove me down again.

As we passed Napoleon's first place of captivity, Elba, I thought of him and of how much less blood would have been shed to feed his ambition had he lived and died there.

The weather cleared up, and Vesuvius smoking in the distance told us that the bay of bays was near.

The voyage was made very pleasant to me by some very agreeable people I happened to meet.

I have often heard it said to persons going abroad, "avoid the English," but my experience would lead me to reverse this advice.

We entered the bay, and from its bosom enjoyed the approach to Naples, which is very fine and fully realizes the enthusiastic descriptions of it.

Getting through the custom house is a noisy, tedious affair, we were prepared to fee the officers to save time and trouble; but as neither the one nor the other was spared us, we refused the application they afterwards made and told them our reason.

I wondered that neither the party I was with, nor myself lost any of our baggage. It looked as hazardous as laughable to see all sorts of raggamuffins carrying our property off without permission or knowledge of the owners. I could see that they were aware I was not *au fait* at their proper charges, and was amused at their wishing to make me paymaster, in order to let me off at just three times what they received.

A short time found us located in a good suit of rooms in an excellent hotel, overlooking the bright Bay.

August, 1846.

### *Earthquake and Vesuvius.*

A few days after I left Leghorn a violent shock of earthquake occurred there, burying hundreds of people in the ruins of neighbouring villages; indeed a few

moments longer continuance of the visitation would have made that populous city share a similar fate.

I expect in my present travels again to feel the sickening shock, and I know of nothing more utterly paralysing and prostrating. Flames and torrents have their gradations in devastation; but an earthquake!

People here are relieved from anxiety about the chance of this occurrence for the present by the increase lately of the vomitings of Vesuvius. Last night as I looked upon the mountain the summit was like a furnace, every few seconds a fresh glare rose, and then masses of red fiery lava were shot forth and rolled down the mountain sides in streams.

As I looked upon it, the thought of the terrible possibility or probability of a more dreadful disgorging than buried Pompeii and Herculaneum—one short stupendous scene! after which all that lived around would have ceased to exist, was enough to make one shudder.

Naples is however the last place in the world to be made seriously uncomfortable by any apprehension of the future. It is, live for the day here, and live happily, even though to live properly be left entirely out of the question.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Naples.*

Naples is a great contrast to Rome in every sense of the word, and there is nothing here outwardly to remind a traveller that it was so favorite a place in the olden time. It is essentially a noisy, busy place, and notwithstanding its enchanting position, and the im-

provements Murat effected in it, every turning out of its best walks and streets proves it to be one of the many dirty cities of Italy.

Several of the hotels are charmingly situated. The promenade on the Chiaja is one of the finest in Europe, and often of an evening it is as crowded with pedestrians and equipages as the Champs Elysées, or Hyde Park.

The San Carlo theatre is one of the largest in the world. The museum too is splendid, but it is on the whole, the beautiful neighbourhood of Naples which most interests and delights the stranger and the scholar. Few are the spots more favoured by the loveliness of nature, or richer in classic reminiscences.

To be duly appreciated, the ruins of Rome should be visited in solitude, for the very atmosphere around them makes it desirable: just the contrary may be said of most of the sights of Naples, company, cheerful company is refreshing here. Perhaps it is the glittering of the heavens over the bright bay which casts a glow of happiness over all, and gladdens the eye; but certainly there is a social feeling engendered here that makes a few companions doubly agreeable. I am fortunate in this respect, and look forward to a delightful month of excursions, not omitting to climb the cone of Vesuvius or to creep into the blue grotto at Capri. If the pleasures of anticipation are in reality enjoyments, I am unquestionably just now brimful of them; and although a little philosophic mistrust steals in, I almost think I shall leave disappointment behind me.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Lower Orders of People. (Lazzaroni.)*

It is said that Naples supports its thousands of rascals, who positively live by daily pilfering. I know not, but if I have seen many of them, they are the most happy looking rascals in the world. There is a good natured vivacity about the lower orders which is greatly in their favour. I have loitered about and amused myself with watching them. Punch and Judy seems always to command a circle of admirers.

It is incredible how small a sum it is possible for the common classes to exist upon at Naples, and wholesomely too. An unbreeched urchin attracted my attention just now. He had a fist full of luscious grapes, and seemed to eat them as though they were no luxury; he looked contentedly happy, and I dare say he would not have appeared more so had he been washed and clothed.

Perhaps in few cities can be seen so much squalid wretchedness coupled with such lightheartedness as here.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Mariolatry.*

While we were at the chapel of the British embassy, a Roman Catholic procession was returning, and made a halt close by. The sermon was at times entirely stopped by bands of music resounding on both sides, and by continual saluting.

This procession was in honour of the Virgin. A pretty figure was paraded, dressed out in blue satin, and gay petticoats &c., to which all seemed to bow in

adoration. Priests will tell you that the Virgin is not adored by Romanists, but to those who have seen the idolatry of Paganism, it becomes difficult to discover why both should not be considered alike.

It is said to be mere invocation and veneration, (the respect which is paid to the Virgin) but an examination of their ritual as well as actual observation clearly refutes the assertion, and leaves this dogma of the Romanists' creed less tenable than probably any other. I have heard educated Hindoos deny that they adored the Images of their gods.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Campo Santo.*

We started after an early dinner for a visit to this receptacle for the remains of the poor. I was anxious to see it. We drove as near as we could, and then walked up the hillock on which it is situated. We arrived there a little before sunset, and it is at half an hour after sunset that the dead are thrown into the pits.

This Campo Santo is an enclosed large square, paved with large flag stones. In this pavement there are three hundred and sixty five openings, about four feet square, all of which are closed and cemented except one which is opened every evening to receive whatever bodies may be brought.

At the proper time the bodies are thrown into the pit, and generally without any covering. This pit is then closed, and the next will be opened for to-morrow's dead.

We did not remain long within the square, and in

truth I was not sorry to leave. Hungry insects were crawling about our feet, and a rank odour was rising, such as I shall not forget. I do not believe that the lime which is thrown in with the bodies has been sufficient, and consequently the horrible decaying masses below may be the cause of it, and that it is quite unfit for the lungs of the living to inhale.

There did not happen to be any corpses waiting to be thrown in this evening, unless they were in a shed I was not curious enough to enter. We met a boy on our way down the hill with a child's-size body, in a sort of confectioner's box on his head; so that this day's pit would not be opened in vain.

I wonder that the Romanists, who bestow more care about the bodies of the rich than we Protestants do, should approve of this revolting mode of burial, this throwing into a pit without even a shroud, the bodies of the poor.

I do not wish to visit another similar Campo Santo.  
Naples, August, 1846.

### *Excursion to Baiæ and Neighbourhood.*

We were a party of five, including three ladies, and started for Baiæ, distant about twelve miles from Naples. We passed through the celebrated Grotto de Posilipo, which is a tunnel a third of a mile in length; a work which would not be thought much of in these railway days, but I dare say in olden times it was quite a wonder.

We went a little out of the road to pay a visit to the Sibyl's cave, and sat down by the side of the lake "Averno," which Virgil has immortalized. We were

shaded by vines, trained in festoons from tree to tree, and the rich fruit hung around us in Italian luxuriance. It was a glorious morning, and I almost wished to stop at the lake where we were till the sun declined, then stroll over to a ruined temple on the other side, and return, leaving other sights for the morrow ; but we went on to Pozzuoli, where we looked round and imagined at what point St. Paul may have disembarked on his way to Rome.

We visited a ruined temple of Jupiter which was overthrown by an earthquake, and has since been cleared from the ruins around. Most of the marbles have been carried off to adorn foreign museums, but it is still a very intelligible ruin, of which some columns remain standing, and also the marble receptacle for the blood of the sacrifice.

Near this interesting ruin is a beautiful orange grove, whose deep foliage forms a great contrast to the desolate temple.

We skirted the beautiful bay of Baiæ, reached the Elysian fields, and then mounted a hill overlooking the Mare Morto, where Lucullus had a villa. In a vineyard and under an olive tree, we sat down to a gipsy dinner off the substantial things we found in a goodly basket, and some such wine ! We quaffed it, thinking of the gods of old without envy. It was a dinner we all thought we should long remember, on such a spot, and in such a neighbourhood.

On our return we examined the ruins of a temple of Venus, beautifully situated, and went over the amphitheatre near Pozzuoli, which is in good preservation. On one side many large handsome marble



pillars lie imbedded in the ruins, as though an earthquake had shaken them down in confusion. This is probably the fact, for such destruction would have been difficult by any ordinary means.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Museum.*

The "Museo Borbonico" is the great attraction for the stranger. It is a lounge for weeks and cannot fail to have charms for every taste. The collection of paintings is very extensive, and the sculpture rooms have some choice originals. Amongst the peculiar objects of interest however, are the things recovered from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. They bring back manners and customs of domestic life now long past, most impressively. I did not expect to find so large a collection of objects so well preserved, they have much increased my anxiety to walk about the excavations themselves, and see the sort of dwellings in use so long ago.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Pompeii.*

By railway we started for Pompeii. Although it was not strange to English ears to hear the guards proclaim the names of stations where we halted, still to hear them calling out "Ercolano," "Pompeii," did strike us forcibly and strangely,—it seemed like proclaiming the resurrection of the entombed.

We soon found ourselves within this old town, which wants only the roofs on its house walls to render it again habitable, after the lapse of eighteen hun-

dred years. We were intensely interested, and walked up and down its paved streets till we gained very distinct notions of its shops, dwellings, public buildings, temples, theatres, and tombs. The streets are narrow, and only adapted for the passing of carriages one way; the indentation of the stone wheel-track shows that vehicles were largely in use in those days, and the stone pathway is narrow and raised, while the people seem to have crossed the streets by means of fixed stepping-stones placed here and there.

People in that age were satisfied with small apartments, and the walls were often elegantly painted. The designs are simple, and chiefly from classical subjects, contrasting most favorably with the many-coloured meaningless papering of the present day. Many beautiful Mosaics on the floors are in good preservation.

A short walk from the gates brought us to the amphitheatre, which is in great part perfect, and, from its nature would not suffer from the eruption so much as the town,—the necessary stability of its structure was its preservation. The dens of wild beasts for the conflict are uninjured; and, were the taste and fashion for such exciting amusements to recur, but little expense would be necessary to put this place and many others into gladiatorial order.

We perched ourselves on the highest seats of the amphitheatre, and from thence enjoyed our commanding position. The whole country immediately surrounding is thickly covered with vineyards. Vesuvius, the old enemy, is on one side, and on another a range of young mountains, like a family which all differ in

height and complexion but agree in being equally good-looking. Here, with good appetites, and an excellent gipsy-basket, we refreshed ourselves.

It need hardly be noticed, that sight-seeing is so exciting, and the mind feeds upon the body so fast, that the latter must be well taken care of, if one's enjoyment is to be uninterrupted.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Virgil's Tomb.*

We chose this beautiful evening to visit the tomb of the poet. We had to climb up to its charming position. It was rather too late in the evening for the enchanting view from it, but for the tomb itself, and for all tombs, evening's sombre shades are the most appropriate. There is a whisper of the past in the repose which night brings around.

Although fully aware of the reasonable question about this being in reality Virgil's tomb, we would not allow it to intrude upon our imaginations, but resolved to consider it heretical. Formerly the few English residents made this locality their cemetery, and a happier spot could scarcely be selected. Mourners might, while affectionately lamenting their friends, be gladdened with the view of the bright peaceful bay below and beyond them, and so have their sorrow mitigated by visions of another bright world, where they may long to rejoin them.

It was an evening of sympathy, I could have rejoiced with the happy, and, I believe, have wept with the sorrowful.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Herculaneum.*

The railway guard called out "Ercolano, Ercolano," when we alighted to visit all that is to be seen of it. The town of Portici is built on its site.

We descended into a gloomy damp region, where we could discern with the aid of torches the theatre, &c., but all the antiquities in the world would not repay one for remaining long down in such a cavern-like place. Unlike Pompeii, the destruction of Herculaneum in most part was by being flooded with liquid fiery lava, which will render its excavation to any extent impossible.

There is a part excavated which was not so flooded, and we visited it; but, after Pompeii, it is not very remarkable.

We then rambled about the gardens and grounds of Portici, which are well worth the trip from Naples for those who enjoy such agreeable retreats from a noisy city. In the gardens is a small fort, built to teach your minds the art of masonic warfare. While thus amusing ourselves, our guides and horses were getting in readiness for ascending Vesuvius.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Ascent of Vesuvius.*

We were a party of three ladies and two gentlemen, but as one of the latter had been up the mountain previously, I alone accompanied the ladies from the Hermitage.

After priming ourselves with refreshments, we

started on large ponies, and soon were mounting by as rugged a road as can be desirable for trying the most sure-footed of animals. It is amazing to see how these creatures manage to climb up and walk down. I have the greatest confidence in them, and left the reins on the neck of the good beast which carried me, employing my two hands with bunches of delicious grapes. I was, however, perfectly aware that a false step would probably pitch me headlong on a piece of lava, and settle my earthly career.

After a long ride we reached the Hermitage, where we left one of our party, and I with the ladies went on. At the foot of the steepest part of the mountain we dismounted, and with an assisting guide we commenced the ascent. They were spirited ladies, and required their British courage. I had no idea it was half so difficult a matter. On we climbed, the loose lava continually giving way. I often fell, and I dare say I incurred more bruises than I shall be able to see with my own eyes; indeed, once or twice, I backed the mountain at full length. The view before us was magnificent, the bay was beautiful beyond description, but my bones were so uncomfortable and hardly dealt with, that I am not hypocrite enough to say the scenery had any charms for me.

We got on famously, laughing at each other's mishaps, till the lava felt hot and we smelt brimstone disagreeably; however, on we went, the lava getting hotter, and the brimstone stronger, until we reached the steep cone of the crater.

We sat down, and around us issued sulphureous fumes. About a fortnight ago, the lava around us

was vomited forth a red hot liquid; in fact, it was the very lava we had seen pouring out, when we were sixteen miles away. It formed acres. Over this we walked; it sounded so hollow, and was so hot, that I did not much like it; we were not exactly "cats upon hot bricks," and I feared that this hot crust might let us down into a grilling pyre below.

We halted at a burning smoking spot, where we burnt sticks in the fissures a few inches below the surface.

I confess I had now seen, felt, and smelt enough to wish to return as quickly as possible, but the guides asked if we would ascend the cone? and to my surprise, the ladies said "Yes." On we went; no joke was now cracked, in fact it was beyond it. We slipped, climbed, slipped again, and somehow got up to the top. We walked on the narrow frightful edge of the crater, with the fumes of sulphur nearly stifling us.

I looked down into that horrid abyss two or three times, and was half suffocated. I pictured to myself the giving way of the top of the cone, and being hurled down. This was no fanciful picture, for this cone will assuredly drop in one of these days, as it has done often before; it was a palpable, terrible thought.

We soon had enough of this to satisfy any curiosity, and commenced the descent, which we found easier work. We halted again for a rest at the burning spot, where one of my fair friends almost set her dress on fire by sitting too close to the fissures in the lava where we burnt our sticks, but the swealing smell alarmed us in good time fortunately.

We descended safely, and were very glad to find ourselves all sound on the backs of our horses.

At the Hermitage our friend was in waiting for us, with refreshments he knew we should want. The brimstone seemed so much to hang about and within me that I could not get rid of it. We were glad to have seen all that we could see without plunging into the crater itself. I shall not readily forget this excursion; and certainly I never intend to make a second. When I think of it, I shall have a disagreeable reminiscence of the yawning crater, and I quite expect that the first time I may be troubled with nightmare, I shall imagine myself going headlong down into it.

We reached home fully satisfied, but if any thing delighted me, it was to see my courageous companions. May they live long and happily! I witnessed that brimstone did not frighten them, and verily they ought to make rosy wreaths out of other people's alarms.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *St. Severo.*

We visited the small church of St. Severo, where there are four exquisite marble statues. A very large sum has been offered for them by an English purchaser, but it was declined.

The marble of two of them is sculptured to represent a thin gauze veil thrown over the figure, and it has a beautiful transparent effect.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Excursion to Amalfi, Blue Grotto, and Sorrento.*

By a beautiful road, almost mountainous, we got round to the Bay of Salerno, and from thence a delightful sea-trip brought us to Amalfi, the town of Mas-saniello. In the afternoon we ascended the heights, about three thousand five hundred feet; it was steep enough to make it very fatiguing.

I consider the scenery from these heights the greatest treat I ever had; and the blue Mediterranean from thence is glorious, enchanting.

While sketching was going on among our party, I entered the chapel of a neighbouring nunnery when the nuns were chanting vespers. I could not see them; but if they at all resemble their voices, they must be hideous indeed! In one of the churches on the heights is a very beautiful ancient pulpit, resting on handsome marble pillars. I mounted it, and found it roomy enough for half a dozen preachers.

Amalfi and its neighbourhood attract many artists, and of whom we met several. At about ten o'clock at night we made up a party of five men for a sail in order to visit a grotto by torchlight. The moon shone brightly, and the breeze was delicious. We entered the grotto; our torches lit it up; the boatmen sang their national airs, and we swelled the chorus. It was an hour of pleasure, such as Italy alone can give. We started early in a boat for the little island of Capri, and, after five hours sailing and rowing, we reached the object of our visit, the "blue grotto." The entrance is so small, that only one very small



boat can get in at a time, with only one person in it, who must almost lie down. We all entered. It is a beautiful blue grotto, bringing to mind those fairy tales which Arabian colouring has made so romantic.

We had seized the right moment to visit this little gem, for the wind was rising, and an hour after it would have been impossible to have done so, as it can only be done in calm weather.

We landed at Sorrento, and took up our quarters for the night. The sea view from our sitting-room is justly considered uncommonly fine, and perhaps few in Europe are more exquisite. In the evening we took a rambling walk, and somehow two of us found ourselves in ecclesiastical precincts. I saw some grated windows, which I knew to belong to a nunnery. There was some one waiting, and as soon as he left, I went up to the grating out of idle curiosity, and perhaps I tapped at the window, for a very pretty nun came forward, looked hard at me, made a pretty curtsy, and retired. I looked again, hoping she would come back; but no, she had fled. Poor girl! I could not help thinking how happy she might be out of a nunnery.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Smoking in Italy.*

Italians are lovers of tobacco, even to the vilest kinds. Sometimes I have happened to be near a desperate smoker, and have been compelled to turn aside to avoid the very air he had rendered intolerable. I have long become a convert to smoking enjoyment, but I cannot tolerate the vile stuff which frequently

leaves its effluvia behind it from smokers in this country.

In several towns I have noticed poor people in the evening with lanterns, in the frequented streets and promenades searching for the diminutive ends of cigars which had been thrown away. From these they would no doubt pound up some abominable trash for the pleasures of the pipe. Really government monopolies or taxes ought to be less stringent, if only to put more wholesome tobacco within the reach of such determined smokers.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Italian Poverty.*

Italy is indeed a charming country in itself; would that it did not appear groaning under bad government, priesthood, and beggary. This last is often intolerable to the stranger: give one wretch a trifle, and you are besieged by a legion; give them nothing, and they curse you,—which latter is perhaps the best alternative. The low state of morality seems the curse too often of luxuriant climates. A little northern plodding industry would soon change the aspect of the people in this rich though poverty-stricken country. But, alas! great changes must take place ere Italy can boast of a high-minded people, worthily governed.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Palace at Caserta.*

On our way we visited the splendid aqueduct, and purposely entered the palace grounds close to the artificial cascade at the extremity, from whence the

coup-d'œil is magnificent. We strolled through the beautiful gardens and walks on to the palace, which is an immense pile of buildings—probably the largest palace in the world. The marbles, the rooms, and a host of things delighted us.

This royal dwelling may be called a quadruple palace. I should hardly like to be compelled to walk often through its endless chambers.

The King, it is said, likes this retreat, and often comes here for repose and quiet.

Other palaces, with their mosaics, frescoes, and paintings, we have visited; but really I have such a confused notion of them after having seen so many in Italy, that, except for the sake of a fine painting, or a beautiful garden, I do not care to visit any more.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Friends leaving.*

I have had a few weeks enjoyment with agreeable friends. Last night I could hardly muster a flow of spirits, and this morning I lost them quite in saying "Good bye." They are gone, and I wonder if I shall ever see them again. Perhaps not: but I will hope that we may meet to tell the tales which new scenes in new countries cannot fail to supply. I dare not expect that we shall have a scene such as the bright bay to look upon from our windows, and such interesting excursions, as fair Naples has afforded us. Even if we could have all these, it is not likely that the enjoyment of them could again be so vivid, so fascinating. Such pleasures come once, never again. The best fruits afterwards are those that hang up in

the storehouse of memory, to be tasted as time mellows them.

Naples, August, 1846.

*Grand Military Fête.*

A grand military fête has taken place, which is an annual one. It is in honour of the Madonna, and instituted by one of the late kings. It was an agreement on his part, that, if he received some certain benefit, he would have a military fête held on that day.

Certainly it was an imposing scene. I was well posted. About thirty thousand cavalry and infantry, and one hundred and fifty pieces of heavy field ordnance were assembled for the occasion. The royal fleet of steamers was anchored close by, and saluted vigorously.

It took a long time for such a mass of troops to pass, composed as they were of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and lining the whole distance to the chapel near the grotto of Posilipo. At length the King, in his state carriage, drawn by eight horses, then the Queen and royal family, and a host of grandees in state carriages, passed along in slow procession to the said chapel. The mass over, they all returned in the same order. It was one of the finest military spectacles I ever witnessed. The cavalry were well mounted, and the troops, generally speaking, fine men. What they want most, is a better character for fighting; indeed the present and the last generation of Neapolitan soldiery have sadly lacked decent courage; so much so, that one of the French generals

said, that they were the most ungentlemanlike soldiers he ever saw, they would never stop even for a parley !

All these southern states and kingdoms have a great show of military force. In this little kingdom of the two Sicilies, there is kept up an army of eighty thousand men ; but for what purpose it is difficult to imagine, as one would fancy such an army an evil rather than otherwise in so small a kingdom. It is also the more surprising, that, with such a force at command, a great part of Calabria should be notoriously unsafe for travellers ; indeed, it is even supposed that some of the chiefs of banditti get a *douceur* from the government.

Naples, August, 1846.

### *Modern Miracle.*

I was curious to see the church where a strange miracle is pretended to be performed annually. I went over the church of St. Gennajo, and descended into the crypt, where there is a statue erected to the favourite saint. He lived in the fourth or fifth century, and there is pretended to be kept in this cathedral a small bottle of his blood, which once a year becomes liquefied, vivified. It is so popular a miracle, that thousands assemble to witness it, and should it not bubble at the expected time, the people become restless, uproarious, swear at it, &c. &c.

When the French had entered Naples, the blood would not boil, and the populace were getting revolutionary in consequence ; whereupon the French general sent a military message to the priests to say,

that unless the miracle was performed in half an hour, he would be after them with cold steel. Of course, the blood soon bubbled, the miracle was instantly performed; and to this day, to this year, in this century, with the plain deception before them, crowds believe in the reality of this so-called miracle! It makes one blush for the actors in it, as well as for the believers.

Naples, Sept. 1846.

### *Probable Changes.*

One of the most interesting topics of conversation is the character of the new Pope. On all sides something is told of him, which is gratifying to listen to. It is said that religious vows are not to be administered to young females, so as to be binding beyond five years, then to be renewed if desired. This is a great alteration and innovation on their present and past cruel life-imprisonment. Let him go on, and permit the Clergy to take themselves wives, without being trusted with the hearts' secrets of others: let the people confess to their Maker in their own closets, without the necessity of priestly intervention, and those retired moments may be blessed from above, when the invigorated unburdened soul may cast away the thousand Romish novelties, and cease to consider such things as the Virgin's mother, the Virgin, the calender of Saints, Ave Marias, relics, purgatory, traditions and miracles, articles of faith necessary to Salvation.

English converts to Romanism (that strange modern fact which I could hardly credit for a long time) had

better come out here quickly, or all the miracles in this favoured land of priestcraft may be over for ever.

Naples, Sept. 1846.

### *Naples to Palermo.*

We were a motley crowd of passengers in one of the smallest steamers I ever sailed in. We started in thunder, rain and wind, and passed as disagreeable a night as a close cabin and sick people could make it.

Palermo from the sea is scarcely visible until you enter the port, and I began to think the capital of Sicily would sadly disappoint me.

I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with an Englishman and an Italian on board the steamer, and finding we were all going to the same hotel, we took a suite of charming rooms together, looking out upon one of the finest scenes imaginable.

We hired a conveyance, and spent a week lionizing this interesting place and neighbourhood.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Palermo.*

The great street which runs diagonally through the city is fine and peculiar, and the moorish balconies have a good effect.

The churches are very numerous and handsome. There are several palaces worth seeing, a good theatre, a botanical garden, and one of the finest drives in Europe. In the fashionable season there is no lack of gaiety, and it is then a very enjoyable place, but at all times there is enough in the city and the neighbourhood to make a short visit very interesting, though the

winter months should be chosen if possible. At times the sirocco prevails very disagreeably.

Sept. 1846.

### *Santa Rosalia.*

Few visitors to Palermo omit seeing the chapel of St. Rosalia, Palermo's patroness and favorite Saint. The morning we ascended the monte Pellegrino on donkeys, it was hot, hard work climbing up the zigzag road. I should like to see the pilgrimage which takes place annually; it must be a novel scene to watch the crowds ascending the barren rocky mountain to the chapel.

The celebrated chapel and tomb are in a cell of natural rock, and the representations of them often met with are very faithful.

Lamps are always burning round the reclining marble statue of the Saint, and an altar is duly surmounted with candles and garlands.

It is under the guardianship of certain priests, who I dare say manage to keep comfortably alive upon the offerings of Pilgrims.

We then ascended to the telegraph from whence there is a splendid view of the blue sea on one side, and the charming valley of Palermo hemmed in by hilly heights on the other.

This monte Pellegrino bears evident marks of volcanic agency, for about a mile it is one rocky scene of apparent devastation.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.



*Moreale.*

The road to this village is a steep, and the views at different points are strikingly beautiful.

We visited a large monastic establishment where one of our party fell in with a friend, a priest, who escorted us round very civilly. There are large cloisters with very rich sculptured pillars, &c., the fine church is in the old Norman style, and in good preservation, and contains many curious old paintings which amused and interested us.

This church has shared good patronage in its time. It is an advantage to be conducted over such places by a priest; he had the silver altar uncovered and many things shewn us which we should not otherwise have seen.

I shook hands with our friendly guide, yet before I could protect myself, he had positively kissed me on one cheek; but luckily I saved myself from any further tribute of affection on the other. I confess his garlicky; snuffy breath will keep me on my guard for the future, and when I wish a "good bye" to any such friends, it shall be at arm's length. This custom of kissing among men is one I cannot tolerate.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

*Old Palace.*

The old palace is interesting with its Saracenic gateways, which are in good preservation, and the moorish courtyard surrounded with light rows of pillars. We saw the two bronze sheep brought from Sy-

racuse, so justly celebrated for their exquisite symmetry. We were taken through a great many common place apartments, and a Chinese pagoda summer house, and many other things very little worth the trouble of going up and down to look at.

The chapel is a mosaic bijou, very rich indeed. When we entered we could see through the light, mellowed as it was by the small stained windows of the edifice, a few priests; and then a chorus of voices echoed above, beneath, and around us harmoniously. This little chapel engenders much of that romantic fancy with which the mind becomes imbued from tales of crusading knights. I went back to listen, and can almost now hear the hollow echo of the voices of the priests, and can recall plainly the sombre light streaming softly through the Norman windows, rendering the scene solemn and impressive.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Dead Capuchins.*

We went to see the monastery of the Capuchins where they preserve the bodies of their brethren after death.

We entered the church, but soon felt disposed to leave it, for either our noses or imaginations detected a damp deathly atmosphere by no means pleasant. We procured a Capuchin guide and descended into the vaults beneath, which are light and airy enough. A strange scene is here presented, one not more strange than disgusting; not so much from the hideous aspect of the grim visages of the dead, as from the approach to a caricature of Death itself. The deceased Capuchins are placed in a standing posture all along

the walls, clad in their usual dress, with their heads, hands and feet bare. They are all ticketed with the year of their installation on the walls, some bore this year's date; and when there is no place vacant, those who have had the longest benefit of being exhibited are turned out of sight into some grave below to make room for the new comer.

Several hundreds line the walls, and generally, in my opinion, are most indifferently prepared, I cannot say embalmed, indeed I have never seen any skeleton scene so horrible or revolting.

We walked about and around the whole place. There are lots of boxes of all shapes and sizes, containing lay people's bodies from kings downwards, piled up carelessly on the floor. There are also some females in little criblike places wired in, variously dressed up in a reclining attitude, and nothing can be more frightful than to see Deaths' head in the midst of their finery.

The smell of this singular region of death was not so bad as I expected, indeed by no means intolerable, still I kept my handkerchief about my nose. I do not much like these Capuchin gentlemen whilst living, much less would I wish to run the risk of snuffing up any of their remains.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Sicilian Vespers and Campo Santo.*

Evening was closing around us as we entered the church of San Spirito. We walked round the old building with only light enough to heighten the inter-

est we felt in this spot. It was here that the "Sicilian Vespers massacre" commenced.

The Campo Santo is close by ; some rows of large cemented graves attracted our attention, and we learnt that thousands were hurriedly hurled into these pits, during the dreadful cholera visitation in 1831, when more than thirty thousand of the inhabitants were swept away. This city suffered to a greater extent than any other, and the cause may be well worthy of an investigation by the faculty.

I was amused at a few frescoes on the gateway of this cemetery : without any exception, they represent people in red blazing flames, horrible enough I should think to cause a painful dread of being buried there in the minds of a people already deeply imbued with superstition.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Churches and Convents.*

No city in christendom, of the same size, has perhaps so many churches and convents as Palermo. Many are very handsome, rich in marbles, and gaudy with frescoes.

The cathedral is oddly built, being only in part Norman, but imposing ; and it is altogether a large rambling edifice. The interior is remarkable for being quite plain, but there is an exceedingly rich Lapis Lazuli altar, worth taking some little trouble to see.

Two splendid Porphyry Sarcophagi kept us some time in admiration of them. They now contain the Norman conquerors of Sicily, but probably they were once tenanted by some favoured sons of Greece, and

that it was an Eastern chisel which was employed on them.

I should have preferred not knowing the meaning of the many closely latticed windows we so often meet with. They are nunneries. Many an unwilling inmate pines, immured in those detestable institutions. Poor women ! Romanism has managed to devise a hard lot for them. For a time only the young and beautiful devotee, if she be such, may be charmed by a sacrifice she is taught to believe is pleasing in the sight of God. If she is not a willing agent, it is murder by a slow but poisonous mental process.

I hear that in all the convents, and I have it on medical authority, (the only visitors permitted) that continual bickering and so much ill feeling goes on amongst the nuns, that one of their chief anxieties is to find a listening ear for their complaints. The poor Friar may suffer the misery of penury, yet he still hears "the sweet music of speech," he mixes amongst the world's general society, and if he only visits the abodes of poverty, suffering and sorrow, still he has charms which these poor women are denied. I am told that this "heavenly state" gradually unsoftens, and so to speak unhallows that sweet nature which still beautifully adorns fallen Eve's daughters. I lose all patience, all sense of fellowship with any set of men who could devise the means of fastening such links of misery, even with the fetters of religion, upon their fellow creatures. I look upon this Romish dogma of pious imprisonment and slavery as one of their most dastardly inventions.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

*Titles.*

Titles here are even more common I think than in Italy, from Marquisses downwards ; and it quite alters our English notions of grand titles. An excess of titles produces precisely the same result as a superabundance of anything else, make them common and their prestige is gone.

The valet de place at our hotel is a Don, and his daughter is married to a Chevalier. He is not himself in a high position certainly, but he bears a more respectable character than many of the prouder ones. I will note his name, and where I found him: "Don Francesco Marcelloni," Hotel "Trinacria."

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

*Vocal Music.*

I heard some good music in Italy, and last night I was among the company at an amateur concert. It was a choice selection of music, the singing was good, and well accompanied.

There is much less good singing to be met with than I expected, and I am told by those who have made a longer stay in the "Land of Song" than myself, that generally speaking, there is more good music to be heard in England, which I am quite inclined to believe is the case.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

*The Emperor's Garden.*

We have spent a whole day visiting old and new palaces, and some choice gardens. We lounged for

some time in the palace gardens, where the Russian Emperor and Empress resided last year. We looked at the trees they had planted, which will probably bloom when themselves and their royal offspring will have long ceased to live.

I hope royalty philosophized a little on this spot, and that some thoughts of their human condition were awakened as they planted these young saplings.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Lunatic Asylum.*

The physician very civilly took the trouble to show us over this most excellently managed institution. Every thing which can conduce to the restoration of the intellect has been adopted. I have never seen any thing so complete of its kind, and Palermo may be proud to own it.

At this time there are two hundred and twenty patients who have a variety of occupations and amusements afforded them to attract their attentions. There is even a grotto for the melancholy mad to get into, and a little theatre at the end of the garden to amuse other dispositions.

The females I observed were more noisy, and we were told they were much more difficult to manage than the men.

Whilst we were there, they were obliged to use force to compel one of the women to give up something she had secreted. She was furious, and the matron had the misfortune to have one of her fingers so bitten, that had not two rings protected it she must have lost it. The rings were bent, and her hand and

arm were swelling when one of our party cleverly cut off the rings.

The number of patients who recover is unusually great, and is the best proof of its valuable system.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

### *Sicilian Robbers.*

Palermo at this moment is much infested with impudent robbers, and the citizens are timid enough to be kept in much alarm. Few like to venture into the by-streets at night. The fact is, that a good deal of distress exists among the lower orders, and the arm of the law is not strong enough to get at the offenders, consequently they become dangerous villains. We are about to cross the island by land to Catania, but were we to be as fearful of the journey as several Sicilians would have us to be, we should not attempt it. We go by the malleposte which has been stopped and robbed twice lately; however we go and without firearms.

We have resolved not to be foolish enough to resist or oppose a dozen of these brigands. It would no doubt be very bold and chivalrous just to kill one or two, but the price would certainly be our own lives. These gentlemen rarely venture an attack without being sufficiently numerous for their object, and it is said that they have some little respect for foreigners; so that in the event of an attack, beyond our purses and watches we may not suffer.

At the hotel there is an agreeable Russian who wants to go with us, but we three and the conductor fill the vehicle. His great desire is to get into a brigand



scene, it would be "quelque chose intéressante" to his notions; but perhaps it is as well that we have no such longings in our party.

Palermo, Sept. 1846.

*Journey from Palermo to Catania.*

We left Palermo at six o'clock with our baggage all well arranged and every thing comfortable, except that it rained heavily, and some clever rogue stole my handkerchief.

This malleposte is a sort of large fly, and drawn by three horses abreast. We took provisions with us, for we were told that nothing is procurable on the road.

In the second stage we were ascending a very steep hill, on an unprotected road cut round it, when one of the horses gibbed and sent us backwards to the edge. I looked down and saw that we might be hurled into a yawning depth below, and it turned me almost sick. We jumped out, got all right again, and walked a mile or two up the heights to relieve the horses.

The whole distance from Palermo is a continual succession of ascents and descents, the hills being quite mountainous. We often walked, and occasionally had splendid scenery, with magnificent rising and setting suns. The grain crops had all been cut for some months, and the ground looked bare, there being no hedges to remind one of cultivation. In spring and summer it must be very beautiful to look round on the luxuriant landscape.

The small towns and villages we passed through looked poor, the latter wretchedly so, forming a great

contrast to the fruitful valleys around them. Early one morning we overtook a man with a basket of delicious plums, with the morning's dew fresh upon them, and purchased for a few halfpence as many as we could eat at three attempts.

As to brigands, we saw none ; but as we often travelled whole stages without meeting any one, an attack from a party of armed men would have left us no chance whatever. Two gendarmes accompanied our little conveyance the whole distance. We sometimes talked about the treatment a party in this same malleposte lately met with. They were ordered to get out, lay themselves down with their faces to the ground, and give up their keys. The mounted robbers told them, if they looked round they would be instantly shot, and these conditions they complied with. Their boxes were pillaged ; and, at a signal given, they were permitted to return to the malleposte, and resume their journey, the banditti taking care to be well away with their booty.

We saw Etna a long time before reaching Catania, but until we approached we could form no adequate idea of its immensity. The summit of the mountain is about twenty-five miles distant from the town, where there are tracts of its lava, the remnants of old eruptions.

After nearly two days and nights we reached the town. My right shoulder was bruised, and my whole self felt as though some one had been thumping me all over.

Sept. 1846.

*Journal of a Visit to a Benedictine Monastery.*

This monastic house maintains an abbot, prior, and eighty monks, the whole of whom are nobles by birth.

When the King of the Two Sicilies visits this part of his dominions, it is here that he resides, thus bestowing on it his royal favour.

It is a large palace, with a very fine church, a valuable library, a museum, and a very beautiful botanical and pleasure garden.

The monks are of the order of St. Benedict, and their monastery is dedicated to St. Nicolas.

The lands and property belonging to the monastery yield an annual rent-roll of sixteen thousand pounds sterling.

It was proposed by an Italian gentleman travelling with us, that, on reaching C——, we should at once go to the monastery, where he could promise us a hospitable reception, his uncle being the abbot. The thoughts of a sojourn with the monks of this wealthy order pleased me very much, as it did my English friend, and many were our droll surmises as to the probable reception such an unclerical couple as ourselves would meet with. I looked forward to it as one of the most singular visits I should ever make, and made up my mind to be pleased with every thing, so that I might but enjoy an insight into a monastic mode of life such as this favourable opportunity might afford.

*Sept. 24, 1846.*—We arrived, after an exceedingly

fatiguing journey from Palermo by land. We put ourselves and our baggage on a hired carriage, and went at once up to the monastery, which overlooks the town. Our friend, Signor C——, went in with letters for his uncle, the Abbot, but he happened to be residing at his country retreat a few miles away.

While we remained in the carriage awaiting our welcome, I had time to look around, and was most agreeably surprised at the princely place we were hoping to enter. I saw a good many eyes upon us, and no wonder, for we were any thing but Benedictines in appearance. We bore the dusty marks on our dress, and the fatigue in our countenances of nearly forty-eight hours Sicilian travelling.

Our Italian friend still parleyed, and stood at the handsome entrance with the Prior, who did not look altogether pleased with the prospect of receiving us. Perhaps the three drab "wide awake" hats we wore did not recommend us much; however, in a short time we alighted, but we Englishmen fancied we were not welcomed in the way we expected, and felt rather uncomfortable. We ascended the fine marble staircase, and were conducted to a suite of apartments. Here were a lot of servants busily getting every thing in order for us, but still we did not feel at home, and were seriously thinking of making our escape to an hotel in the town; and, moreover, my English friend was knocked up with fatigue, and was so unwell that he was only fit for bed. In a short time some capital coffee was brought in, and refreshed us, and we then took off our dusty clothes, and retired for a few hours rest.

We still felt uncomfortable, and regretted we had not left the monks to themselves, and taken up our quarters at the hotel, where our money would have commanded us an independent home.

A few hours rest and sleep refreshed me, but my English friend was unwell and feverish. The Prior showed such anxiety about him, that I began to see that we were among friends.

Dinner was announced, when the Prior and one of the Monks, the Professor of Botany, did us the honour to dine with the Italian and myself. At table the ice broke, and we got on very well; in fact, began to be mutually pleased. Although a bad Italian scholar, it was fortunate that I understood it at all, as there was not one among the fraternity who could speak any thing else, if I except the Professor of Botany, who understood a little French.

Our dinner was as good in quality as it was excellently arranged, and very good wine was in liberal supply. All sorts of conversation rapidly flowed, and seasoned our agreeable repast.

We then retired into the beautiful garden, and were joined by several of the monks, one of whom is brother to our Italian friend. This charming retreat took me quite by surprise, with its blooming flowers, plants, orange trees, and sombre cypresses. I felt as though I had entered some enchanted place. In the distance was Etna smoking, down whose majestic side the lava had once rolled to the very walls surrounding this garden.

I was walking with the monks in the delightful cypress walk, when I made bold to ask the Prior if he

ever ventured to smoke a cigar, and handed him my box. I was glad to find he did, and in a few minutes we made a smoking party; jokes were cracked, and we became very much at home with each other.

A different feeling now came over me, and instead of an austere order, I began to think we had joined a "Bolton Abbey" sort of fraternity. I went to my sick friend, and told him of my altered views of the sort of people we were visiting, and this surprised him as much as myself.

More monks came to make my acquaintance, and a musical party was got up, to which they invited us.

The Italian and I went to the rooms of one of the monks, a very clever-looking dark-eyed man, where we had hours of capital music and singing. Our Italian friend is one of the best amateur singers and piano-forte performers I ever heard, and the long corridors echoed with the sweet harmony issuing from the room which contained our large party.

Supper time, at nine o'clock, brought other monks, and more of that excellent wine, which I gave undeniable proofs of liking; rattling conversation kept us up till late, but the "Good-night" came, and I retired to my room for my first night in a monastery.

Strange feelings came over me as I put out my candle. I fell asleep thinking of the variety of men who have lodged in this very room, from the severest monk to the gayest courtier. These apartments are generally occupied by the King's suite when he resides here, and I am very glad His Majesty is not here at present, to prevent my getting a glimpse of the monks at home.

*Sept. 25.*—I awoke after a good night's rest. Strange feelings came again over me, when looking round my new quarters, and scanning them more closely than I had done overnight. There was a crucifix over my pillow on the wall, an old painting of a bearded saint hanging up on the opposite side facing me; and these, with old, sombre oak furniture, seemed in good keeping with what one would expect to find in a monastery.

My friend I was glad to find better, and we breakfasted alone, as the monks prefer their usual habit, or rule, of taking their meals in their large dining-hall.

I spent an hour or two in the morning in the garden, the lovely weather rendering it a real pleasure. Plenty of monk companions joined me. I am become intimate enough with them already to understand them pretty well, and that they are no "Praise-God-Bare-Bones" set I plainly see.

One or two of them showed me over their fine church, an imposing building, and very large. Several fine paintings adorn the altars, which are mostly of beautiful marble. The magnificent organ is behind the high altar, and, with its gilded ornaments, reaches the ceiling. There are no frescoes, and the church looks a little bare from being whitewashed; but it has one great advantage, viz. that it is kept beautifully clean.

To-day, we were requested to order any thing we pleased for our table, and told that all that the Monastery could provide is at our command. This was beyond civility; it was kindness such as we felt we

had no right to expect, as strangers to themselves and their creed.

After dinner our company increased, and cigars were the order of the day. As yet I see no symptom of mortification whatever in the monks, and fancy I shall be puzzled to discover any thing of the sort to exist.

In the evening we made a large promenading party in the corridors which surround the two quadrangles. The parterre of one of these latter is tastefully laid out with trained evergreens, scented shrubs, &c., and in the centre is an elegant Moorish summer-house, a light, ornamental stone structure. For this elegant design the Monastery is indebted to the present Abbot. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all of us appeared to enjoy each other's cheerful company.

Our supper hour brought a good muster of monks in, and a spirit of joviality took possession of us. They take great care that my glass shall be charged, and I have begun to toast the Pope, Abbot, &c. &c. Some of the errors in my Italian, often for want of knowing the language, but frequently on purpose, cause roars of laughter to echo round our apartments. Had there been any strait-laced La Trappe sort of monks among them, I doubt if our quarters would have been so frequented as they continue to be. Late hours seem likely to rule while we are here.

*Sept. 26.*—This morning we were accompanied by a couple of monks to the various sights in the neighbourhood, where we whiled away some hours with much interest. I smiled at finding myself, for the first time in my life, parading the streets with my



black-vested friends arm-in-arm. How some of my English friends who know me would have laughed to have met me among my new companions!

At our dinner-time three or four monks came in as usual, as much to enjoy a cheerful hour as any thing else.

Our table is under the especial care of the "chef de cuisine," who understands his department very well; and this is not surprising, for these monks are "bons vivans," and their indolent habits render their palates delicate. Moreover, there are daily dinners provided for two hundred and fifty people out of their giant refectory, thus giving tolerable practical experience to the cook.

Amongst the eighty monks are men of all ages, from the lately admitted to those of the old "sans teeth" age. Our companions are, as may be imagined, amongst the younger saints.

The Prior often pays us a visit, and to-day came into my room with some others when my boxes happened to be open. They were amused childishly with sundry trifling things I have with me. Most of them are children; they know but little beyond their own limited sphere, having been at this place nearly all their lives, that is, from the age of twelve or fourteen, when they enter as noviciates. The gentle blood in their veins, and with their peaceful profession, combine to give them their very agreeable manners.

At our dinner we had a fresh set of visitors around us, decoyed by the favourable reports of us. A few only remain during dinner, out of delicacy, lest they should be considered intrusive. I like their delicacy,

but I wish fifty would come in, for I wish to see as much as possible of them all during our stay.

In the evening, a party of us walked into the town, and partook of ices at a café. I watched a moment to effect a payment, but they were too quick for me; and, in fact, the order had been given not to receive any money, but to put it down to the running account of the monks, which is probably a pretty heavy one, for this delicious luxury. Really, the kindness we are receiving makes our visit a great and unexpected contrast to our expectations on entering the portals of the monastery.

Our Italian friend's brother, the professor of the dead languages, is a very kind-hearted excellent fellow, much too good for most of his companions. He has read the Fathers until his cheeks have shrunk, and his glistening eyes tell sad tales of his weakened constitution. Poor fellow! I do not think he will have long to do with an earthly monastery. He is in truth a brotherly kind-hearted creature, and I do not think even a merciless puritan could consign him to an unhappy hereafter.

I had looked forward to this evening, the Prior and Monks having promised that we should hear their splendid organ.

It was about eight o'clock when we entered the church. The high altar and organ were lit up, and seats were placed for us just within the large altar railing. One of the Monks is a very skilful performer and composer, and I was glad when we saw him take his place at the keys.

I soon separated myself from our party, and retired

to a dark, distant part of the church, where alone I could undisturbedly enjoy the music. I was at the side of a pillar, with the illumined altar in the distance, backed by the beautiful organ.

I fell into a reverie, and probably I shall never forget the peculiar feelings which such music, in such a place, and at such an hour, was calculated to produce, and did so.

I have rarely heard strains so exquisite as those which our friend sent forth from this superb instrument. The ethereal echo of the cadenza, then whispering harmony succeeded by louder melody, then the distant rumble ushering in peals like thunder; all this, joined at last by the drum and cymbal stops, filled the church with overpowering, marvellous music. I could have remained all night, but our concert had already lasted longer than we ought to have allowed.

We paid sundry visits to the Monks holding authority in the Monastery, and made many new acquaintances. At supper-time, our party was considerably increased; among them were one or two so sombre-looking, that I really thought we should have a prim evening; but no such thing, it proved more jovial than ever. Roars of laughter often followed the toasts we drank. One being ejaculatory became a byword—it was simply the satisfactory manner in which I pronounced “*Shallah inshallah!*” (mock Turkish) drinking a bumper and stroking my beard. Another was a translated expression of the satisfactory condition we sometimes felt ourselves in after our capital entertainments, “*I am at peace with all the world, and a little child may play with me,*” this always caused lots of

repetition and amusement. Wine, cigars, and the song made us anything but a clerical party.

In the midst of our mirth, I confess I was sometimes reading the characters of many around me. This rare opportunity has opened my eyes a little, and changed many notions I had long entertained respecting monks "at home."

The kindness we are receiving is beyond all expectation.

September 27. An invitation came for us to dine with the Abbot at his country residence, on our way to Mount Etna, and we started in a carriage full of ourselves and some Monks.

I was curious to see the head of the monastery. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to avoid exposure to the mid-day sun, which is very hot in this autumnal month.

The Abbot, our Italian friend's uncle, kindly welcomed us. He is a short good-natured looking man, somewhat corpulent, of about sixty-five. We strolled about with him in a neighbouring village, keeping up the conversation freely to our mutual amusement. He rather puzzled us for some time, by asking, "Why we gave ourselves the trouble to come so far to visit Mount Etna, when a volcano better worth seeing was so much nearer, in fact, close to us, in Ireland?" We assured him that we knew of no volcano in Ireland; but he still persisted in it, and was astonished that we had not seen it. We soon found that he was making a geographical confusion between Iceland and Ireland, and this we had no small difficulty in satisfactorily explaining.

The dinner came, and we sat down at the primitive hour of one o'clock, a party of eight. I was surprised to see so good a dinner at such a distance from the Monastery; but this I readily accounted for, when I heard that the cook was a select one to administer to the Abbot's choice palate.

I got on very well with the Abbot, and expected to find him a jolly one. He placed me next himself, and on my right sat another Abbot, thus I was between two of these dignitaries. They were a great contrast to each other in appearance; my friend to the right being a veritable thin, meagre, olive complexioned Monk, but to my great surprise he was as jolly as my fat host.

Conversation cheered our appetites, and a pleasant time we had. Having been in Egypt and India, and expecting soon to see Palestine, I had lots of extraordinary questions asked me continually. Their notions of the East, gathered from old books probably, are tinged with the marvellous beyond any thing we expect to find believed in the present day.

At four o'clock we started for the toilsome ascent of Etna, leaving the Monks to themselves until the following day, when (Sept. 28) we returned, worn out with fatigue, in time for another dinner with a large party. It was a jovial affair. Friar Tuck must have left some of his followers amongst these Sicilian Monks, I am persuaded.

Before we got into our carriage, I told my host that I should like to be permitted to present him with a small token of remembrance. He asked me what it was? I said a beautiful Polyglott French Bible. He

made me an assenting bow, and I did not wait for any further questions, knowing the translation to be a Protestant one, and as such I was doubtful of its being accepted.

We returned to the Monastery, and received a host of visitors to hear what accidents and incidents we had met with in ascending Etna. It is a laborious undertaking, and I found that very few of the Monks had been up, although forbidden to journey out of sight of the mountain. I retired early to bed, and fell fast asleep for twelve hours, but this brought me round with my usual flow of spirits.

Sept. 29. We spent the day strolling about the town, looking at antiquities.

In the evening we had a large company of Monks, who came to see a few objects of attraction in my baggage. My Wedgewood's copying paper and books amused them vastly, and I induced several of them to write their names with my agate pen. My few books they looked at over and over again, and also a couple of beautiful little coloured prints. I made the Prior a present of one ("Ruben's Crucifixion") but this I afterwards regretted, as I dare say it will be placed on some little altar and adored. The other print was a "Couple of Scotch Beauties." This was handed round, and I observed several young Monks half hoping they might get this trifle, but in this they were disappointed. It could not be parted with, for the donor's sake, and this explanation caused much merriment. My masonic apron caused a great deal of talk among them, and many questions about the craft. I left them totally

unsatisfied regarding it, and probably with less definite ideas than they entertained before.

We then paid a visit or two, one of which was to see our Italian friend's youngest brother, who had lately entered among the novices. He was a very gentle, good countenanced boy, of about thirteen. I confess, as I held his young hand, I felt sorrow, to think that at so early an age, he was without the power of choice, training for the useless life of the elder Monks of the Monastery. There are about twenty novices, of whom much kind care, I believe, is taken.

A large party assembled around us at supper time, and the echo of laughter from our quarters must have rung round the quadrangle and corridors. I told them that I wished to assume the Monk outwardly this evening. They soon provided me with their hat and habit, and my English friends would have laughed amain had they seen me thus attired, toasting the Pope, the Abbot, and our Monk companions, accompanying each with an absurd speech. The wine went round, the smoke ascended, the song echoed and merrily passed the time away.

Sept. 30. After breakfast I retired into the delicious garden, to my favourite cypress walk. I cannot imagine anything more exquisite than this retreat, when a cool breeze happens to be wafting its breath through the flowers and foliage. The scene around seems to attune the mind to enjoy it. I like to be alone here, and almost wish our kind friends would not imagine it necessary to accompany us so often; but this we cannot of course tell them.

Last night a magnificent storm came over. I enjoyed the sight and sound, but not so the Monks ; indeed I have often observed that Roman Catholics appear peculiarly fearful of these splendid scenes.

During the day we visited the extensive library, which contains many old and valuable MSS. The great room is very handsome. I dare say many a laborious student has spent precious hours poring over the writings of the Fathers, which form a large proportion of the books on the crowded shelves. This hard reading cannot have occurred of late, for the only beings who have been within the library for months, I believe to be a lot of cats. I never was in any rooms in my life rendered more intolerable than the said cats had been permitted to make these.

Oct. 1. At daybreak we started for Syracuse, accompanied by one of the Monks, who had gained permission to accompany his brother. It is a long day's journey, and we observed with satisfaction the solid provisions, the wine, the hunches of chocolate, the fruit, &c. which our friend took care should be in liberal supply. Just at starting a detention took place. The Monk and his brother had disappeared and gone into the church, and the former got through a mass while we waited.

Oct. 2. We spent a most interesting day sight-seeing at Syracuse.

Oct. 3. At daybreak we were in readiness to start on our return, and again we were detained, from the same cause as on leaving the Monastery, for our Monk companion and his brother had gone into a



neighbouring church to run through a mass previous to starting.

This little journey is considered by the Monks no small matter. Our friend being nephew to the Abbot, and accompanying his brother, got permission for this trip ; but it is not customary to allow them to go more than a few miles from the Monastery, lest they should come to like liberty, or to have their eyes opened, I suppose.

We returned in time to receive lots of visits from the Monks, some of them bringing in, as usual, double handfuls of the white stars of jessamine and orange-flowers, delightfully perfuming our quarters.

An especial invitation reached us from the Abbot to dine with him in the country on the morrow, which we accepted.

The thirteen hours travelling from Syracuse so fatigued us, that we retired to our couches much earlier than usual. The Monks seem really to regret that our stay among them is drawing to a close. We are jovial to be sure, but we have long conversations, and get together companionable sets, and I dare say they will miss the little extra sociality we have brought among them.

Oct. 4. A beautiful morning. We lounged in the garden, while a freshness in the air made the sweet perfume from the flowers still sweeter. My English friend often whispers to me, that " really this palace and its glorious appurtenances, these good things for a set of Monks to waste life with, cannot go on ; it is too good to last." I confess I never felt so fully convinced

of the blessings resulting from the suppression of monasteries, as I am by this visit to one of the most luxurious in the south of Europe. My kind friends the Monks little dream that such are my feelings, notwithstanding that their kind hospitality will always be remembered gratefully.

We started, a carriage full of ourselves and Monks, for the Abbot's country residence, and were received most cordially on our arrival.

Before dinner, a party of us went out for a walk. The Abbot's country-house is charmingly situated on the ascent to Etna. The old debris of lava has long since been converted into luxuriant vineyards and orchards, and I have rarely seen any spot more fertile in these delicious products. We accidentally met a party of females of the better middle class, who were known to two of the Monks I happened to be walking with. They stared so very hard at us strangers, that I afterwards asked the reason. I was told that they were surprised the Monks were in company with us; and they had positively asked if we were Christians! This was too bad—I told them so. What notions these pious priests must have instilled into their minds, to imagine that those who are not within the pale of their creed should be without the pale of Christianity!

I took a favourable opportunity to present the Abbot with the Bible he had given me permission to leave as a souvenir, adding the following short note.

“ Memoria di Charles Terry all' eccellentissimo  
e sapientissimo Signor \* \* \* \* \*,  
Abate di Governo nel Monastero \* \* \* \* \*.

In segno di gratitúdine e di ricordanza dell' ospitalità e gentilezza e bontà ricévute visitando la citta di \* \* \* \* con suoi compagni Mr. B \* \* \* H \* \* \* C \* \* \* e Signor L \* \* \* C \* \* \*."

This note, with the Bible, were handed round to all the assembled party, and evidently gave the Abbot great pleasure. My inmost hope is, that some of the Monks who read French will have curiosity enough to read this book for themselves, and find that it teaches rather a different life than the one that exists among them.

At one o'clock dinner was announced, and we sat down, a party of fourteen. It was a capital entertainment, of course, enlivened by plenty of cheerful conversation. Immediately after, we all retired into an adjoining room. I had consented to make a speech on this last occasion of our meeting, and it was looked forward to for amusement. In a short time I informed the Abbot that I was ready to commence what he called un' orazione.

I lit my cigar, took out my watch, and told the Abbot I would commence, on condition that he did not laugh, and it should be an oration in Italian for a quarter of an hour.

I looked round once or twice, eyeing the Abbot for a few moments, when he could no longer contain himself, and so shook his fat sides, that I feared he might have a fit of apoplexy. This subsiding, I gave them a short speech, which they called a something approaching to the poetic.

Time passed jovially, and our carriage was in readiness. I observed the Abbot in a deep thinking attitude, with one of his hessian boots in advance of the other, his hand on his chin, and his eyes in the clouds. I was wondering what it could be that so engrossed him, when I heard him give orders to provide us a little cask of wine, to take with us to Messina, where, he tells us, the wine is bad.

Our parting was a long business, there being so many to take leave of. I uttered my last addió, never expecting to see our kind host again ; but a long life will not obliterate the remembrance due to him.

We returned to the Monastery, and paid many farewell visits.

Our last evening brought in an unusual number of Monks at supper time. The hours flew jovially, until one was retiring and wished to take leave, and kissed my English friend; but when he came to me to do the like, I made known to them all that I begged to be spared that favour, and my reasonable explanatory objections amused them exceedingly. However the time came, when, with general regret, we took leave by a farewell shaking of the hands.

Thus our singular visit to this aristocratic, hospitable Monastery was coming to a close, and I am glad such an accidental opportunity of seeing one has come in my way.

Oct. 5, 1846. Ere the sun rose our baggage was stowed away in the travelling carriage, and only two or three of the Monks came to see us off, as we were glad to find. I hate farewells.

Our Italian friend's brother was up ; his eyes told

how full his heart was ; his addio to his brother was that of a brother, and I could not help heartily wishing this excellent creature a place among people more like himself than his fellow Benedictines are.

Farewell to this Palace Monastery ! Your inmates may be what are termed "good fellows ;" but I would rather have found them characters as bright and ornamental as are your beautiful building, fine church, choice garden, and the soft skies which smile on you.

One more addio, and we passed through the outer gate.

P. S. It must not be supposed because the good wine flowed freely, that unseemly consequences followed. The character of the wine and of the parties precludes this.

Smoking is so general a practice that it need occasion no surprise.

### *Ascent of Etna.*

We dined with the Benedictine Abbot at his country residence, and proceeded in our carriage as far as we could, when we clothed ourselves for a colder climate, and mounted mules for our ascending journey. Our guide, with provisions, headed the party on another mule.

We started at six o'clock, p.m., and immediately commenced a rough ride through a plain of lava, having the aspect of desolation itself. Farther on, we came to a forest, with some fine oaks. The moon shone brightly upon us, as we threaded our way upwards through the forest ; all around was still as

death ; a cool, enchanting air refreshed our spirits, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. After three hours continual riding, we reached the half-way shed, and rested our mules for half an hour. The cold was now beginning to pinch us a little, the more so from a sharp wind blowing down upon us. We buttoned every thing we could about us, and on we went. The clear moon still accompanied us, and well it seemed to me that we had the moon, for we went up, down, and round such places, as I had no idea could be managed even by our sure-footed beasts, and with darkness around, it is impossible, I should think, to ascend where we did. I laughed at the idea of cold before starting, and did not take proper precaution in the way of clothing, but the piercing cold now gave me positive suffering. I felt painfully benumbed all over, which with another three hours' riding, made me long to arrive at the halting-place. We arrived soon after midnight at the untenanted shed called the "Casa Inglese." It was built by a few Englishmen, and is at the disposal of travellers, who procure the key, and take up provisions and fuel. We dismounted, while the icy howling wind made us rejoice to get under shelter. Our charcoal fire was soon lit, but I was so benumbed that it took me half an hour, even with the aid of good wine, to get my blood back to the extremities. Our provision basket was soon broached ; we ate, drank, cracked a few jokes, and laid down to rest for an hour or two. I shivered under my coat, and soon awoke sneezing, and miserably uncomfortable.

The guide called us, and gave us each a pole iron-spiked. He lighted his lantern, and led us out on-

wards to the ascent of the cone. Darkness was the only impediment to getting easily over the lava, which is rolled down in large pieces, and a false step was the only danger to apprehend. The guide hurried us on, for the dawn in the east was visible, and to see the sun rise was the glorious object we had hoped to effect.

The height of the mountain is nearly eleven thousand feet, and we were now approaching its very summit. On we went ascending, with the air so rarefied that we were obliged to stop frequently to take breath. Our Italian friend was nearly giving up, and I felt his pulse, which was going at a tremendous rate, and his heart was palpitating seriously. After a few minutes, on we went, and reached the steep ascent of the last two hundred feet, where it was bare of lava. Daylight streaked the heavens. I looked down, and saw where we had passed, but the precipice where we were turned me dizzy, and I felt my head unequal to attempting the yellow crowning sulphury peak just above me. I dared not trust my eyes to look down, and a painful thrill now comes over me when I think of it. Finding that I was well situated for the view of the rising sun, I at once sat down. The mountain was hot under me, and the fumes from the crater above and the exhalations around surrounded me.

Not a cloud hung upon the mountain, when the glorious sun rose, gilding and lighting up first our own position, then the magnificent scene before us. It may well be called one of the world's great sights, one never to be forgotten. I was glad to be alone. Here thoughtfulness, not conversation, is befitting. The voice of

man is almost an intrusion in seasons and scenes like these.

It was a lovely morning. I looked down upon the blue sea, down upon mountains, down into vast fertility; and these sights, with a consciousness of the living speck I was myself, seated amidst hideous desolation, threw me into rapturous wonder and admiration.

The snow from the surface has been melted this year, owing to the unusually hot weather, but just below the surface we found snow in some parts.

The crater is not very large, and as a volcano Etna is not so active or interesting as Vesuvius; but it is on an immense scale, it has played frightful havoc at times in its vicinity, and we must not be surprised to hear of another fiery eruption, carrying destruction to a distance of thirty or forty miles as before. While the smoke issues from the summit, less fear may perhaps be entertained, than if it were to cease. In the latter case, some new flood of lava may burst from some fresh part of the mountain, and carry havoc where it is least expected.

My companions joined me, and we descended, and got back safely to the "Casa Inglese." Our mules were soon ready, and we started again for the descent. As the sun rose, it was pleasant to find ourselves gradually getting into a warmer climate: indeed, this running in a few hours into a Russian temperature should not be attempted, unless one is well provided with clothing. After hours of riding, we got through the forest, into the plains of lava. The heat was very great, and the great change of climate may have caused



me to have such a splitting headache that I could scarcely keep myself on my mule.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in our weather, for many have had the toil of ascending only to find themselves enveloped in an impenetrable mist, seeing no more of the glories of the mountain than they would have done had they remained at home within their bed-curtains. We were fortunate, too, in our guide, a fearless, civil man.

We arrived safely to the Abbot's dinner, which he kindly put off for a few hours, that we might get a little sleep to refresh us.

I feel, as many others have felt, that one visit to Etna is enough, and that I would on no account repeat it. Great sights of the world, like most great things in the world, are not to be obtained without paying their cost. For some time to come I do not think I shall ascend any more mountains. I have smelt brimstone beyond my heart's content, and certainly never intend looking into and smelling another volcanic crater. There is a satisfaction in having seen Etna and Vesuvius, for reading of them may excite one's curiosity, but can never impart at all an adequate notion of them. Probably it is not in the power of the most redundant imagination to convey by description a sufficient idea of these mighty wonders of nature.

Catania, Sept. 1846.

### *Catania*

Is a fine city ; the chief streets are broad and hand-

stranger of the ancient city, with its twelve hundred thousand inhabitants, and its hundred thousand warriors. The present triple fortifications are the work of Charles the Fifth. They are formidable, but the town they surround is rather an unseemly-looking place, and but little worthy of its massive artificial protection.

The Greek theatre must have been of unusual size, for the solid seats would have contained a vast concourse of people; and stirring scenes were doubtless often witnessed in those days of oratory and poetry.

The streets of tombs owe their present existence to the solid rock in which they are cut. The catacombs are extensive and interesting. The pillars are not remarkable, excepting a huge remnant of one supposed to have belonged to a temple of Jupiter. The amphitheatre is in good preservation. The temple of Minerva has been built upon, and converted into the cathedral, where the noble fluted columns are very distinctly seen.

We did not fail to visit Dionysius's prisons, and listen to the echo in the one which is called after his "Ear." Also "Archimedes's Tomb," with its inscription from the pen of Cicero.

In the course of the day we went up a little river to see the papyrus plants, which still grow luxuriantly in a few spots near the edge of the water.

The country round has a poor arid appearance; in fact, nothing but its position coastwise and its good harbour, could have originated the vast and important city once existing here. We filled up the day with looking at churches, museum, &c. Syracuse and its

neighbourhood has much to attract the antiquarian for a week or two. I do not think it has so many priests as other large Sicilian towns. It is poorer, perhaps; and this may readily account for the difference.

We started at day-break on our return; and I was walking along, when suddenly, as I stepped over a piece of dry grass, I heard something hiss about my foot. It was a snake; my stick was instantly on his head, and stunned him. We pulled him out; a fine, black fellow, four feet long, and left him dead, as a warning to his species to keep their heads out of sight. I believe these barren hills are much infested with such reptiles.

In about twelve hours we returned to the Monastery at Catania, much gratified with our short visit to Syracuse.

Catania, Sept. 1846.

### *Catania to Messina.*

The road to Messina is one of the finest in the world, and almost the only good road of any length in Sicily. Mount Etna, other heights, and ravines line one side, and the blue Mediterranean the other, nearly the whole distance.

About mid-day we halted, to visit the ruins of Tor-menium. On ponies we rode up to the old Saracenic fortress, of which enough remains to show the style of fort adopted by those wild strangers.

We went through this old town, and I must not forget to note, that somewhat more than a ruin attracted my attention. In passing through the main street, on the first floor, at a small window, I saw, as I thought, a

picture, a beautiful Madonna. So beautiful was it that I stopped and reined in my pony unconsciously. As I gazed, I saw the large soft eyes move, and presently the whole figure—she had disappeared. It was no picture, no Madonna! but a real beauty, the handsomest woman I had seen in Italy or Sicily. I almost wished that it had been a picture, for then I might have feasted my eyes *ad libitum*; as it was, I was obliged to be satisfied with a moment's fascination.

Near Tormenium are the ruins of a splendid theatre of the largest dimensions yet discovered. It is Græco-Roman in its style, and it is believed to have been only completed by the Romans. Its situation is exquisite, it is difficult to imagine any more beautiful and grand.

We descended from the heights of Tormenium to visit an old church and some tombs. On the slope was an extensive Saracenic cemetery. The sun was declining, horizontally lighting up the arcades where multitudes were laid ere the irresistible fiat of "unto dust shalt thou return" was fulfilled.

Our carriage met us, and we hastened on to our intended halting-place for the night. The moon rose, shewing to great perfection the enchanting scenery, gilding the martello towers, revealing the ruins of forts, perched like eyries on pinnacled heights, and sending a soft reflection from the blue sea over all. It was a choice evening, the heavens and earth smiled.

We arrived at the inn by the road side in time for a dish of fish just caught by some fishermen, so with these and some fowls, which were disturbed from their roosts to be cooked for us, we made a hearty supper.

Early in the morning we were en route for the remaining twenty miles to Messina. It was a delicious ride. The fresh morning air, scented with fragrant lemon blossoms, heightened the enjoyment of the scenery.

A tempest occurred a week ago in this locality, and a mighty wind swept down a ravine, tearing up, not merely large trees, but much more, almost stunted trunks, which we saw rooted up, and lying all in one direction like a pack of cards.

Oct. 1846.

### *Position of Messina.*

Messina is charmingly situated, and probably there are few more beautiful scenes than I have at this moment from my room—a blue harbour, a fortress, then the blue straits with Scylla and Charybdis, the coast of Calabria with its white towns, backed by ranges of hills rising into mountains; all this is a feast for the eye and the imagination. I have revelled in it at sunrise, at its meridian, at sunset, and by the light of the moon.

Oct. 1846.

### *Messina.*

This town has had many deplorable visitations of earthquakes, and its future history may have a larger catalogue of similar disasters to tell of. It is a fine town, with several good public buildings, a cathedral, churches, and theatre. Like other towns in the island, it is infested with lawless villains. A very obliging Sicilian calls every evening in his carriage and pair of

handsome black horses, and takes us for a drive. I am told that he always has a pair of loaded pistols about him.

We are congratulated on all sides for having safely journeyed across from Palermo and Catania. No doubt Sicily is not very safe for travellers ; but there is more fear than positive danger, in my opinion : whether it is from being a priest-ridden or badly governed people, perhaps both, I do not pretend to say ; but they are a chicken-hearted generation, taken as a whole.

My stay was short, so that I had no opportunity of visiting the neighbouring scenery on the north coast, which is very fine, and would afford weeks of pleasure to lovers of nature.

Oct. 1846.

### *Strange Notions of History and Geography.*

There are exceptions of course, yet, generally speaking, from all one hears and casually sees of Italian aristocracy, the less value one is inclined to put upon such hereditary nobility. Their historical and geographical knowledge appears to be singularly deficient. The two following specimens are ludicrous enough.

A friend of mine assured me that he heard a duke, or some great man, in a heated debate, allude to some historical fact " when Julius Cæsar headed the Crusades ! "

I was myself in conversation with a young chevalier, a very accomplished musician, singer, and artist. He questioned me as to where I thought I might wander in my travels. " From Sicily," he said, " you will go

to Malta?" "Right," I said. "Then Egypt?" "Yes." "Then Jerusalem, Constantinople?" "Right." I still listened, he paused. "Then you will get into the Black Sea?" "Yes." Then, by some extraordinary turn out of it, he thought I should find "America!" Such marvellously erroneous ideas would seem incredible in these enlightened days.

Messina, Oct. 1846.

*Messina to Malta.*

I parted from my two pleasant companions, and got on board the steamer at ten o'clock at night; went to bed, and awoke in the morning as we anchored off a port of call on the coast. I hastened to the Benedictine Monastery, and found one or two of my monk friends expecting me. A chocolate breakfast was soon brought; and then, at my request, we retired into the beautiful garden. I took my favourite seat at the end of the cypress walk, with flowering shrubs around me, and Etna beyond, more beautiful than before, from being crested with snow. It was a bright, fresh morning. I and my companions smoked and chatted; the air was delicious; lizards skipped about, birds chirped, and insects hummed.

I left the Monastery, accompanied by one of the Monks and a Priest, who was going in the steamer to Syracuse. I soon entered into chat with my new clerical acquaintance. At the Monastery I heard he was from Rome, and somehow I fancied him a bishop. Not liking to remain ignorant of his possible dignity, I asked him if such was not the title I might address him by. I found he was not a bishop; but that he

was on a mission from Rome to the Sicilian heads of churches.

How he praised the piety of the Benedictines at the Monastery! Really there is more humbug in the world than one is aware of. I praised them too, and called them excellent fellows. But oh! piety is a plant I saw nothing of. I don't believe it grows there now, if it ever did. It may be that their knees are hard with kneeling; but I saw no approach to any mortification whatever. They are kind hearted; but piety, I ween, is another sort of thing.

A few hours steaming brought us into the harbour of Syracuse. It was Sunday; I looked at the old temple of Minerva (now the cathedral) again, and enjoyed walking on the fine ramparts. In the evening the great attraction was the Marine Parade, where a capital military band played. A large portion of the society of Syracuse were on the promenade, to hear, to see, and be seen. I never saw a less interesting group of people in my life.

Our anchor was heaved, and I was losing sight of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; a beautiful little kingdom in itself, but wretchedly governed.

Sicily is undoubtedly become unsafe for travellers, the Calabrian country positively impassable. There is no justice, no security; soldiers swarm, but the banditti will have themselves paid. If what is heard loud and often is true, I may say, Go on Ferdinand! enrich your own pockets, let the Jesuits continue to counsel you, and it may be that, as many kings have done before you, you will only sharpen the weapons of a regicide.

Oct. 1846.



*Malta.*

The cleanliness of Malta is most striking after the towns of Sicily and the south of Italy. It is strange that these latter should not be influenced by their frequent intercourse with the little British Island towards this reasonable virtue. Valetta, to be sure, has the advantage of an easy wash down, from its high rocky position; however, it is not owing to that facility, but to a proper determination of the authorities, that it is kept clean.

It is a very enjoyable place in the season, but too hot during the summer months. A few days strong sirocco is almost as bad at Malta as on the plains of Tunis.

Oct. 1846.

*Bell Superstition.*

We have had stormy weather, and the steamers east and west are overdue. Last night a very heavy thunder storm burst over Valetta, frightening the timid Maltese not a little, and it was certainly one of the heaviest storms I have witnessed out of India. It was reported, because anticipated, that some disasters had been occasioned by the lightning; but it was trifling, if any. I was awake twice in the night. The Maltese have a strange custom of tolling their church bells during a storm, to frighten it away: and as the tones of these bells are as various as the churches are numerous, the whole had a singular effect. At times the thunder was like a booming cannonade; then would all the bells send forth their midnight voices, from an

"Old Tom" bass to a tinkling alto. I did not enjoy their intrusion on the music of the elements, and presume we may thank the courageous Romanists for this bell superstition.

Malta, Nov. 1846.

*Nuns.*

Into the coffee-room of the hotel I am stopping at, came a party consisting of three nuns, two children, and a French priest. They had just arrived, and wished to take a few hours look at Valetta, previous to joining the steamer again and proceeding to Alexandria. They were en route for India.

The children were in charge of the nuns, and the whole in charge of the priest. He could not speak English, and begged me to assist him in explaining a few matters. This led to conversation between us, and presently he asked me to direct them to St. John's Cathedral, to which I accompanied them.

Two of the nuns were French, the other and the children English. I walked round the Cathedral with them, at times smiling in my sleeve at my strange company.

Presently I thought the English nun looked ill, and watched her. She was almost fainting, and I hurried her out into the air, got her a seat, until she recovered a little.

Poor girl! she was fevered and weak. She told me that the French nuns were so strong themselves, they would not believe she was not equally so; in fact, I could see that my countrywoman was much too delicate a creature for her companions. I told her

she must go back to the hotel, and lay herself up for the day. I asked her if I might tell the French nuns so; when she said, "I should do her a real charity if I would." I left her with the children, and at once went in search of her companions.

I found them on their knees before their Queen of Heaven, or some one of their calendar saints, tapped them on the shoulder, and begged to speak with them. They were astonished, or appeared to be so, at the idea of the poor English nun being unwell, although she was deadly pale, and tried to make a slight matter of it; however, I soon told them of the probability of her not being in a state to proceed in the steamer, unless she was at once taken care of. This so alarmed them, that I had the pleasure of conducting her back to the hotel, where with rest she recovered, and they left in the steamer the same evening.

I felt much that so tender a plant should be at the iron mercy of her older companions.

This want of feeling is what I expected to see in nuns of a certain age. I am quite prepared, and history also prepares one, to believe that old nuns often become as heartless, or even cruel, as any of the human species. The hateful character of them I now give, applies in no sense to those Sisters of Charity, who so nobly visit and relieve the sick and dying. In these the springs of kindness, sympathy, and charity are not closed; it is a fountain from whose holy stream they water and are watered again. How different is it with most of the barren hearts barred within convent walls!

Malta, Nov. 1846.

*Bishop of Jerusalem.*

I was introduced to Dr. Gobat. There is an interest attaching peculiarly to such a bishopric, which I participate in. He has lived in the Egyptian and Syrian countries, and is considered a strong-minded man, a quality essential to the lofty position he is about to fill. This Anglo-Prussian appointment is thought highly judicious. I hope I may have the pleasure ere long of seeing him in his diocese, and in his Protestant church there. How changed are our thoughts about Jerusalem since the crusading days of chivalry ! A man of peace is the appointed Protestant bishop ; no gilded retinue accompanies him ; no human steel protects him ; not even is there at this moment a ship at his disposal to convey him to the nearest Syrian port, but he is trying to charter a vessel to take himself, his wife, his children, and his chattels. He knows that St. Paul came hither in a merchantman, and that the same angel may be with him, and land him safely in the land of promise, is the prayer of many others besides myself.

Malta, Nov. 1846.

*Athens.*

After a very boisterous voyage we landed on the soil of Greece, and in a few minutes a party of us had hired a carriage for Athens. Something caused a halt close to a wine shop, where the inscription in Greek over the doorway attracted our attention. We proceeded by the road of the "long walls" happily without a cicerone, who at such times is an intolerable

intrusion on one's thoughts, and sure to be busy describing just what is of the least interest.

Although this classic road is through olive gardens, vineyards, fig trees, &c., yet at present every thing is so completely covered with dust, that, except for its historical and classical interest, it is a positively disagreeable ride, in fact, a throat full of dust is enough to disturb even a scholar's brain.

Our first visit was to the temple of Theseus, the details of which and others I must leave to the many admirable descriptions procurable.

We then ascended the Acropolis, that mount of temples encircling the beautiful Parthenon. Walking amongst these splendid ruins I deplored the destruction of those magnificent temples by the Turks, for a few score of years added to their old age would have left one or more almost perfect in their original symmetry and beauty. Here and there you see a few cannon-shot and shell, and when the clearing commenced some years ago, two ship loads of these warlike stores were taken away.

The view from the Acropolis is very striking to any stranger, but to a scholar well nigh the most interesting in the world.

We then went to the ruins of the magnificent temple of Jupiter, where the gigantic proportions of the remaining pillars fill the mind with amazement.

Thus in a few hours we had seen, walked, and thought amongst the temple wonders of Athens, have scanned Hymettus, and know where ran the far famed stream of Ilissus.

After a sunset look at the exterior of King Otho's

palace, and a dinner at an hotel, we drove back by the "long walls" to Pireus, embarked in our little steamer, and were away.

Athens, Nov. 1846.

### *Smyrna.*

The morning sun shone brightly upon Scio, and we remembered the hateful massacre which has soiled the pages of its later history, and caused much interest and sympathy towards it. The north coast looks like an uncultivated barren waste.

In the evening we entered the Gulf of Smyrna. I was up early. I am always anxious for a first view of a new place or scene. I have rarely formed correct notions of any city or scenery I was anxious to see, and in this instance the town of Smyrna quite disappointed me. Its situation is fine, and heights surround the prolific plain on which it is built, yet it has but little to recommend it on a distant view.

There is one hotel only where Europeans can be comfortable.

To my great surprise, the cold is so severe that my teeth chatter, and I cannot get warm. I had no notion it could be so cold in this early winter month, the northern blast is piercing. I suppose it may be the rapid change from the unusual heat of Italy and Sicily which makes one feel it the more.

Smyrna is thoroughly an Asiatic town in its narrow streets and crowded bazaars, and were it not for the European residents, it would, doubtless, be even more dirty than it is. It is slowly recovering from the terrible conflagration of last year.

The Turkish quarter is distinct and on a declivity to

the south. The people are mostly from the neighbouring countries, and the indolent Turks have left the trade chiefly to foreigners.

The population is computed at about one hundred and twenty thousand.

Nov. 1846.

### *Village of Boujeah.*

A kind of invitation led me out to this pretty village. It was evening, the icy wind made me shiver so much that I could scarcely keep in the saddle. My kind host made my visit a very pleasant one.

The next day was spent rambling about, with a friend I galloped to the great paradise, and looking at an old roman aqueduct I wished heartily I could use my pencil. We then followed a pretty ravine to a Greek church, near which there is a large court yard enclosed, with tents spread in it. It is here that the fanatical Greeks often send insane persons, believing that the place has some beneficial influence upon them, but it happened that none were there at the time.

We went into the church, a new and massive structure, but unfinished within, the floor in fact was the stony sandy ground on which it is built. Two priests were chanting vespers in a slovenly manner, and altogether I think I never saw any thing, not absolutely Pagan, more like it, or with less religious devotion. I was disgusted at the dirty censers, the dirty mode of filling them and lighting the incense, the dirty candles and candlesticks, and above all at their own dirty persons.

The ride from Boujeah into Smyrna is a very choice one. The sun had well risen, the air was fresh and

delicious, the view from the brow of the hill is magnificent, looking down as it does upon the plain and the town and upon the gulf, all hemmed in by the heights and interspersed with sombre cypresses and the beautiful tints of luxuriant foliage.

Smyrna, Nov. 1846.

### *Village of Bournabat.*

A little steamer took me near to this village, charmingly situated on the north side of Smyrna. It was Sunday and I was in time to make one of a little congregation, about twenty, in a commodious chapel-like room in the garden of one of the merchants. A month or two ago I was in St. Peter's, but not all its wonders made me so serious as this little "gathering together."

My kind host made the day flit by pleasantly. He took me to the roof of a handsome residence from whence the view is very fine; the mountains hang round the plain majestically, while olive gardens and fertility are on all sides.

Smyrna, Nov. 1846.

### *Lanterns.*

No one is allowed to be in the streets after dark without a lantern. I knew this, and took care to have one with me, but on the way to the hotel a gust of wind blew out the light. I was at once pounced upon by some Turkish soldiers, and conducted to the guard house.

Not speaking Turkish, and there being no chance at so late an hour of finding any interpreter, I began to think I should have to spend a night there; it happened however, that from the guard house I could just see the hotel, and this saved me the treat and I got home.



The lanterns in common use are got up in a pretty style, made of paper, and folding up into a very small compass.

Smyrna, Nov. 1846.

### *Greek and Turkish Honesty.*

I regret to learn that the Christianity of the Greek is sadly put to the blush by the followers of Mahomet as regards their honesty. Large sums of money are continually transmitted into the interior of Asia Minor for commercial purposes. On enquiring about the mode of its transmission, I heard that while no Greek could be trusted, there is no hesitation about confiding very large sums to Turks, often without requiring any written receipt or acknowledgment whatever.

Smyrna, Nov. 1846.

### *Hospitality.*

The hospitality I am receiving from several of my countrymen is beyond all my expectation. As a stranger I feel it greatly, indeed I never met with any thing like it. The kind hearted people do not appear to know that they are more hospitable than usual. I must soon get away or I shall be spoilt for other regions. Really this venerable Smyrna after all its earthquakes, pestilences and conflagrations contains a galaxy of hospitable people.

Smyrna, Nov. 1846.

### *Greek Reception.*

I was introduced to a Greek merchant of good standing, and met with a very agreeable reception. I

was conducted round a marble paved corridor to a well furnished room, where there were two Greeks and two ladies, one, the wife of the younger Greek. They spoke Italian, so that we were not unintelligible to each other. Presently pipes with large amber mouth-pieces were handed to us men, while the wife retired, soon returning with a tray laden with conserves, cherry-brandy, liqueur, wine glasses and tea-spoons. A few minutes afterwards, a servant brought in an elegant silver tray with coffee, which we drank out of cups deposited in silver receptacles. Our pipes were replenished, we chatted away an hour, and I accepted an invitation to renew this pleasant sort of visit, not caring how often, as I found it a very agreeable hour's recreation.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

### *A Stroll.*

I strolled up to the Turkish quarter. The houses are chiefly built of wood, and painted a dingy red colour. Their overhanging roofs and balconied windows and lattices are very picturesque, but they should be viewed from a distance, for on a close inspection they lose much by the dirt which is too often allowed to accumulate around them.

There are remains of old walls to be seen which are of Cyclopean strength. They are but few, and the wonder is, that after the frequent earthquakes they have endured any at all should remain.

The cypresses in the cemeteries give an agreeable peculiarity to Turkish scenery. There is a very large one here, and the dense mass of these beautiful trees

is its only recommendation, for it is otherwise the most untidy, unsightly, untended wilderness of graves imaginable. Bodies are often so insufficiently interred that passers by experience a most disagreeable palpable reminiscence of the dead. They do not however permit that crowding into the ground one upon another, which is, but ought not to be tolerated in Christian lands.

I stopped on the bridge at the entrance of the town. Camels pacing slowly to and fro; horsemen succeeding one another; donkeys carrying veiled women and children; all sorts of Turks in all varieties of turban; rich and poor; gaily dressed Greeks with fierce treacherous eyes; stealthy Armenians absorbed in deep thought; still more stealthy Jews, revolving perhaps still deeper plans: these are some of the details which fill up a living picture to be seen every day at Smyrna. This bridge is over the old Meles. Homer is said to have been born on its banks.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

### *Mosques and Churches, &c.*

These are not remarkable, indeed the mosques are very inferior to what I expected, and much fewer in number. Greek Christians, Armenians, Roman Catholics, &c. have churches, but in none is there anything worthy of particular notice: and the Jews have their synagogues. Altogether, Smyrna has ceased to be a favourite rendezvous of the followers of any one creed.

The site of the early christian church (one of the seven) is pointed out. There remain a few ruins, and

the arena where the aged and holy Polycarp was martyred. These are on the hill to the south, which is crowned by the ruins of the old castle, and from it the scenery is very striking and beautiful.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

### *Greek Wedding.*

At Bournabat a party of us, including some ladies, went to a Greek wedding. We were too late for the religious part of the ceremony, but we seated ourselves in the dancing room, which was crowded. The bride was in one corner, and probably, but for the interesting occasion, she was the most uninteresting person there. The parties were quite of the lower class, the bridegroom being a shepherd, nevertheless they were a well behaved set of people, and many of them well dressed.

The bride was in figured silk well adjusted, with a long golden-looking feather-like streamer from her head dress. This is made of thin strips of brass or gold, according to the means of the parties. The bride breaks off pieces of this ornament and presents them to her friends, and she bestowed one on me as a visitor.

Among the company came in one or two handsome Armenian women, and a pair of bright Greek eyes which I could not help looking at and feeling their magnetic influence.

The dancing is a long, fatiguing business, it requires young strength to keep it up, and it is only occasionally graceful.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

*Game.*

Game is not scarce here. I invited two or three friends to dine with me, and told the landlord of the hotel to provide some. I had no idea that he could, or would have given us so exclusively a game dinner. It was excellent, and our palates did not pine for any thing else. We had hare soup, joint of wild boar, wild boar patties, roast hare, and woodcocks.

Partridge and wild fowl abound, and woodcocks are so plentiful that they come into the town-gardens, and people get tired of eating them.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

*Smyrniotes*

Are justly celebrated for their beauty, they dress bewitchingly. I often walk along the beach in the afternoon about sunset, and I confess that I think I never saw so many handsome faces elsewhere. It is the hour when they look out from their lattices and windows, and sometimes the windows are literally filled with beauty. I would recommend artists for illustrated annuals to come here for a fresh store of objects, to insure acceptable presents at home. I have been as much surprised at the beauty here as I was at the very great lack of it in Sicily and Southern Italy.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

*Garden and Road to Ephesus.*

I dined with a friend at his handsome residence at Bournabat. His lady shewed me over their beautiful

garden, where I spent an hour or two amidst luxuriant orange, lemon, and citron trees, all richly laden with their precious fruits, looking the more beautiful from the deep foliage which imbedded them. With such a retreat and accompanying blessings, a man might well consider himself supplied with a large share of earthly happiness.

We saw the sun go down, lighting up mount Sipylus where Magnesia once stood, and a village on the direct road to Ephesus. It is not considered safe to journey to Ephesus without an armed party, and at this time travellers are warned of fever. I have no time to visit either this place, or the site of any other of the seven churches, interesting and tempting as I feel them when I happen to be so near, but travelling alone in Asia Minor is not an easy matter.

My visit to Smyrna is now drawing to a close, the northern winter hastens me on.

Smyrna, Dec. 1846.

### *Smyrna to Constantinople.*

At sunset we left Smyrna, and in the night our steamer anchored for an hour at Myteline. In the morning we reached Cape Baba, where we stopped a little while, and in a few hours entered the Dardanelles. The waters we have been sailing over, the islands we have passed, every inch of land we have viewed, every thing has its intrinsic interest; Tenedos, the coast and plains of Troy, the Hellespont, these are names which savour more of mythology than reality, yet here they are.

In the evening we were in the Sea of Marmora.

Among the passengers were but few companionable people, none I believe who felt any interest in the pages of Grecian history or poetry, probably they had never read or heard of either.

Although our cabin passengers are very few, the deck of the vessel is crowded; and it forms an amusing scene. There are amongst them Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Poles, Jews. Men, women, and children, with habits as various as their costumes.

A Turkish lady is quite at a loss how to hide her face sufficiently, although veiled from the nose downwards. If she did but know what a poor specimen of beauty she is, she would not be so particular as to whether her little eyes, muddy complexion, and henna-stained finger-nails were seen or not.

We have fat Turks and lean ones. One of the former is very like a large brown toad, face and all, except his eyes, which are no jewels. A lean neighbour of his I look upon with sympathy, and sometimes fancy he is dead, so much like death does he look.

This little Turkish steamer is one of the most intolerable affairs I ever sailed in. Really a nose adapted to enjoy nature's sweet fragrance is here worse than a deprivation of smell altogether. How other people endure it I do not know, but many do, and eat and drink heartily into the bargain.

Dec. 1846.

### *Constantinople.*

At day-break we anchored. I was on deck as the sun cleared away the morning mists, and brought out into view the "Golden Horn," and the seven-hilled

city. All my expectations were far surpassed; indeed, the magnificent scene which opened upon me, kept me in rapture.

The landing at Pera, walking up steep, dirty, crowded streets, formed such a contrast to the bright vision from a distance, that I began to see the wisdom of the Englishman who came to look at Constantinople from the steamer, but did not venture to land.

Probably he took away a more enchanting idea of the place than if he had visited its every nook and corner.

I am most fortunate in my weather, for usually at this time wet and cold make Constantinople uncomfortable, and almost impassable save in jack-boots. The steep ascents of Pera, Galata, and Stamboul afford pretty good exercise for a stout pedestrian.

Dec. 1846.

### *Armenian Cemetery.*

From this cemetery is a charming view of the Bosphorus. Although in a winter month, the scene and temperature were spring-like. I stayed there a long time, and could hardly persuade myself to leave the spot,—the blue heavens above, and the blue waters below were gloriously illumined by the sun.

I turned from this cheerful scene, to a great contrast. An Armenian child's corpse was brought for interment in a little garlanded basket or cradle. Two Armenian priests and a boy whined a monotonous chant while the grave was being dug. The body was simply wrapped in a cloth, and placed in the little grave without any coffin. It was all soon over, and as uncereemoniously as though a happy riddance from



among the living had taken place. Not so with the funeral of a respected Armenian, who was followed to the grave by a large assembly. The bier was placed at the side of the grave,—the service was chanted through,—friends looked at the corpse for the last time, while one affectionate afflicted friend clung to it in sorrow. A cloth was then wrapped around the dead man, and he was consigned to the earth; it was a sorrowful sight.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Cypress Burial-Grounds, and Funeral.*

These are numerous, and form very rich features in Turkish scenery. The cypresses grow to great size and height; and until very old age withers them, they luxuriate in perpetual deep, dark green foliage. Many of the cemeteries are densely crowded with graves, having thick head-stones, surmounted by a variety of carved turbans, some are coloured as the deceased wore them, the prominent colour being green, as denoting a relationship to the prophet.

They are all situated in beautiful positions, and are much frequented. In the hot weather, the impenetrable shadow of the cypress must render them delicious retreats. I often ramble into them, and have seen enough to convince me that bodies are often so carelessly interred as to make it dangerous to the health of those who live very near to them; and, indeed, packs of dogs come in at times, and tear them up from their resting-places.

A Turkish burial was taking place; and, wishing

to see one, I waited. It was a man's corpse of the poorest class; the grave was preparing, and when this was ready, the body was taken out of a wooden shell, wrapt in new cotton cloth, and deposited in the grave. Some short boards were then placed so as to prevent the earth from falling on the head, and the grave was filled.

The only religious ceremony was performed by two Mussulmen priests, seated on a tomb-stone close by, who were quietly mumbling inaudible prayers, and looking eastward. It was a very short matter-of-fact business.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Mosques.*

I have spent a long morning with a guide in Stamboul, the exclusively Turkish side of Constantinople, looking at the exterior of the blood-stained seraglio, and at numerous mosques. In their exterior, these large mosques, of which there are twelve, are huge piles of building, with numbers of small cupolas and semi-cupolas, converging to the grand cupola which crowns the whole. The heavier masonry is relieved by minarets, from which the priests proclaim the hour of prayer. St. Sophia is a gigantic mass of building, its dome is the largest in the world. These, the tombs, and the fountains, are the chief interesting structures of the caliph city. Stamboul is quieter, and more cleanly than either Galata or Pera. To reach it, you cross over perhaps the finest bridge of boats in the world.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*Slave Market.—Circassian Girl.*

I was there too late to witness the full display of the living objects of this inhuman traffic. I saw a little black girl who had been purchased by a Turk, and was quietly, and without concern, following her new owner home. Poor little thing! as I thought of what she may have already endured during her short life, I felt distressed. She was probably stolen from her African parents by brutish Arabs, then made to endure the sufferings of hard travelling by land and by sea, and now her very blood belonged to a Turk.

A friend of mine was earlier at the slave-market than myself this morning, and saw a beautiful Circassian child about eight years old. She was ticketed at six thousand three hundred piastres (sixty guineas), and was sold. She followed her Turkish purchaser like a lamb: But I have not yet told the blackest part of the matter, viz. who was the seller? can it be possible? Yes—it was the father who had sold his beautiful child! This is not uncommon, it is done every day; beautiful children are sold by their own fathers. It is a stain on the Circassian character: one's affection for the brave mountaineers who have so long defended themselves against Russian conquest, suffers a sad shock at such facts. None who extol the noble qualities of their race ought to blind their eyes to this monstrous depravity of custom, and utter lack of natural feeling. If ever England lends a helping arm to Circassia, I hope it will be on the condition of such barbarity being discontinued. Suttee in India, and

the human sacrifices in the hill country, have each some religious meaning in them, but here it is "filthy lucre!"

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Sweet Waters.*

We rode, a party of three, to the "sweet waters," a few miles from the city. This retreat must be most delightful in the spring and summer months, when the fine trees are clad in their rich foliage. The valley down which flow these "sweet waters," is charming; and in warm weather it is quite a scene to witness the great assemblage of holiday people who come here.

We galloped along the valley, and turned upwards to the large Jewish burial-ground on the brow of a bare hill, where each tomb-stone is laid horizontally, without a cypress or any other tree to adorn it.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Observatory.*

I went to the top of the observatory, a structure of great use as a look-out on the city, for the fires which so frequently occur, and occasion great devastation amongst its wooden tenements. The view from this tower is strikingly beautiful, probably it is one of the finest panoramas in the world. It is public, though guarded. It is placed on the highest point in Stamboul, and the view carries the eye almost as far as the Euxine.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*The Sultan.*

As on this day the Sultan usually goes publicly on horseback to worship in some mosque, I ascertained to which he would go, and walked off to the palace, a handsome range of buildings on the banks of the Bosphorus, with gardens on the opposite side of the road, connected with the palace by a glazed bridge or two.

Bands of military music played, and troops lined the whole distance to the mosque, all in European order and costume. I stationed myself near the favoured mosque to witness the procession. The Imaum came up on horseback, then a eunuch, then many high military officers, then some beautiful led Arabian horses, richly caparisoned; afterwards the Sultan himself, in a plain cloak, followed by another eunuch. The whole affair, to my mind, was any thing but regal; and there seemed a shabby gentility about every thing. As to the Sultan, who interested me most, he is a miserable specimen of humanity. He is thin; and his countenance is remarkable only for its unmeaning sallowness, and his eyes seemed with difficulty kept open. If any thing could brighten him up, the great event of the day was calculated to do so. The booming of guns on all sides announced the birth of a second son to him. He is only twenty-four years of age, and although looking as I describe, he is thought in better health than he was a year or two ago.

It is hoped that he may continue to govern his empire. I am told he is affable, and learning to improve

his government by the advice of counsellors, including the ambassadors of the civilized west. This wisdom may not be too late, although there are unmistakeable symptoms of the gradual crumbling away of the existence of the empire.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Scutari.*

In a large caique, about three feet wide and twenty long, I and my guide were shot across to Scutari ; the breeze was fresh, and the blue waters troubled.

Two horses were procured to carry us to a high hill (Bhoughulu) about five or six miles distant. We started at a fair pace, but my guide (a Frenchman) begged to change horses, finding his too much for him ; this suited me, as I found I had made a bad selection, and away we went at a merry pace. The roads in Turkey are generally exceedingly bad, and this was no exception.

From the summit of this hill, had the weather been clear, Mount Olympus, in Asia Minor, would have been visible, but to us it was not. The scene before me, was, however, most enchanting. I beheld the Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, the bright blue Bosphorus, winding its course from the Black Sea, and could see a long distance into the wild hilly country of Asia Minor.

On our return my guide led me by another road to the great cemetery of Scutari, containing a vast assemblage of graves and cypresses, and tombstones with turbaned headstones, crowded together into an immense mass. I do not think the cypresses finer

than elsewhere. I rode through the chief avenues. About the entrance a thriving trade in tombstones is carried on, as at Pere la Chaise at Paris.

On descending into the town I passed some six or eight men and boys (Turks), who looked at me contemptuously, as though they meditated mischief. Not liking their looks, I kept an eye on them, and presently a stone came whizzing at me. I turned my horse in among them, but luckily I had no weapon, or I should have committed an indiscretion. On proceeding, two more stones were thrown at me, then a big one nearly struck me on the head; so I thought it prudent to gallop down into the town, for I had no idea of waiting to be stoned by brutish Turks, merely because they call me infidel.

My guide was ahead, and he supposes my cloth cap caused me to be mistaken for a Russian, and detested accordingly.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Solimany's Mosque and Mausoleum.*

I visited this mosque. I had looked through the windows into several, so that there was little to surprise me.

On the eastern side is a raised kind of table, representing the Prophet's tomb, with a huge candle on each side; a pulpit, and a parterre under the dome, open, and covered with carpets of various patterns and dimensions; these are the contents of a mosque, with here and there a railing, and in the chief mosques a little gallery appropriated to royalty. In the evening

it is lit up by a great number of small illumination lamps, hung about the centre, seven or eight feet from the ground.

This visit to a mosque satisfies me without incurring the heavy expense of a firman to see the whole of the others.

I had to take off my boots on entering the mosque, and likewise on entering the mausoleum, which latter is very richly adorned with jewels, perhaps more so than any other in Stamboul. Within these mausoleums are always deposited copies of the Koran, and in this one there was an interesting raised plan of Mecca, so that I gathered a pretty distinct idea of the Mussulman's place of pilgrimage.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Bazaar.*

To one unacquainted with the resorts of Asiatic dealers, the great Constantinople Bazaar must appear marvellous. Every thing is to be found there, and for all ordinary requirements there are whole streets of dealers. I have been amused at the method of dealing, which is managed without any reference to the time taken up in the transaction. Dealers before asking what is wanted, have a chibouk filled for you, and when they see that you are comfortable, they are ready to attend to the business which has brought you to them. It was quite an amusement to buy a few trifles in this labyrinth, where, without a guide, I should continually be losing my way.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.



*Hospital for the Insane.*

I went through this institution. The cruel treatment in former days of the unfortunate maniacs I was delighted to find discarded for kinder methods. I walked in amongst them, but there was no violent case; and probably in their insanity they partake of the quiet, sombre thoughtfulness belonging to Asiatic constitutions. There was one exception, in a talkative Persian among them, a small headed, dark-eyed man, who spoke French, and told me he was the Christ two years ago.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*Ramble about Stamboul, and Dancing Dervishes.*

This morning I rambled again about Stamboul, and the precincts of the mosques. To several of them there is an outer court, surrounded by trees, then an inner court, with rows of handsome pillars, paved with marble, and forming a sort of cloister entrance. Fountains always adjoin the mosques. None enter with unwashed hands and feet. Near the mosque of Achmet is the large square, the ancient Hippodrome, so famous for the late tragic massacre of the Janisaries. It contains an obelisk brought from Egypt by Theodosius; also remains of a column erected by Constantine, and a curious twisted brass pillar from Delphi.

A party of dancing Dervishes attracted me. They had commenced their strange devotions. Their chief was seated, solemnly looking on, and shrill music was played by some performers in the gallery. At first they walked several times round the circle, making

obedience to their venerable chief; then, in a moment, at a certain sign, they were on their knees, with their foreheads on the ground, afterwards they commenced spinning round to the music. This they continue until exhaustion sometimes almost kills them; then they proceed to violent gestures; but this I did not wait to see, having witnessed enough to shew me another of the strange modes mankind has devised for religious worship.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Women.*

The women of Constantinople are veiled, but in a different manner from the Egyptian custom. The eye and part of the nose are free. The middle classes are often to be seen in odd, clumsy, springless, gaudy carriages drawn by oxen or horses. I have noticed some with beautiful pink and white complexions. This is sometimes artificial, but unquestionably there are many great beauties among them, their carriage is commanding and graceful, and their heads are finely shaped.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Smoking in Turkey.*

Smoking in Turkey is universal, and occupies a large portion of the twenty-four hours. Turks are extravagant smokers, seldom more than half finishing the tobacco in their pipes before having them replenished. They smoke probably the best tobacco in the world; and if Mahomet deprived them of Bacchanalian pleasures, they have found a substitute, and probably a

worse evil, in their excessive love for this narcotic leaf.

Their pipes (chibouks) are valuable according to the size and excellence of the amber mouth-pieces ; and the tubes are usually hollowed from sticks of the cherry-tree or jessamine. I have been told (without quite believing it) that, at Damascus, Turks may be seen smoking pipes of the fresh rose-tree, with roses still blooming on them !

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

### *Slavery in the Levant.*

Unquestionably slavery here is not the same thing as we understand it to have been in our West Indies, nor as it still exists in the Western Hemisphere ; but still it is slavery.

Slaves here, from the times of the Romans down to the present day, have risen to the highest functions of the state ; they are now generally employed as household servants, and also kept by their owners as a kind of show possession, much in the same light as jewels. These are usually natives of a southern latitude, while the beautiful Georgians and Circassians form the harems of the wealthy.

This morning I saw a Turkish lady with her slave following her, and I think I never beheld a more miserable living object in my life than the latter, a mere skeleton, the skin like a black wrapper round his legs to hide the bones. The slave was a Nubian of the blackest dye. What strange things can fashion and custom render desirable !

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*Scale of Principles in Dealing.*

I heard the following singular scale reported in the Levant, as marking the relative lack of integrity in commercial dealings amongst different nations.

It is said that "Two Genoese only equal one Jew, two Jews one Greek, and two Greeks one Pole." The first are proverbially sharp practitioners, but for the others I leave their keenness to mathematical decision. May not these three latter prove the fact, that when nations lose their nationality or become subject to the iron bondage of others, principles often go also: here at least, is an inducement to rally round its national standard to any people who value their integrity.

A man losing respect for himself, or distressed by straitened circumstances, and who becomes lost to his former principles, may find some analogy in a fallen nation.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*Dogs.*

As regards its canine population, Constantinople ranks, I should think, unrivalled in the world.

Dogs appear to inherit a positive right to live, increase and multiply in its streets and suburbs. They have in general no particular owners, and it is a Moslem prejudice not to molest them.

At a spot where rubbish is thrown, I have seen scores together, growling, sniffing, and scratching for food. They prowl about the city, and unless satisfied, they go into the cemeteries in packs to tear up and

pick human bones. I regret to say that this is not the worst portrait to be given of them; for if report be true, they have sometimes killed and eaten even living humanity.

Constantinople, Dec. 1846.

*Constantinople to Odessa.*

I went on board the excellent English built Russian steamer "the Crimea," which with a favourable breeze rapidly steamed up the beautiful Bosphorus. The European side is almost continuously lined for miles with residences and buildings, many of them elegant. There is something in the scenery in which I have lately revelled which does not tire, it is always fresh, always beautiful.

We soon passed the small forts and the old Genoese tower at the head of the strait, when we entered the dreaded Euxine. Our good ship was steady, and the sea only ruffled by a stiff favourable breeze. I was up in the morning to see a stormy sunrise, but the wind was fair and we got along famously until night, when the wind veered round dead against us, and blew us up a sea rough indeed; and through the dark, dreary blustering night we could progress but very slowly.

In the morning I thought the commander was joking when he told me that snow was on deck. I went up and found that a snow storm we had passed through had left us a deep, hard legacy.

The piercing, icy cold formed as great a contrast to the frame in general, as the bare, snow-clad region about Odessa did to the vision, fresh from feasting on the charms of the Bosphorus only a few hours before.

*Quarantine, Odessa.*

At ten o'clock we disembarked in the Quarantine harbour, and walked on towards our place of imprisonment for fourteen days: it was very cold, and a mantle of snow was thrown over all around us.

*Dec. 18, 1846.*—Our party consisted of the following, a Comte de V....., his lady, their little son, and myself in the first class; a Russian officer, and a Greek in the second; and in the third class, a dozen or twenty of all sorts, including servants, Polish Jews, sailors, and a criminal, &c.

We have made up our minds to expect a disagreeable sojourn in the Quarantine; and for the information of my friends, I shall amuse myself by keeping a journal.

We passed the gates of the Quarantine and were conducted to an apartment where we had to submit to the spolio. We were kept three hours and a half, waiting for the doctor and doctress, all of us being cold, hungry, and very discontented. At length these personages arrived, and all the first and second class passengers were ushered into a room, where we had every bit of money and jewellery taken from us and put into water, (except our watches). After this all the men retired, and the countess with her servant went through the spolio with the doctress. Then we men were all called in, (including the criminal) for the same operation, and after being stripped entirely we were passed into an adjoining room there to put on clothes provided for us.

I could not forbear laughing, although tolerably

disgusted with my strange dress : my under clothing was of a very rough and scanty character, my thin boots of an enormous size, my trousers big enough for Dan Lambert himself, their fashion and marks of use denoting their descent from a long past generation ; and they gave me a great deal of trouble owing to the scarcity of buttons, indeed had it not been for a large dressing gown covering over all the foregoing I must have suffered considerable additional inconvenience. I was then roofed in with a thick cotton pyramidal night cap, which completed the dress provided for me.

I found that the countess had been obliged to un-plait her long, beautiful hair, because the doctress chose to insist upon its being false ; envious perhaps herself, for she could only boast of a little severe top knot, and that made up of all that could be gathered together from all quarters of her uninteresting sour-faced head.

It was getting dark when we were marched off to a six roomed house.

*Dec. 18.*—I thought that I, being a first class passenger, should be, of course, similarly provided with an apartment, and as I hate rushing to procure selfishly any thing better than others, I made no haste or fuss ; but I paid dearly for my forbearance. The Russian and the Greek possessed themselves of the best rooms. The Count took the three which had been properly set apart for his party, and I was left to an apartment which forms a sort of passage through which there is an incessant passing to and from the three converging doors. In my prospective disagree-

ables I was greatly relieved by a kind invitation from the Count and Countess to join their table, which I gladly accepted. The Restaurateur sent us in a better dinner than we expected. I had scarcely tasted a morsel the whole day, and relished my dinner uncommonly. Time passed on, and I retired to visit the apartment I supposed was being furnished for me, but to my disgust, it contained nothing whatever but half a dozen chairs. There was no one who could speak either French, Italian, German, English, Greek or Turkish to be met with during the day; and now, as it was past five o'clock nothing was procurable. I felt as may be imagined, greatly indignant, and resolved to write to the British Consul the moment I could get pen and paper; but all was too late for this evening, so after storming a great deal, I got a wooden bench from some out-kitchen, and the Count somehow spared me a mattress and coverlet; having turned up the end of the mattress and made a pillow of it, I laid down, and was as warm as could be expected in a fireless room, with the thermometer eighteen degrees Fah: below freezing point.

My companions in the room were the two guards and the Russian officer's servant. I was very tired, and although I was refreshed by sleeping, my hard bed made my bones ache; but this is a small evil, and one I shall soon be accustomed to.

*Dec. 19.*—I got pen and paper at mid-day, and wrote at once to the Consul to assist me in procuring common humanity. I shewed the Commissary the folded letter I had written, and in half an hour came a mattress, &c.



We find the Greek useful, as he understands Russian, and a little English and French, and he obligingly translates for us occasionally. He is a dark, vulgar person with a blotched face, but he is civil, and we are indebted to him.

The Russian officer is a rat-eyed unprepossessing person, with a hauteur which would drive quiet people where they would like to be, namely, a long distance from him.

I am truly glad to join the French Count and his lady, who are very agreeable people.

The cold continues at about eighteen degrees Fah : below freezing point ; and we find that no coals are allowed in our stoves after three o'clock. The Count has the greater reason to be enraged at this, having wife and child with him ; and he has written to the Governor to know really if we are to be compelled to submit to this barbarity.

A little circumstance occurred to-day which I must notice. The Russian officer's servant would amuse himself by promenading in one of the Count's rooms till he was sent out. His master heard of it, and set to at the poor fellow, savagely beating him. I was glad to know the nature of this tyrant, as I was about to insist on the servant sleeping in his master's room ; but as I suspect he would be forced to sleep at the entrance, I cannot make up my mind to cause his lying where a dog would shiver. We talk, laugh, and smoke our chibouks ; but the moment this quarantine à la Russe is the subject, we lose our tempers.

*Dec. 20.*—Although Sunday, the Count's baggage has been unpacked, and spread out for fumigation,

then the Russian's, then the Greek's, and lastly, I was called to unlock my trunks. My things were soon bundled out; every paper was separated, every letter unfolded, every book opened. I had a box of Seidlitz powders, and was amused to see every one of them unfolded. I wanted a little bottle, and they gave it to me, but kept the cork to be fumigated; they wished to open my swimming-belt, but abstained at my request; however, nothing I could do would prevent them from smoking a few locks of hair I had carefully kept by me as keepsakes. We got our razors to-day, and managed to look a little more civilized.

I keep my temper as well as I can, but I see they are making my room a place for dirty dishes, &c. and servants' dining and sleeping room, so that I shall not manage to keep myself quiet much longer. It is incredible to me that such treatment should be permitted, where comforts, and charges for them, are under their own controul.

Just as I laid down on my mattress, I was surprised to find that the letter I had written to the Consul was under the sheet. It was not sealed; and I hope the quarantine people had it translated to them, and learned my honest opinion of this detestable place.

*Dec. 21.*—The Count has gained permission to have a fire to a later hour. We have a few books, and friends are sending us in some comforts; thus we amuse ourselves better, though we have still ample reason for complaint. The Restaurateur provides us well, and we make hearty dinners at three o'clock; moreover, I have now a little table in my room, and feel more comfortable.

The cold continues, and all around is covered with snow. The view from the quarantine is on the Gulf, whose waters look darker from the snowy whiteness of its shores. We can see nothing of the town of Odessa whatever.

*Dec. 22.*—This morning after breakfast we got our things from the fumigating room, where they had undergone an air-tight smoking for forty-eight hours. I was glad to find they were not damaged, or so much discoloured as I expected; it will, however, be necessary to expose them to the sun, we are told, for a day or two. I now gladly put off my picturesque attire, and made my own clothes do their proper duty. The wind has shifted, and it is milder. Another row about fire. The guards wont give us coals, and the Count told his servant to help himself, but they prevented him.

At night the Russian went through my room, and without wanting his servant, he gave him a kick as he passed. He is lucky to have a Russian servant; I know a country where this gentleman would get a return kick.

*Dec. 23.*—The guards have lodged a complaint, to the effect that the Count ordered his servant to force the rules to obtain coal. I hope this will bring the Governor, and let us see what sort of people they are who rule here. I wish he could have stepped into my passage room a few nights ago, he would have known what a cold room was. If we were Cossacks, prisoners of war, or criminals, they might treat us as such; but as we are none of these, one would have thought that the progress of civilization in this year of this

century would have penetrated into even this northern region, so that due respect should be paid to travellers.

I generally retire to my bench-bed about eleven o'clock, with two Russians in another corner of my room either talking, smoking, or snoring. I keep my candle at my side, and read until I sink into sleep.

*Dec. 24.*—There was quite a stir this morning, and at eleven o'clock one of the governing committee was announced. I was glad to find that he was no savage who visited us, but a reasonable man of gentlemanly bearing.

The Count made his complaint, which was listened to, and sympathized with; and the servants were ordered to give fire until a later hour. I then expressed a wish to have a moment's talk with him. I at once found I was speaking to an Englishman. He ordered my room to be kept warm, and the servants to alter their behaviour. I then told him that none of us were disposed to complain without ample cause, but that I had seen a few countries in my life's travels, and had never met with any treatment one half so barbarous as a gentleman is compelled to endure here. I let him go without showing him into my (passage) room, which I regret; however, we told him our truthful story too eloquently to fail to impress him, and I trust the next passengers coming from the bright Bosphorus to this execrable place will have more reasonable treatment than it has been our lot to meet with hitherto.

*Dec. 25, (Christmas-day).*—It is a beautiful morning, and tolerably mild. I rose early, and forgot

almost my prison while sending blessings to distant friends, who, I dare say, are reciprocating the same to me. Last year, I little thought I should find myself barred within a Russian quarantine, as I am now. This prison has had, however, so much the semblance of a veritable criminal prison, that I shall hereafter always join more heartily in our church's litany for "pity upon all prisoners and captives."

We have had a visit from another Englishman, sent to us on account of our complaints, and a great change for the better has taken place. The bench I slept on has been replaced by a bedstead, and my night companions have been ordered to sleep elsewhere, &c. All this should have been thought of at first, and would have saved us a host of disagreeables.

Fire is allowed us now the weather has become comparatively mild, and some one is sent to know our necessities when our purgatory is half over.

*Dec. 26.*—I have had a capital night's rest. My late Russian companions are roosting elsewhere. It was really too bad in the authorities, and too stupid in me, to have permitted their companionship, for their nights were spent either in smoking, spitting, talking, or such snoring as must be heard to be thought possible.

I was very much amused this morning at daybreak. The Russian officer's servant, when the fires were being lit, took a little mirror, and put himself in a corner of my room where I could see him, while he thought I was asleep. He was earnestly candle-tallowing his hair for a long time, rubbing his Russian

pomatum well into his scanty short-cropped bristles. He was a considerable time getting it to his mind, so as to show off to the greatest advantage his singularly piggish face. I could scarcely help laughing outright, but I became serious, fully expecting he would require my brush and comb ; however, I was relieved, by seeing him bring out a comb from his master's room. I dare say he calculates on some tender mischief shortly. The olfactory nerves cannot be very delicate in the lower orders of people of this country.

We have had another visit from the Englishman ; every wish we express is immediately noticed, and it is quite refreshing to meet with this change. I have now a wash-hand basin in place of a brass thing which might have been clean at some unknown period of its history. To-day we had a walk with one or two of the authorities, always keeping some six or eight feet from them. It is pleasant to get out of our cage, which in every respect resembles a menagerie. There are twenty compartments in the range of the quarantine houses on our side, all with double high wooden gratings, and ticketed, as would be and is done in England to denote a hyena from Egypt, a lion from Barbary, or a bear from Russia.

*Dec. 27, (Sunday).*—The weather has turned colder, and the rough waters below make themselves heard. This, however, is very agreeable ; for we are as quiet and gloomy within as the severest Scotch Presbyterian could desire for a Sabbath. It is quite refreshing to pass the day without being compelled to grumble at our treatment.

*Dec. 28.*—It is pinching cold this morning, and it has been a blustering night.

The Governor of the quarantine has been made acquainted with our complainings, and we continue daily to be visited in order that any thing we require may be sent in.

Time passes along ; in a day or two the Doctor will again see us, and the Priest administer to us our oaths that we have secreted nothing from the prescribed fumigation, and then we shall march out, and mingle with the world again.

*Dec. 29.*—The snow, which had almost disappeared, has again covered all around, and it is very piercingly cold. I received some letters from England, and found ample amusement in devouring the news from my country.

*Dec. 30.*—It is a Russian cold morning ; the salt waters below are throwing off white vapours into the rarefied atmosphere, giving the Gulf a very singular aspect ; indeed, some of us fancied the sea was already frozen over. To-morrow closes the year, and our purgatory in this quarantine, and none of our party look likely to convey any bodily infection to the Czar's subjects.

*Dec. 31.*—This is the last day, thank goodness. We are busy putting our boxes in order for going out. We got our bill this evening, which is moderate enough ; indeed, much more so than I expected.

We signed the oath this evening, that we had secreted nothing from the quarantine scrutiny, but we are puzzled to discover the utility of this oath, inas-

much as nothing was left on our persons, and all our baggage was beyond our reach on entering.

*January 1, 1847.*—We were all smiles this morning ; the prospect of seeing the world again brightened our eyes. At ten o'clock a priest came, and administered an oath to the Roman Catholics of our party. I suppose Protestant parsons are scarce, as I got away without any clerical visitor. The men of our party were ready for starting, having been again looked at by the Doctor, but we were detained because the Doctress had not arrived. This personage kept us nearly a couple of hours, which we bore philosophically, but we did not admire this lady any more than on our entrance, when she kept us shivering hour after hour waiting for her appearance.

*One o'clock.*—We are out ! and I hope on my part for ever.

P.S.—No one should go into the quarantine at Odessa without by some means getting clean clothing provided previously by a friend. Not long since a lady died from smallpox caught by putting on the clothing provided her, which was traced to have previously belonged to parties afflicted with that distemper.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Hotel.*

A friend's carriage, driven by a Cossack coachman, took me to the best hotel in the central part of the town. It is a very large building, containing a great number of lofty spacious apartments. I had a good



room, heated by a stove, and protected by double glazed windows, as they all are in Russia.

My fortnight's imprisonment within the bars of the quarantine, made me feel like a captive bird escaped from its cage, and I hardly knew what to make of freedom at first, so much does habit grow upon us.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Opera.*

I went this evening to the opera. The theatre is of moderate size, and commodious; it was, however, so cold, that most people kept on their fur pelisses. The singing was good from an Italian company, and the hearty cheers from the audience must have been gratifying to the performers, as I have rarely witnessed so much vehemence as on this occasion.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Snow and Sledges.*

More snow has fallen, and sledging is general; so, of course, I soon seated myself in one, for the novelty of the thing.

In the afternoon it is a gay scene to watch these wheelless vehicles of every variety dashing along behind galloping horses. All the world seems gathered in the main street, either as spectators or performers in this general amusement; and it is most inspiring to be whirled along one's self, and to see others whirling along noiselessly in this fashion.

The Russians have a most knowing way of driving a pair of horses. One is secured within the shafts,

while the other gallops at his side, with head down, turned outwards, looking as gay and fierce as could be desired. They rarely drive their own horses.

The coachmen are skilful, and, to my surprise, they rarely use a whip ; indeed, it is unusual to see a driver with one at all. Even the hackney drivers usually rattle their apologies for whips against the splash-board instead of directly using it, and this answers the same purpose with these sagacious animals.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Cold.*

The cold is intense ; this morning it was 45° Fahr. below freezing point. I have procured a thick fur pelisse, reaching from my ears to my feet, with sleeves long enough to cover my hands. A fur pelisse is quite indispensable, for all usual cloth clothes are mere trifles in the way of protection.

I took a long walk with a friend, and we were much amused at each other's appearance. We walked facing the wind, which caught our breath as we exhaled it, and blanched our whiskers and hair with hoary frost.

The Gulf is frozen as far as the eye can reach. This is the first time that I have seen the briny element mastered, and stilled by the mightier power of the atmosphere. I strolled along the beach gazing at this scene so novel to me. Near the edge the ice was in the form of waves, showing the struggle between the two elements ; but there lay the sea vanquished, stiff, still as death ; while men trampled over those proud waves, whose roar had made the winds hoarse a few hours before.

Odessa, January, 1847.

*Christmas Day.*

In Russia this festival follows the reckoning of the Greek Church, namely, twelve days later than our Protestant Christmas Day.

The churches were all crowded. I went early to the cathedral, to be present at the Greek service, and to see the people. The crowds appeared very devout, and the singing superior to most that I have heard in Italy, the notes being clearer, and more free from the nasal twang so disagreeable and general in the southern churches of Europe.

The priests wear their hair long, and evidently bestow much pains on it; but notwithstanding that it flows down their backs and shoulders in shining silky locks, I could not admire it, for there is an effeminacy about such a custom which either nature or education makes one dislike.

I then went to the Lutheran church, which was filled with an attentive congregation listening to an eloquent German preacher. Going immediately from one church to the other; from witnessing the ceremonies of the one to the simplicity of the other, makes the contrast the more striking. What a change, thank God, that extraordinary man Luther was the means of effecting in some Christian countries and communities!

Odessa, January, 1847.

*A Day's Excursion on the Steppe.*

At day-break with a Greek gentleman I started for

an excursion into the country, viz. on the Steppe. It was a fine morning, but fearfully cold. We took some provisions with us, including English porter and claret.

We had a pair of fast horses, and soon reached the outer boundary gates of the town. Here our sledge was examined by the custom-house officers, and, to our annoyance, our porter was not allowed to pass on any condition. At this we grumbled, and to show our determination not to be deprived of it, we got the Cossack driver's assistance, and drank off the contents of the bottles in their presence.

We sledged along at a great pace, and were a dozen miles from Odessa long before I had any notion we were so far.

We halted at a village to enquire about game, as we had our guns with us, expecting to meet with some bustards, or wild turkeys. We loaded, and away we started again. The cold was excessive, and we felt it severely notwithstanding that we were doubly clad, and with our fur pelisses over all. To save my face from the cutting air we were driving through, I pulled a silk nightcap right over my visage.

Scarcely a bird of any sort came within sight for mile after mile, and our horizon on all sides was as dreary as the almost boundless, treeless Steppe could make it.

We reached another village, and tramped off to where we were told we should find good sport among the bustards; however, they had wisely found some other retreat. We sledged away again, and came to-

wards a few wretched-looking underground dwellings. Civil respectful people appeared to tenant them.

My attention was seriously attracted to the ferocious dogs howling after us as we approached these poor dwellings. Two or three of them so much resembled veritable wolves, that as they came up close to us, fiercely showing their carnivorous teeth, I could not help picturing to myself the horrible position of an unfortunate traveller, who should be pursued by a pack of real, hungry, hideous-mouthed wolves; a tiger's paw, or the fang of a cobra capella, methinks, would be more welcome messengers of death.

Another hour's sledging brought us to a village where we refreshed ourselves and our horses. The keen air had sharpened our appetites. Our bread ate sweet, but our wine we had to dissolve, for although it was placed in a bundle of hay at the bottom of the sledge, the frost had quite crystallized it.

We had entered three inns during the day, and to our notions miserable places they are. We saw strange motley groups of people in them, and among them were many Israelites, with whom I wished to have been able to converse. They are very strong-featured men, and most of them had a copy of their Scriptures, or rabbinical writings, which I often observed them reading devoutly, in a standing posture, with Tephillin, or phylacteries, bound by leather thongs on the forehead and left arm.

We started on our return. The game still kept out of sight, and the east wind which had swept over the trackless snow pinched us more and more, till we

voted sporting no pleasure, and rapidly got back. We reached Odessa at sunset, after thirty-five miles sledging on the Steppe.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Smoking.*

I was at a party this evening, and, after dinner, to my amazement, some of the Russian ladies present lit cigarettes, and sent forth volumes of curling smoke. They noticed my astonishment, and laughed heartily when I told them the reason. I joined them in the laugh as heartily, and added that it appeared to me too bad that they should smoke and almost burn their coral lips.

It is true that tobacco loses none of its fragrance in the lips of a fair smoker, and I dare say its fumes lend their aid to her romantic vision, but some of us, who think no such fragrance or fumes needful or desirable, would sooner see the tainting weed kept for the rougher mouths of the sons of humanity.

Odessa, January, 1847.

### *Ball and Supper.*

An invitation took me to a ball given by a wealthy Greek, where I met rooms full of people. I have rarely seen so much beauty in a large party in my life. The greater number of the ladies were Greeks, whose style of beauty is to me, I confess, very fascinating. Our hostess was, however, the star of the evening, for without being perfection, she may well be classed among the beautiful. She was not a silent

statue-like beauty, but on the contrary, her dark eyes lighting up her beaming countenance.

I heard a lady say, "Oh, yes, but it is an Egyptian kind of beauty;" well, let it be so; and I will add, that if Egypt's Cleopatra was like her, no wonder Mark Antony fell blind, and forgot his higher duties.

It was a late affair, and I was surprised to see a hot supper, beginning with soup, served up at two o'clock in the morning, which occupied us nearly two hours.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *False Alarm.*

A friend dined with me this evening, and our subject of conversation turned to the Quarantine, against which I inveighed most liberally. I told my friend, what, in a fit of rage I believed I had written in a letter to England. He dropped his knife and fork, turned pale, and hastily asked me how long it was since the letter had gone. I said "three weeks," "all safe!" he exclaimed; "I am now relieved; but you have run the risk of being sent off with an escort of bayonets to the frontier, and kicked out of the Emperor's dominions, or to the regions of Siberia." Heavens! the thought of the latter turned me pale also, and heartily am I glad my handwriting should have escaped the hateful espionage of this northern kingdom.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *New Year's Eve.*

This evening being the eve of the new year, a public ball, as usual, assembled a great proportion of the society of the town.

It was a large party and a very gay affair, many of the same handsome Greek faces I had met before I found in this larger party. Quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes ushered in one of those spirited, tearing, romping Polish dances, which are such favourites here that people never know when to stop.

We danced and toasted the young year in, and went home a few hours after its birth.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *New Year's Day.*

It is a clear, bright, frosty morning, all the world is moving hither and thither, every countenance has a smile upon it, every one is paying congratulatory visits to their friends, all lips seem teeming with some pretty compliment, till even I, as a stranger, almost fancy I am interchanging some of these with strangers, so catching is this friendly custom.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *Benevolence.*

The people are very hospitable, and I find invitations flow in as numerous as I could desire.

This evening I found myself with a little party at the house of a Russian lady.

The country may be cold, but there are warm-hearted people living in it. This lady has just done so good a deed that it shall speak for itself. Her Cossack coachman found a poor infant deserted and perishing in the snow, and brought it to his mistress. The young foundling, a few weeks old only, has been taken into her own house, provided with a nurse, and



baptized by the Church. This is a christian deed! It is true the lady is rich, but alas! when does the tree of wealth bring forth such fruit as this?

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

*Books from the Censor.*

To-day I recovered my few books from the censor, where they have been for some time undergoing examination, previous to my being permitted to read them in Russia. They were all passed except "Maunder's Treasury of History," but this was also restored to me after I had assured the censor that I was not likely to remain in Russia.

What a country! where history is forbidden, especially such as may portray the blessings of freedom in opening, enlarging, enlightening and ennobling the minds of mankind.

Of course those who travel in other countries than their own do wisely to quietly endure and conform to the notions of things they find there; but we English are too much accustomed to general freedom to relish a scrutiny so rigorously enforced in some continental kingdoms.

From what I learnt, a gaming house or a brothel would find far more toleration from the authorities, than even such a little volume as the one I have just alluded to.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

*Electric Sparks.*

My head to-day was under the scizzors of an intelligent French barber. As he drew the comb through

my hair, the latter cracked audibly, and one hair so struck another that it would not lie smooth. I knew the reason, but I wished to have the Frenchman's, when he told me "I had more electricity in my composition than usual, and consequently that I should easily be mesmerised." I doubted this, when he proposed to demonstrate the correctness of his judgment by the following experiment; viz. "He would tie my ring to a single hair, let it down from six inches over between my thumb and forefinger, and while I made nearly a circle with my thumb and forefinger, I should see the ring spinning round wondrously from the electric power in me." The ring was tied to a hair, and let down, but to the Frenchman's astonishment, and my great amusement, it remained motionless; again he tried, but without success. I laughed, for I could not help it, and so earnestly, that I was afraid the good natured barber would have been offended.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

*Prince Woronsow.*

It does one good to hear on all sides so excellent a character of this estimable man, who is Governor of Odessa. He is now in Circassia, pursuing Schaml among those mountain fastnesses. Although I have lost much of the romantic affection I once entertained for these brave mountaineers, I could wish the Prince's sword was directed elsewhere, or sheathed in peace.

He has a peculiar regard for the English, derived probably from Oxford associations, where he took a degree; and he is now so proud of the square cap,

that I am told he never fails to let his English visitors see how he prizes it.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *Odessa*

Is a new town, and may be called the southern capital of Russia. It is strange that such a position should have been chosen for so important a place, when one so much more desirable could have been selected on the banks of the Dniester.

It contains from seventy to eighty thousand inhabitants, and is increasing very rapidly. The merchants and shopkeepers are mostly foreigners; Greeks, Jews, French, German, and a few English.

The boundaries of the town enclose an immense area, enough probably to contain a dozen such towns as the existing one.

The streets are very wide, and, for its population, the town is spread over a larger surface than perhaps any town in the world.

There are several fine churches, a theatre, boulevards, large public buildings, and enormous granaries.

The garrison comprises about five thousand men.

It is essentially a trading Port, particularly in wheat, which during about four months of the year is brought into it by bullock-waggon, and so continuously, that it is often very difficult to cross the main streets for them.

At times the harbours contain as it were a forest of masts.

The temperature reaches the two extremes. In

winter, as at present, snow clothes the earth and cold freezes the ocean ; while in summer the dust is almost intolerable and penetrates every thing, while the heat is as disagreeable as in the Tropics.

Jan. 1847.

### *Warning.*

To-morrow I start, although dissuaded by several friends from attempting a land journey alone at this inclement season. However, I think it unwise to listen to even friendly fears, and the fact is, that had I done so, I might have often spent a month waiting in vain for less fearful warnings in my travels.

The landlord quietly told me this evening that I am running great risk in attempting the journey to Ismail, and instanced it by saying "that he himself had seen, precisely at this season in a previous year, on the same route, a man's body mangled by wolves." This is no encouragement, I confess ; but I go nevertheless.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

### *Start.*

At twelve o'clock I was ready. I had taken the precaution of purchasing a brace of rifle pistols, rather as protection against bipeds than quadrupeds.

To my regret the post people reported that there was not snow enough on the Steppe for sledging, and had sent me a low springless four wheeled open cart. However it was not my intention to be daunted, especially as a friend offered to accompany me across the Dniester to Akermann, where he had friends and we should spend the night.

My baggage was in the cart, ourselves also, and off we went, with our three rough looking horses, and still rougher Cossack driver.

Odessa, Jan. 1847.

*Journey to Ismail.*

We had not proceeded far, when my companion asked me if I had not a pain in my right side, occasioned by the jolting of the springless cart on the tops of the frozen ruts we were going over. I certainly had, and was bending myself into a heap to prevent it. He soon asked me "if I would care to travel alone, as he really could endure it no longer," and of course I said "no," and he returned by another conveyance to Odessa, while I continued my journey. Mile after mile, the willing little horses rattled me along, unconscious of the stitch-like pain which seemed to be stretching, pinching, biting all the internal machinery of the right side of my body.

Late at night I arrived at Ovidiopol, on the banks of the Dniester, wishing at once to cross this river to Akermann, but I could not in any way persuade the drivers to do so. I led them out, pointed out the light of the moon to them, shewed a present I would make them, but all to no purpose.

I then entered the post house traveller's room, which is heated by a stove and furnished with a sofa-bed, table, and chairs.

After taking off some of my several coats, &c, I began to wonder how I should procure food, as I did not speak one word of Russian, and no one could understand any language that I could speak. This was

a serious matter, for I had been nearly twelve hours without food, and had brought none with me, calculating on getting provided by my companion at Aker-mann.

At last I thought of a language of signs, which I brought into play at once. Having two or three Cossacks round me I directed their attention to my mouth, when I rattled my teeth and gave them some small money. This they rightly understood and brought me a brown loaf with a strong smelling sausage, of which latter I pleased them by making them a present.

Something to drink was my next important want, and how to manage to get it was a difficulty. I thought of lots of things I should have liked, but with no prospect of getting them. At last, with a lot of the village people around I bellowed out such "bhaou's," and imitated the milkmaid's manipulations so well, that they ran off immediately, milked a cow and brought me a pitcher of warm milk. My language of signs and symbols was so catching that one of them ran up and down a wonderful gamut of "kak kak kak." This I understood to mean eggs or chickens, and rightly so, for presently I got some eggs which they boiled.

With these provisions I made a hearty supper, and dropped asleep on the sofa, painfully tired.

At day-break I rose and got into a sledge with two horses, and was soon crossing the Dniester which here forms a large frozen lake several miles broad.

It was piercingly cold, but I was well clad and did not suffer. It is delicious travelling to be wafted swiftly along over the icy surface of a river. I enjoyed it,

heartily wishing I could go straight to England by so delightful a means.

One large broken place in the ice, convinced me of the prudence of not venturing to cross the river except by day-light.

Six or seven miles sledging brought me to the town of Akermann, a wretched looking place with only a large whitewashed church to recommend it, unless it be the large letters by which it is mapped by geographers; and any one judging by the latter would be miserably disappointed.

I got a cup of tea and some bread at the post house, and continued my route on the endless Steppe. For fifty miles the Cossack drivers reported one to the other the strange means by which I got food and drink the night before, and perhaps my appearance attracted attention.

I was well clad with coats, with pistols in my sash, and over all went my fur pelisse, surmounted by a high Persian conical cap tipped with scarlet (a most comfortable one which I could draw down at pleasure,) I then had a red silk night-cap pulled over my face to protect me from the cutting wind. Altogether I was so strange a figure that I dare say they may have taken me for a young member of the "old gentleman's" family.

My journeying all day has been on the boundless Steppe. I passed through a few miserable villages, and one miserable town. A more dreary region I never saw, unless I liken its wintry snowy solitude to that of the burning sands of the desert. I am told that in summer these plains are studded with beautiful

flowers. I hope it is so, and that some joy comes during the year's circuit to raise the downcast looks of the people, and put aside the mantle of howling wilderness now spread over so vast a tract of country.

I wished I had brought a rifle with me, as I saw thousands of wild turkeys or bustards, and at one time I estimated the flocks within sight in different directions to number full two thousand. They are much larger than our ordinary turkey, of a greyish colour, and splendid birds on the wing. During the summer they are quite unapproachable, but in the cold season they become comparatively tame. At times a great number are caught by the following very singular and simple means, viz. when a drizzling sleety rain falls on the birds at roost, their wings frequently become so frozen that they cannot spread them, then the peasants assemble with long sticks and drive them into sheds, to be afterwards disposed of as required.

I continued my route to Ismail without stopping, except to change horses, for nearly eighteen hours, and arrived at midnight completely worn out, the pain in my right side being so serious that I feared I had sustained some bodily injury.

Jan. 1847.

### *Ismail.*

A few hours' sleep, and the kind hospitality I met with from a friend to whom I had an introduction, quickly brought back my usual strength and spirits. I went over the town, remarkable chiefly for its position on the Danube, its multitude of windmills, and its renowned fortress.

Jan. 1847.



*Fortress of Ismail.*

My friend drove me through this immense and renowned fortress. It was wrested from the Turks by the Russians about sixty years ago, after one of the most sanguinary struggles of modern times. Out of a garrison of thirty thousand Moslems, only three thousand escaped the dreadful slaughter!

The Turks, in common with Asiatic warriors had constructed their fortress on far too large a scale to be able to defend it against the tactics of modern warfare.

The Russians have a very considerable garrison located here, and they are still strengthening it for any emergency or ulterior design at this important entrance to the Danube.

It is to be hoped the fortress of Ismail will never give the Poet another such a tragedy to immortalize his genius as the last afforded Byron.

Ismail, Jan. 1847.

*Journey from Ismail to Reni.*

Before daylight I was in a sledge to my great comfort, more snow having fallen in these parts.

I was now in Russian Bessarabia, and passed through better looking villages and small towns. The peasants are well mannered, and a fine tall race compared with the Russians.

I had capital horses the whole distance, two or three stages downright runaways.

About mid-day a fog came over, so that the snow and atmosphere were both of one aerial colour. I confess, as I looked on the three galloping horses

tearing along, as it were in the air, it was the most delightful vision-like travelling imaginable. Once, the horses were beyond control; they had my hearty permission to run away as long as they liked, and, providing I was not upset, I should have enjoyed their frolic.

I saw a great many eagles, some very large indeed. These latter were generally solitary or few in company, while those of a smaller kind were sometimes as many as fifty together. One wild spot, which was somewhat protected from the howling wind, attracted a great number. There was a something peculiar in this place, the very hollowness in the wind seemed to add solemnity to its dread solitude: the eagles may have feasted there, or the wolf have gorged himself, but I doubt if an assassin ever drew a knife or a trigger there, it was far too dreary for such cowardly villains.

During the whole distance from Odessa I saw but one wolf, and he was trotting down a slope, every now and then stopping, sniffing the air, and looking hard at me. I had passed some sheep a mile or two back, and I dare say, it was the scent from them in the air which attracted him. He was a splendid fellow, much larger than any I had ever seen; and I would have given something to have bagged his head en passant.

I arrived at Reni as the sun declined, and hurried on to the Quarantine ground from which is the entrance to the principality of Moldavia.

Reni is not worth alluding to, except from its being the border town of Russian territory. At the passport office I was kept so long waiting that I fairly lost my temper. I found one of the clerks could understand

French, and I begged, entreated, even feed him, to get my papers looked at and signed, but all to no purpose. At last, they examined my living features with those on my passport, and I got away.

I had only to cross the frozen Pruth to get out of Russia, a land whose iron fetters would render me a bad subject of the great Emperor. I ejaculated my hearty thanks as I walked over the icy border into Moldavia.

Reni, Feb. 1847.

*Moldavian Frontier to Galatz.*

At the guard house on the frontier the officers kindly took me in, and had tea made for me. I opened my bag of provisions, which I found most acceptable, for it was getting dark, and I had tasted only a biscuit since daylight. The warm room, the good meal, and the finale of a chibouk made me feel quite comfortable.

I was now sixteen miles from Galatz, and, as luck would have it, the post sledge with four horses came up to wait for the mail bag ; so I bribed the postilion and persuaded him to take me to Galatz. One of the officers accompanied me, and we started at seven o'clock.

As we sledged over a frozen sedgy swamp, I observed to my companion, that it looked a very wolfish sort of place, when he asked me if my pistols were not loaded, as he thought they were ; but I had discharged them before starting, and packed them away with the powder and ball, not dreaming we had such wild country to go through. However, he had his sword, so we were not uneasy.

This conversation took place at the spot where, two years ago, my friend told me he had been attacked by fourteen wolves, of which, he and a party with him killed two, and escaped.

Tales of danger should be told on spots where realities have occurred, to have their full effect. It has been my lot to hear them told occasionally in such places, but, perhaps, never more effectively than on this dark night.

An attack from a pack of wolves is a dreadful thought ; the horses become instinctively alarmed, desperate and frantic ; they would bolt and upset the sledge, probably, breaking an arm or leg of the traveller, and leave him behind to the hungry appetites of these fierce brutes.

At ten o'clock we arrived at Galatz, and I took up my quarters at the hotel, which is kept by a very obliging Frenchman.

Galatz, Feb. 1847.

### *Russian Veracity.*

I have taken some pains to discover whether Russia is or is not maliciously spoken of, as touching the great lack of this virtue which is said to exist. I regret to say, that while many bright exceptions are, no doubt, to be met with, falsehood, and its usual accompaniment, dishonesty, are fearfully predominant in this land of nobles and commoners, bribery and serfdom. Perhaps there are few brighter characters than the reigning family ; or worse, than among the grinding nobles.

Moldavian Frontier, Feb. 1847.

*Russia.*

It is difficult to explain what it is, but I have found the same thing that I have heard others speak of, viz, that people do not feel they breathe freely in Russia. It is quite a relief to me to cross her frontier. It is true I have enjoyed society, but there is a continual apprehension that eaves-droppers are near, and I cannot reconcile myself to such a country.

Russia has splendid institutions, both scientific and charitable, an immense territory, the most precious mines in the world, a highly organized police, an enormous army, and an unbounded ambition; but with all these, a profligate nobility, and an ignorant populace.

Moldavian Frontier, Jan. 1847.

*Galatz.*

The morning after my arrival I went over the greater part of this almost Turkish town. Its commerce is rapidly increasing. Being the great outlet for the agricultural produce of Moldavia, it is destined ere long to double its present importance, from its admirable position on the noble Danube.

The late great measure, allowing the free importation of grain into Great Britain, by increasing the trade, will conduce to bring a higher civilization into these fertile regions.

The population is estimated at from thirty to forty thousand.

Settlers are increasing from the west of Europe, and probably in a few years the aspect of the town

will be entirely changed, and an improved style of building supplant that of the slovenly Mussulman.

The climate is bad during the hot and wet seasons of the year. During the last few days a thaw has set in, and the streets are almost impassable from the accumulated mud in them, which I have literally often waded through up to my knees.

This place, like most of the east of Europe, labours under the disadvantages of extreme heat in summer and cold in winter, also from a malignant malaria, which rises from the neighbouring forests and swamps.

Galatz, Feb. 1847.

### *Wolf-shooting Party.*

I availed myself of an opportunity of seeing a little of the surrounding country, and joined a little party on a wolf-shooting excursion, a dozen miles into the interior. In the country the snow was unthawed.

We started, three of us and a driver, in a sledge, and arrived late at night at the house of our host, a boyard, or landed proprietor, who, with his two brothers, farm their own land. They were well behaved, though roughish sort of people.

We slept on a large divan kind of sofa. I did not get much sleep, nor did I enjoy the close company of a dog, who was determined on sharing my pillow with me.

After breakfast, we started for the woods. We were five guns, with about five and twenty beaters to drive the game up to us; for we expected wolves, hares, foxes, &c.

On our arrival we separately stationed ourselves across a wooded ravine, where the snow was knee-deep, to await our sport. Then commenced the yelling, hooting, and cracking of whips from the beaters. Not a wolf was to be seen; a hare or two only were killed. On we went to another, and another, and another woody ravine, with the same luck: so I observed to one of the boyards that I thought we might as well expect elephants as wolves, but he assured me that within two miles of where we stood, a great number of horses were fallen upon, killed, and devoured by them a few weeks before.

A fine eagle came flying over, almost within shot, but I suppose he smelt powder, for, to my regret, he soared away into perfect safety.

After a tremendous fagging, we mustered our beaters and returned. These beaters were many of them gipsies, and formed one of the wildest and strangest groups of people I ever beheld. The two leaders, the huntsmen, who rode on horseback, were remarkable-looking, dark complexioned, strong featured, athletic fellows and belonged to one of the gipsy tribes so numerous in the east of Europe. They were picked specimens, and I could detect, as I thought, a relationship with the same gipsy features I had seen in England, Italy, India, Egypt, Levant, and other places. I was sorry I could not sketch, as I have rarely seen such pictures as these two men would have made.

We dined à la Moldavian with our rough hospitable host. A Meg Merrilies soup, a good roast, &c. and a dish of Indian corn topped with poached eggs and fresh butter, and copious supplies of good white wine,

refreshed our bodies, and made our eyes brighten. As the moon rose, we started on our return to Galatz, and a dismal trip we had. A thick fog often made us fearful that we might have taken the wrong snow-track, and frequently we were obliged to lighten the sledge, and walk knee-deep in snow, wet, and mud.

Sporting is rough work when one gets it in these countries, and generally much too dearly bought.

Galatz, Feb. 1847.

### *Ibraila.*

My friend, the Consul, took me in his barouche to Ibraila, which is only about fifteen miles from Galatz. The rapid thaw made it very hard work for his team of four capital greys.

This Wallachian town, though not so populous as Galatz, is better looking in every respect. In the Exchange-room were Jews, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and a variety of Europeans, making up an assemblage rarely equalled.

Ibraila is probably destined to increase rapidly from its favoured position. The Danube runs through the midst of the principality, forming its great commercial artery.

We returned the following day, and although we had two changes of eight horses each, it took us four hours to get back the fifteen miles. We were fortunate in doing so by daylight, for another party lost the track in a fog, and was benighted. To be benighted in such countries, with probably a fog the next day, is not a thing to be thought of lightly.

Galatz, Feb. 1847.



*Wallachian Gipsy Woman.*

At the Consul's, where we dined, I met an artist who had painted a female gipsy of the country. It was a fascinating picture, beautifully painted.

I told him that his canvass portrait was probably more charming in all respects than the original, well knowing that cleanliness is not one of their cardinal virtues. In this I was right, for the gipsy beauty smelt so garlicky, &c. even in the distance, that a close sitting would have been intolerable.

Ibraila, Feb. 1847.

*The Danube.*

As yet, I cannot say I have seen the Danube. It is true I have looked on its frozen snowy surface, and walked on it; but neither at Ismail, Galatz, nor Ibraila, can I say that I have seen it. To see it with effect it should be rolling onward with its mighty waters, accumulated from the thousand tributary streams which flow into it for hundreds of miles. Here it finishes its career nobly, and hurries to the Euxine.

Galatz, Feb. 1847.

*Journey through Moldavia to Czernovitz.*

Through the kindness of my friend, the Consul, I got an open britscha, no other carriage being procurable, while the thaw had put sledging out of the question. A Polish Jew wished to go my way into Poland, and, as he spoke Italian, I was very glad to give him a seat; indeed, this suited me admirably, as I understood nothing of the Moldavian language.

After a good supper with my friend, I clothed myself well, charged my pistols, and took a goodly basket of provisions, including a few bottles of capital wine of the country. The Moldavian postilions cracked their whips to our team of eight horses, and we were away as the clock struck ten at night.

The rain came down, and soon soaked through my mass of clothing, although I had thought it waterproof. This was of small consideration compared with the serious aspect of the journey before me. We were soon out of the town, on an almost trackless villanous road, the night was pitchy dark, the carriage bounded from side to side, all but upsetting continually. At length we came to a dead stand; and our only prospect seemed to be to get out and walk back to Galatz, if we could manage to find our way, a matter I considered very doubtful. We however got out of our dilemma marvellously, and went on through mud and acres of water, expecting every moment to be turned over into a bed of mud, or into a cold bath in the waters beneath, being already in a cold bath of rain from above.

At last the moon lighted up the dark horizon, and we reached the first stage. I shall never cease to wonder how we arrived there safely, all things considered, and much must certainly have been due to the sagacity of the horses.

We had another wretched stage, but less dangerous than the first, for we could now see a little where we were going. Day-light, gladdening day-light, at last came; and we got along on a better road at a good pace, sometimes with all the eight horses galloping.

The rain continued, and we reached a town at mid-day, where we had hot coffee made for us. I took a peep at myself in a mirror, and never saw myself such a miserable object before, as I then stood with my clothes dripping.

On we went, the weather clearing up, getting colder, and freezing my wet things on me.

We travelled until dark, when the postilions refused to go farther, owing to the road being bad, till the moon rose. Last night's experience was enough to convince me of the reality of danger, and of the prudence of their caution.

At the rude post-house we ate and drank from our store of provisions, dried our clothes a little, and slept an hour or two.

At midnight the moon rose, shone brightly through the frosty air, and we started.

Before reaching Yassy, we passed along a ridge of fine wooded country with extensive views on all sides.

A sunny bright morning cheered us up as we entered the capital town of Moldavia.

Yassy is a considerable place, with about eighty thousand inhabitants, nearly one half of whom are Jews. For a capital, it is rather rough-looking; but it has a theatre, and during the carnival is notoriously gay.

The palace gardens in summer are loudly extolled.

I was much interested in an old Greek church, perhaps the most exquisite specimen in existence of the Byzantine style. It is in good preservation, and bears date about the ninth or tenth century. It was formerly a cathedral, and contains tombs of bygone

royalty. It is very beautifully sculptured in courses of varied lace-work over the whole of the exterior, from the base to the top.

My stay was so short that I regret I did not avail myself of the opportunity I should have had a few days after, of being at the Prince's ball, and seeing the upper classes of the people.

I do not know why, but the passport business for entering into Austrian Poland is very tedious and expensive here; I paid nearly a pound sterling for mine.

*Feb. 9, 1847.*—We passed out of the town with the usual team of eight horses. The country is very hilly in Upper Moldavia, with some forests. As we were passing through one of the latter, a fine wolf crossed the road, stopped, and looked at us so hard, that I verily hoped he would let me get near enough to try if I could put a bullet through him.

We travelled all day and night, halting only for supper at a Jewish tavern, where we were well served by our hostess, who had been I suspect a Rebecca beauty in her younger days. Many things amused me in this tavern. In the same room with us were a party of noisy bearded Israelites in one corner, playing cards, the street door in another, ourselves in another, and a large family bed in the fourth corner. Every now and then some little ones would get in or out of this family bed, and I could not forbear laughing as a young maid of Judah came into the room, got hastily under the clothes, and gradually undressed, first throwing out one thing, then another, from under the huge thick coverlet.

Refreshed, away we went, and at five o'clock we reached the frontiers of Galicia, where we had hours to wait for day-light, and the scrutiny of Austrian custom-house officers. They examined even my linen, and charged me a duty of a few shillings for it.

Here I was not obliged to continue the eight-horse team for my britscha, which had been drawn through the little territory of Moldavia by nearly two hundred and fifty horses.

At mid-day we reached Czernovitz, where the weather was considerably colder, indeed piercingly so.

Czernovitz, Feb. 1847.

### *Moldavia and Wallachia.*

These two fertile principalities are possibly destined to become bones of contention between northern and neighbouring powers and the Sultan who holds the sovereignty. There are, however, no more forts on the Danube like that of Ismail, to be dismantled or fought for. One of the entrances into Moldavia from Russian Bessarabia, is at Reni, across the river Pruth, from the quarantine. This quarantine itself may be supposed to guard against bodily distempers, plague, &c., but it is a blind, and acts a more important political object, in keeping out the plague of knowledge. Russia knows well its importance, and that if the light of knowledge spreads (and it is spreading) in the principalities, no river's banks, no sentinels, no police, will prevent its crossing the limpid frontier and going onwards and onwards.

I tremble when I consider the fearful system of Russia, in withholding the light of liberal education

from the mass of the people, for it seems to be damming up a reservoir which will some day burst and destroy all around by an overwhelming flood. There is time yet for her to learn wisdom ; and though her serfs must be unbound, and her people be made free, she will not then have her existence menaced as it is from her own internal economy.

Czernovitz, Feb. 1847.

*Czernovitz to Stanislaus.*

Czernovitz is an active, thriving looking town, with many good business-like hotels on a small scale. It has the advantage of being on the high road to Southern Russia and the Black Sea ports.

Old Polish civilization here shews itself under its present Austrian masters in most favourable contrast with the wildernesses of Southern Russia, and the Turkish principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.

At three o'clock, in a snow storm, we were en route for Stanislaus. It was delightful to feel the carriage wheels running on a well made road, but this did not last long, as the snow soon rendered them almost useless. Night came on, and snow continued to fall, blinding us on our way, and presently the carriage rolled so much from side to side that we thought it prudent to get out and walk. This we continued to do until the postilion considered there was no danger. We got up, and I was soon almost asleep, when the staggering of the carriage awoke me ; and over it went, the horses running off with the fore-part at their heels.

No one was hurt ; but as the luggage fell upon me, I was fixed horizontally until pulled out, and then without my boots. It was so cold, that I was somewhat benumbed. It was serious enough to be in such a plight, far away from any assistance ; but, thank Heaven, no bones were broken.

As I looked at the upset, broken, divided britscha ; pistols, provisions, luggage, all scattered about on the snow, and ourselves wondering how we should begin to mend matters, I astonished the rest of the party by laughing heartily. This had a cheering effect ; and we set to work, got the carriage and horses together, bound up a broken spring, and continued our journey.

A similar turn-over would have been no joke, had it happened in some places we passed a night or two before : we should not then have lived to tell the tale, but have been whisked into eternity to a certainty.

It was bitter cold ; we travelled all the night and following day. The country we passed through was almost mountainous, in many parts very beautiful, for it forms the outer range of the Carpathian mountains, whose highest points are seen in the distance.

At four o'clock we arrived at Stanislaus, a cheerful looking town. In summer I think it must be very pretty ; but when all is clad in snow, it is impossible to tell what scenes the milder seasons may unfold.

Here I changed my carriage for a sledge, to my great joy ; and parted with my Jew companion, wishing him a happy reunion with his wife and family, from whom he had been separated nearly two years. He told me his wife was very beautiful, and this may

be true ; but if it is, she must be sadly ill matched, as her husband has not a feature, or even a respectable nose, to recommend him.

Stanislaus, Feb. 1847.

*Stanislaus to Lemberg.*

At six o'clock I was alone in a sledge on my way to Lemberg, a hundred miles away, stopping only at the post houses to change horses.

As day-light dawned, I found myself travelling through an almost mountainous country with Swiss-like scenery.

There is something inspiring in mountain scenery wherever it is met with. I had never seen a Pine forest in the snowy season. At mid-day as the sun burst forth, shedding a silver lustre over the spotless drapery of these forests, bringing out more and more the exquisite snowy folds hanging from the branches, and contrasting with them an occasional glimpse of the deep sombre hue of the foliage, I rejoiced, and forgot the cold, although thirty-eight degrees Fah : below freezing point.

I passed through forests of fine timber, where the noble oak looked magnificent in its mighty nakedness, and the tall beech waved gracefully its plume-like branches, scarcely the less beautiful for having lost its summer leaves.

To feel myself gliding noiselessly amidst these scenes, gave me a thrill of pleasure I shall not readily forget.

Darkness came on and with it a driving, icy wind. I dozed, and somehow, from some unprotected chink



in the sledge, the freezing air caught the toes of my left foot, and on my arrival at Lemberg, I found them to be slightly frost bitten.

Lemberg, Feb. 1847.

*Lemberg.*

I found some good quarters in an excellent hotel, and with a ravenous appetite made a hearty supper.

My room was warm, and probably I never so much enjoyed stretching my limbs on a bed, or resting my head on a downy pillow in my life. Continual travelling made this kind of comfort almost as necessary as it was delightful.

Greater activity, an improved aspect of the people, and more apparent comfort in the towns and villages, marked my progress westward. To-day, refreshed, I went over this fine town.

Many of the nobility reside here, and form a large circle of society. It has a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand, boulevards, a theatre of course, public buildings, and many churches. These last disappointed me, there is a worthless tawdriness about the whole of their decorations. The Jesuits have a college, and the finest church in the town.

I walked up the sandy mount, from whence the view of the town and country around is fine, and very extensive. I heard it compared with the Carlton hill at Edinburgh. In the warm season, Lemberg, I am told, is a very enjoyable place.

I happened to be there on a Jewish Sabbath, and was much struck with the ornamental head dress of the Jewesses, some of which were elegantly fashioned

with rosettes and lace-work of pearls. Many of these Jewesses were very handsome.

Lemberg, Feb. 1847.

*Lemberg to Cracow.*

The next night I got into a diligence for Cracow, with some burly Germans for companions.

It is with a great feeling of relief that one travels in a public conveyance after the many delays, accidents, inconveniences, and impositions which must attend private travelling to a foreigner, in such countries as I have rapidly run through.

It is a change to luxuriate in, no sleeping Postmaster to arouse, no lazy ostlers to get angry with, no impositions from drivers to remonstrate against, no needless delays to grumble at, but all proceeds quietly and smoothly, making a little tobacco relish doubly whilst looking on.

Sunday. I have been travelling all day, through many small towns and villages, where the market places were as actively engaged, and, I expect, more so than the churches.

The Austrian Eagle has now ruled so long over this part of old Poland, that the German is come to be commonly spoken as well as the Polish.

As to religion, Austria herself is too bigoted to the tenets of the Romish faith to allow any thing to be introduced to shake it here, where it commands a superstitious reverence.

In passing through Tarnow I did not forget the late assassination of the nobles; whose blood lies at the door, not merely of the perpetrators, but doubly so at

that of the instigators, who may blush, if they can blush, at such enormities. It is said that Vienna counsellors have heaped this guilt on their own heads.

Cracow, Feb. 1847.

*Cracow.*

I crossed the Vistula into Cracow,—the last remnant of old Poland, now pounced upon by the Northern Eagles, and consigned to the tender talons of one of this powerful Trio.

My chief object in visiting it, was simply to look at the tombs of the Polish kings who lie buried here; but at this moment other feelings beyond mere curiosity haunted me. I joined in the humiliation which I thought I could perceive the people felt, in the loss of their right of self-government. Soldiers with their uniforms were in the streets, but without making them gay. I fancied I could see that a gloom like a mournful mantle was thrown over the whole city, and that the fresh cannon bristling on the ramparts of the castle helped to spread it out. The weather being damp, dark, and chilly, added to these feelings, which grew painful to myself as I entered a fine old church, (*notre dame*) whose nave and aisles were crowded with masses of people on their knees.

The old cathedral is enclosed in a large range of building, formerly a palace and castle. It is built on a rock which rises abruptly from the rest of the city surrounding it. I spent a long time looking at the sepulchral monuments about and beneath this old edifice.

The royal tombs are in good preservation and very

handsome, but they are not so ancient as I expected ; among them are several beautiful monuments by modern sculptors.

St. Stanislaus is the great favourite and patron of this church.

My stay was so short that I omitted to visit the Archbishop's palace, which is well worth seeing for the sake of some fine paintings it is said to contain.

As to the city itself, it did not look prepossessing to me, and I only hope that Austria will rule the possession she has usurped, for the benefit of the people, the only motive which should exist in the government of a country.

Farewell, Cracow ! Farewell, Poland ! all we shall ever know of you may be from the pages of history.

I halted at the memorable bridge on the Vistula, thought of the brave blood which was shed there, and passed on.

Cracow, Feb. 1847.

### *Podgorze.*

Previous to starting by the diligence, I dined at an hotel patronized by many of the Austrian officers. I soon found myself in full confab with half a dozen of them of all ranks. We talked of all sorts of things, even of their late possession of Cracow and England's protest. They were as usual very agreeable fellows, and at once invited me to a ball and supper, about to take place. While this pleasant chat was going on, a lady entered. She had just arrived, and appeared to have endured the fatigue of a long journey, that is, her toilet had evidently been long neglected. She was in

sad perplexity, finding no one who spoke French, and seemed delighted that I understood her. After rendering her a little assistance, and listening to her lamentations of difficulties she met with, travelling alone, I told her, I too was a stranger, an Englishman. "Indeed!" she said, "and I am an English woman." This, my Austrian acquaintances understood, and only waited until she left the room, to have a most hearty laugh, in which I joined, at la belle Anglaise. She was an unfortunate specimen of English beauty, being naturally and unquestionably more than plain. She had grown loquacious, and her remarks were bitterly flavoured with long spinsterhood, I imagined.

Podgorze is separated from Cracow by the Vistula, and was formerly the frontier town of Austrian Poland.

Feb. 1847.

### *Frost-Bitten Monk.*

The country surrounding Cracow is fine, and hilly in many directions. As we ascended a neighbouring hill, a self-afflicting monk begged by the road side. He was in a sort of wheel-barrow, unable to walk, owing to his limbs having been paralysed by frost. Our coachman said, that this monk had been there forty years. What a melancholy spectacle! how doubly strange, that any professors of christianity can so twist their faith, as to expect such a sacrifice can be pleasing in their Maker's sight!

It does but resemble the fruits of Brahminical Paganism, and I see no reason why it should not be considered the Paganism of the Romanist. It must be by similar reasoning and with similar hopes, that

the Hindoo suffers bodily tortures, and the Romish follower exposes his body to be frost-bitten.

How different is the eloquent apostolic description of the first of heaven-born gifts, from this perverse self mutilation !

Near Cracow, Feb. 1847.

### *Silesia.*

The road was very hilly. Winter's snow covered the country, which an icy wind kept frost-bound.

This province has suffered severely from the loss of potatoes, and the indifferent corn crops of last season.

In one small town we were besieged by begging people ; not noisy, impudent beggars, not professional beggars, but beggars from necessity. It was a most painful sight, the hectic flush of hunger was on their hollow cheeks : I never saw such a starving crowd before in my life, it was quite horrible to behold.

They got a trifle from our travelling party ; but, poor creatures, I doubt whether it came in time to ward off their death warrants ! I fear that a few short weeks will see them hidden under the sod ; and, unless the district be quickly relieved, a vast number will follow them to an untimely grave.

To witness sufferings engendered by disease requires fortitude, or habit ; but a crowd of starving mortals is appalling and afflicting.

March, 1847.

### *Moravia.*

We entered the Moravian country. A marked improvement was apparent in the aspect of the country

and the people. There are good roads, large farms, comfortable villages; and the people seemed well clothed, industrious, and looking contented.

I rejoiced in the thought, that this province should be blessed with prosperity. Their quiet, determined, zealous holding to their faith, is a bright page in their history; and may the dew of blessing from heaven fall upon them.

March, 1847.

### *Female Labourers.*

The railroad is rapidly extending northward from Vienna. In our circuitous course we crossed its straight track many times.

What would our giant "navvies" at home think, were they to see women working at the embankments? Numbers of German women are here hard at work with spade and barrow.

One admires their honest, unflinching industry, but would rather wish that their husbands and brothers could obviate such a necessity, and keep them in a gentler sphere.

March, 1847.

### *Railway to Vienna.*

At Leipnik we joined the railway. It was a real delight to exchange the seat in the diligence for the roomy comfort of the railway carriage, and be once again rapidly whirled along by the locomotives constructed by modern genius.

We did not pass very near to the plains of Austerlitz, but knowing their locality, some of us grew

thoughtful, ruminating on the bloody scenes accompanying defeat and victory in 1805.

We approached Vienna at night, but the ice of the Danube was thawing, and it was not considered safe to cross the bridge into the city. In the morning the train went over the railway bridge, from which we had the view of a bridge broken down by last night's breaking up of the ice.

March, 1847.

### *Cathedral.*

Amongst my first objects of visit was the cathedral. It is a long time since I have been in a church of the gothic style; and I now renewed my conviction, that, for divine worship there is none to be compared with it.

It is now the season of Lent, and consequently, the altar paintings are all curtained. The interior of this cathedral is very striking, and while I was there, mass was performing, and music playing.

I purposely placed myself at a distance from the high altar. The magnificent view up the lofty nave, the robed priests, the fine altar, and the choral harmony combined to create a splendid fascination for the mind and eyesight.

Vienna, March, 1847.

### *Picture Gallery.*

I spent only as many hours as I should have enjoyed days, looking through the Belvedere collection. There are many good paintings of every school. Lei-



sure, quiet leisure, is necessary for the due enjoyment of these sights. I have hastily looked at so many splendid paintings during the last nine months, that I should greatly err in attempting to particularise even where I had seen them. In my recollection they are as though I had rambled through a labyrinth of rare and beautiful plants, and had since forgotten all particulars about them, save the indelible delight and wonder they inspired.

Vienna, March, 1847.

*Vienna.*

My short stay was in rainy, thawing weather, ill calculated to show the Austrian metropolis to advantage; and, moreover, the late gaiety of the carnival was hushed in the sobriety of Lent, so that nothing publicly attractive was going forward, save and except the songs of the "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, who was enchanting the ears of thronging crowds. I tried in vain to get my ears charmed, as the tickets for every opportunity had long before been sought and appropriated.

The streets of substantial buildings and good shops form a great contrast to the towns of eastern Europe. The noble Danube was still blocked up with ice. In milder seasons, when the foliage shelters the promenades, there are many delightful retreats for pleasure people.

The hotels are good, and I was vastly refreshed by good living and good sleeping, both of which relished after travelling through less civilized countries.

March, 1847.

*Vienna to Salzburg.*

Our diligence went at a melancholy slow pace, notwithstanding that the postilions wore cocked hats and blew their horns admirably. The next day we reached Linz. The snows of winter had fled, and the beautiful country already felt spring's invigorating, reanimating influence.

Rapidly to exchange a howling wilderness, such as the Steppe of Southern Russia in winter, for nature's softer charms and comfortable civilization, is enough to awaken delights only to be felt, never to be described.

On our way we had a sunset view of the Styrian mountains, which was very fine.

We reached Salzburg at daybreak, losing the fine scenery of its neighbourhood in the shades of night.

March, 1847.

*Salzburg.*

I was glad of an opportunity of running over this old town, which continues to be one of the strongholds of monkery and popery. It was very early, yet in the cathedral I found myself amidst a large congregation. The cathedral is not of very ancient date, except in some few parts. It is a most substantial stone edifice, with a large dome and transepts. The pictures were curtained. Salzburg has a great many churches, and several colleges, which give it the aspect of a collegiate town.

I went to St. Peter's burial-ground, and found it well worth seeing. A number of arched compart-

ments enclose it, and these are converted into family vaults. There was an interesting peculiarity over many of these vaults; for, while the dead were below, their living portraits were hung above them very tastefully, and some of these appeared really good paintings.

Other objects attracted me, and among them the classical beautiful statue erected to Mozart.

The sun had now well risen, and I left the works of men for a sight of the grander ones of nature.

I walked up to the Castle of St. Francis, and mounted its very highest battlement, from whence is an enchanting mountain scene all around. It embraces the outer Tyrolese Alpine range, and although not very lofty, there were mountains six thousand feet high within view, forming a glorious panorama.

The neighbourhood of this town affords great delights for the lover of scenery, and I hope I may find myself one of its visitors at some future time.

March, 1847.

### *Munich.*

With better travelling in Bavaria, we reached Munich the following morning. Bavaria can boast of a beautiful capital, with spacious streets, handsome palaces, and public buildings, fine churches, and choice promenades. It is one of the cleanest towns I have yet visited; even a smoker in the high street is liable to a fine.

The galleries of paintings and sculpture are of the first order, and perhaps no where can be seen a richer grouping of Greek sculpture. To the excellent classic

taste of the reigning king, Louis, is attributed their tasteful arrangement, and the same may be said of the picture gallery. I spent as much time as I could spare in the many chambers, and found it difficult to tear myself away from some chefs-d'œuvres of the Flemish school.

I enjoyed a great treat at the splendid opera-house, not so much from the vocal solos, chorusses, or the acting, as from the wonderful orchestra; every instrument of which seemed in the hands of a master, and there was a perfectness of harmony beyond any thing I ever listened to.

The great drive and walk is differently laid out from the usual continental style; for instead of straight lines, it forms a serpentine road, with the full effect of streams and trees; and, being in English style, it is called the "English garden."

March, 1847.

### *Churches.*

As regards churches, I feel inclined to call Munich, Young Rome. There are beautiful new churches, with frescoes by Munich artists, equal to those of the palmy days of Genoa. The King's chapel is a bijou.

The new Basilica is a splendid church, and will be shortly consecrated. It contains about sixty magnificent polished pillars; the frescoes around portray the life and death of St. Boniface, and are very beautiful. The whole number of the Popes, down to the Sixteenth Gregory, are painted in medallions around

the building, but I was struck with there being no place for the present Pope, whom some of us think worthy a better place than most, if not all, his predecessors. I descended into the crypt below, and never saw a more comfortably arranged resting-place in my life. I dare say the monks will have their living quarters commodious enough, and I can answer for their dead repositories.

Munich, March, 1847.

### *Munich to Heidelberg.*

In my rapid progress through Central Europe, I was obliged to content myself with only a hasty glance at Augsburg, Ulm, and Stuttgart. Augsburg I rambled over by moonlight, Ulm I passed through at mid-day, Stuttgart I roamed about by moonlight, thence by a night diligence and railway in the morning I reached Heidelberg. Travelling has become a very easy matter in these countries.

March, 1847.

### *Heidelberg*

Is charmingly situated, and it is no wonder that it should be so much patronized by English visitors.

After walking over the town, I stopped at the bridge crossing the Neckar, in turn watching the rapid waters below, the heights around, and the castle overhanging the town. Under the influence of such a scene, I verily believe I could have been guilty of perpetrating a romance, even if I had not read James's "Heidelberg."

It was a bright sunny day, and I shall long remember my thoughts over the rapids of the beautiful Neckar.

March, 1847.

*Frankfort to Cologne.*

After spending a day or two at Frankfort, I proceeded to Coblenz, and descended the Rhine to Cologne.

The trip on the Rhine was hardly pleasant. The floating ice impeded our progress; moreover, the cold and damp were real antidotes to the mental charms of castles, towns, and vineyards. It may be from the difference of season at the time of my visit, but, to my mind, the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon is much finer than the far-famed Rhine.

The less that is said of Col6gne perhaps the better, always excepting its wonderful unfinished cathedral. It would require some thousands of bottles of its celebrated excellent manufacture to purify it from its apparent and palpable want of cleanliness.

March, 1847.

*Cologne through Belgium to Ostend.*

I am now getting so near home, and running through a country so familiar to most Englishmen, that I willingly close my rough note-book. I have often closed it before, and felt disposed to consign it to the flames; but after a week or two's neglect, a fresh impulse has induced me to continue it, if only to serve as a document for reference.

March, 1847.

*Ostend to Dover.*

Before daylight I was on board one of those witches of steamers that gambol on that world of waters the sea. When I was last on it, only a few weeks ago, it was raging in the storms of the Euxine; and when I last saw it, it was lifeless, and frozen; but now we are skipping over it with zephyrs around, and sunbeams to gladden us.

Again I saw England's white cliffs, after a trip through many of Europe's most interesting countries, from old Rome to modern Russia. I cannot help feeling sensible of the vast and advantageous difference there is between a book knowledge of people and places, and actual observation. Perhaps there are but few of my preconceived ideas which have not changed in a greater or less degree.

I dare say Englishmen generally experience a great inward joy in reaching England after a foreign sojourn; with myself it is an ecstasy I cannot conceal.

March, 1847.

*A Sunday in Paris.*

It has been a hot day, and Paris has its hot days; not, indeed, a heat of which any one accustomed to India thinks much, but decidedly hot. I made up my mind to spend the day among the churches, and the cemetery.

At the Madeleine high mass was going on, and it was one of the most gorgeous scenes of worship I ever beheld. The sun lit up the whole interior magically.

I placed myself near the entrance, so as to enjoy the coup d'œil. The priests in crimson, gold, and satin robes ; the rising perfumes of the incense ; the charms of melodious voices ; the fine organ ; the crowded masses of people in rainbow hues of fashion ; all this combined to make me imagine that I was witnessing some beautifully arranged spectacle.

Notre Dame brought back past days to my recollection. I walked round its aisles thoughtfully, and perhaps I found a more eloquent sermon on time's flight in the dusty tombs, than the finest human oratory would have afforded.

Notre Dame's Gothic structure insures for it a feeling of religious awe and solemnity which the gay Madeleine utterly lacks.

At Pere-la-Chaise there were a great many visitors. As cities require additional streets for their increasing living inhabitants, so here have been added streets of tombs for the dead, which have greatly increased of late years.

I overheard one of a peasant party saying, " Il y a beaucoup de Cimetières mais il n'y a qu'un Pere-la-Chaise." This is true for its kind, and its vast extent. The French nation shows its character even by its gay cemetery ; but for solemnity, it will bear no comparison whatever with that of the sombre, cypress-shaded Turkish burial-grounds.

June, 1847.

### *The Loire to Nantes.*

I reached Angers in the morning. I saw the ruins of a castle I should have enjoyed rambling over. Its



turreted buttresses and castellated parapets looked very tempting, but I had to join the steamer just starting to descend the Loire to Nantes.

I had looked forward to a pleasure trip, but it blew so hard, and was really so cold and damp, even in this summer month, that it was scarcely enjoyable. There are many points of good scenery, but generally rather of a landscape character, and not of the thrilling kind I somewhat expected. Poets might readily excite their muse on its praise; but, as is often the case, genius may make scenes which others not equally gifted may be unable to realize.

The waters of the Loire were lower than usual, a contrast to their state last year, when they enacted a frightful tragedy on the people, towns, and villages on its banks.

June, 1847.

### *Nantes, and its Cathedral.*

This is a finer city than I expected to find it. It is one of the few French towns which have a living activity about them, and it wears an aspect of prosperity. I spent a few pleasant days there, notwithstanding the boisterous rainy weather.

The cathedral is the chief attraction to the stranger; and although it forms only a part of its original design, it is a fine, massive, Gothic edifice, and contains a few monumental tombs of interest.

The organ is good, and has a peculiar stop, giving out a rich sound like a bass voice. I heard it play the part of a bass voice solo, in a most thrilling and

effective manner ; and when it accompanied recitative, it was almost overpowering.

June, 1847.

*Nantes to Paris.*

I think the land journey on the banks of the Loire very preferable to sailing on it. I vastly enjoyed passing along its fertile valley, with, at this time, fields, gardens, fruit trees, and flowers, all in their summer glory.

I was meditating on all these delights when the malle-poste's galloping horses shyed, and as nearly as possible sent the machine, with all on and within it, over the steep banks into the river below, and this completely turned the current of my thoughts.

After a glimpse at Tours, Blois, and Orleans, I was again in Paris. In few countries does a metropolis bear its own impress so forcibly as Paris. It is, as it were, a city with a country, rather than the city of a country. France has no second city, no miniature of its first in any sense of the word.

June, 1847.

*Amiens and Abbeville Cathedrals.*

It was Sunday when I found myself in the Gothic cathedrals of Amiens and Abbeville. Our old neighbours, the Normans, have bequeathed their exquisite taste in these beautiful edifices, which have braved long centuries of time, and still their solidity and finished beauty are marvellous.

June, 1847.

*Eccentric Character.*

In the railway carriage were two French gentlemen, one of them apparently eccentric.

I always join in a conversation with strangers if I can, for the time is thus spent more agreeably, and I have rarely met any one of any class, of any country, from whom something worth knowing could not be drawn. All who have the opportunity of travel may meet with pages of life of far more real interest than by poring over the pages of volumes, even though illuminated.

The eccentric gentleman presently asked me if I was an Englishman. "Yes," was my answer. Then he said—"You may have travelled, and perhaps have seen Vienna?" Finding I had, he pushed the question to Russia? "Yes," I said, "I was in the south of Russia a few months ago." "Constantinople, Sir?" "Yes." He then snoozed up in the corner, and I thought his questions over; but, in a few minutes, he recommenced in the same style; asking if I had seen Italy, Sicily, Greece, and then Egypt, which he fancied was beyond probability. Finding I had seen it twice, he became uncomfortable and silent; but, after another pause, he added—"Perhaps, Sir, you have visited India?" "Yes," I said; "and resided there some years." This so bewildered his notions, that, after a "Mon Dieu," he was silent until he reached his destination.

It is surprising how little the French are a travel-

ling people, and what strange questions they often ask about places so easily accessible as are almost all parts of the globe in the present day.

Boulogne, June, 1847.

*Gibraltar, Ride into Spain, Spanish Gitána.*

Again I landed at this renowned fortress. I was early ashore, and having previously explored the fortified galleries, I walked at once to the Alameda gardens; but I found them parched by the late burning weather.

Thence I mounted the rock to the old Moorish castle, and remained enjoying the splendid scenery from the African heights to the town of Algeiras opposite, until driven to take shelter from the sun.

Notwithstanding the great heat, I could not resist the opportunity of diving into Spain, and soon procured a horse for myself and one for my guide. Even a week's voyage makes it a treat again to take general exercise, especially in the saddle. My guide was as usual with such persons, loquacious; and many were the tales of smugglers and banditti wherewith he amused me, pointing out ditches, and places whence they had issued to rob and murder defenceless travellers. These tales, even if true, may seem fiction-like when told under a mid-day sun; but I confess, that had I to pass by the same spots after the evening twilight, it would hardly be without apprehension, and even a breeze rustling through the leaves of an aspen, would suggest thoughts of a bullet whizzing from a carbine.

I passed through several villages, of which, poverty

and beggars were the great characteristics. From St. Roque the view is extensive, but the summer sun had so parched every thing, that the fruitful lands looked barren.

As I galloped past two dark complexioned women, I thought I knew the race to which they belonged, from having lately read Borrow's *Zincali*. I asked my guide if they were not Gitánas, and finding that they were, I returned to them. By a small donation, I induced one of them to tell me what "buena ventura" she could discover from the five lines in the palm of my hand. While she held my fingers I scanned their wild countenances. Their dark flashing eyes were almost supernatural; no ivory could equal their white teeth, or ebony their black tresses.

The prophetess gave me, of course, a "rich and beautiful wife," but I suppose by way of shewing her hatred of a Busno (Gentile,) she added "that my first son would ruin me." I was glad of this opportunity of observing so well the features of the Spanish Gitána, and much enjoyed my ride into this smuggling region of Spain.

Gibraltar, July, 1847.

### *Obelisks at Alexandria.*

On my arrival this day, I went to see the two obelisks which are called Cleopatra's Needles. The Hieroglyphics on the one still standing are in excellent preservation; the other, which is for the most part buried in the sand, is said to have been offered to a foreign power. I shall be sorry to hear of its removal, for Egypt has already lost a great portion of the

wonderful relics she had preserved; and it is only the marvellous magnitude of her Theban pillars, her sphinxes, and her pyramids, which has prevented their removal to other lands, where it may be forgotten from whence they came. Egyptian wonders seem to my mind almost, if not quite, out of place in any country, except the one that gave them birth.

August, 1847.

*Mehemet Ali.*

Accidentally, I had an opportunity of seeing this extraordinary man. As his carriage passed, I stopped and gave him a salute, which he gracefully acknowledged. He appeared in excellent health. His carriage was drawn by four fat, lazy horses, and including the outriders, it was a sorry turn out.

I was highly amused at the account a friend gave of his presentation to the royal Pacha last night. Mehemet sat enthroned in a magnificent room under a canopy of crimson and gold, and was in divan with his counsellors. After giving a gorgeous description of the scene, my friend added his own surprise at seeing a "number of cockroaches as large as mice, running and sporting about his highness's feet." This must naturally astonish all who are unaccustomed to the insect pests of this country. I was glad once to have seen his Highness, as, ere long, history will claim all traces of the genius, and his splendid Mausoleum at Cairo, the earthly remains of this remarkable man. I wish he would close his career with some great and good deeds, such as may throw more into shade the

bloody scenes he enacted, while clearing the road to his sway over the land of Egypt.

Alexandria, Aug. 1847.

### *Earthquake and Turkish Bath.*

The subject of general conversation and consternation on our arrival this morning, was the shock of earthquake which occurred a few hours ago; burying about seventy persons in the ruins of old buildings and minarets. I have myself a sickening horror of an earthquake, and of this feeling I have always found every one participate who has once experienced its prostrating influence.

I went to the Turkish Bath, and there submitted to all due scourings, soapings, &c. after the Turkish fashion. I was then parboiled in a large stone bath, very similar in shape, size, and appearance to the old stone sarcophagi of the Roman time. While in this bath I could not help imagining the possibility of another shock of earthquake crumbling the building around, and the dome over me; and thus in a moment making the bath my coffin, and my grave! These thoughts vanished, when I found myself reclining in a cool divan, refreshing myself with the fumes of excellent tobacco, and imbibing sundry cups of Arabian coffee.

Cairo, Aug. 1847.

### *Scorpion.*

The trip from Alexandria on the Mahmoudéh canal and the Nile at this season of the year is most disa-

greeably hot ; and one of the first blessings travellers look forward to on arrival at Cairo is a bath. A lady of our party was enjoying this luxury, when she had the misfortune to be stung in the foot by a scorpion ; indeed the venom was so seriously lodged that the pain caused her to swoon, and some day or two were necessary to reduce the inflammation.

It is no joke to meet with these creatures so unexpectedly, and I intend looking about me more cautiously than I have hitherto done, in order that I may manage to have the first blow on any such enemies which may be lurking about.

Cairo, Aug. 1847.

### *Van Trip across the Desert.*

This is not my first van trip across the desert from Cairo ; a party of us arrived this morning after by no means a disagreeable journey, excepting as to the heat which was, of course, great in this summer month. The track has been much improved of late by labourers having been employed to clear away many of the large stones ; these caused painful jerking to the passengers, especially in dark nights when they could not be seen to be avoided.

The vans are cart-like, on springs and one pair of high wheels. They are drawn by four horses, and carry six persons. When the horses are not over-worked they go along at a good merry pace.

The vans, the stations, and the whole overland arrangements are admirable, when the sterility of the whole distance and district of Suez is considered, and I do not think that we passengers sufficiently appre-



ciate the getting over the isthmus so commodiously; it is a saving of health, and it may be of life also to many of us in this hot season, not to be exposed as we must be by any other mode of transit.

Suez, Aug. 1847.

### *Phosphoric Sparks.*

At four o'clock this morning, I looked out as our fine ship went through the straits of Babelmandeb.

It was a grand sight. The stars still shone brightly in the deep blue sky above, while their brilliancy was reflected in the deep blue sea below, and every wave was lit up with phosphorescence. As we dashed rapidly through these narrow straits, the effect was an illumination around us, the spray from the bows and paddle wheels throwing off thousands of gilded sparks. Often have I seen this beautiful phosphorescence, but I do not recollect ever seeing it so luminous as on this occasion.

Straits of Babelmandeb, Aug. 1847.

### *Night at Sea.*

The wind and sea had been rising, and the sun looked angry as he retired behind a ridge of dark clouds, throwing a fiery glow over the waters of our foaming horizon. The evening song and dance were gone, and instead of light feet tripping, and soft strains echoing as usual, our deck was desert-like; none but those on duty paced there, except, perhaps, one or two amongst us more melancholy than the rest who could find some sympathy for their own restless spirits in the troubled winds and waters around.

Human skill enabled us to face the storm, and in a large steamer it is a magnificent sight, to watch her pursue her course proudly against all opposition ; but the noise from the stupendous works within, coupled with the roarings, whistlings, rushings of winds and waters without, is an overpowering babel. At midnight I retired feeling squeamish, but unluckily, my port was not closed, and just as I was dozing I got a briny sprinkling, which obliged me to change my night gear. I then barricaded the venetians, as I thought, effectually, and was soon in a dream, when a sea struck my side of the ship, which smashed away all opposition and so deluged me, that I rushed out as from a bath, leaving my floating boxes and traps to take care of themselves.

Off the Socotras, Aug. 1847.

### *Surf.*

We arrived in the evergreen harbour of Galle last night, where the swell and surf were so tremendous, that we had much difficulty in landing. The swell was supposed to be about twelve feet from the level of the sea, making twenty-four feet from the highest to the lowest points to which the waters rose, and receded. The little canoes, with horizontal outriggers are very safe ; I much enjoyed being carried up to the surfy top of a wave, and then hurled down to the lowest depths below : nevertheless, I was glad to get back safely to the ship, and see her get well through the narrow, rocky entrance of this romantic harbour.

Point de Galle, Aug. 1847.

*English Wedding.*

Amongst our passengers are several ladies, some with their lately married husbands, some going out to their husbands, others, soon to be married, and one or two who, probably, only await the first desirable opportunity to enter into that happy state. They made our party the more agreeable, by the song and the dance they were so well able and willing to promote. Most evenings, we whiled away the hours by the joyous pastime of one or the other. One of these ladies I knew was soon to be married, but I was quite taken by surprise to hear that in the morning, only a few hours after landing, her lover was to lead her to the altar. She was such a singing, obliging little wee-thing, that others as well as myself did not fail to be at the church to hear her vows; and afterwards, to wish her long years of happiness with her loving husband.

Point de Galle, Aug. 1847.

*Whales.*

This evening, while on the paddle box, I saw the spouting of several whales of the sperm kind. They do not throw out a stream vertically, as the common whale, but like a water-pot, spout forth the water in a sort of spray.

At Sea, Bay of Bengal, Aug. 1847.

*Funeral Pile.*

Last night, near midnight, with two friends, I visit-

ed the place where the Hindoos of Calcutta burn their dead. I had been there previously, but being then frightened away by sights and smells, I wished if possible to take a more deliberate survey on this occasion.

The spot is enclosed within high brick walls on three sides, having the remaining side open fronting the river.

The extent of the area is about seventy yards by thirty. Vultures and adjutants were roosting on the walls, and I counted six dogs and several pigs within. All these, as well as the people in charge of the place, seemed surprised to see three Europeans walk in at such a time.

The fire from the last burning had just gone out, and a little too soon, for the skull of the burnt body was not carbonized, and the dogs had evidently been feasting on sundry other remnants.

We looked round, and saw what we thought to be a sleeping person on the raised mound in the centre, but it was the corpse of a woman, and men were gone to fetch wood for the pile.

The presence of death made us, as it should every one, thoughtful, for it is one of humanity's most humbling lessons. We stood round, and resolved to wait and see the whole of this Hindoo custom.

The men were some time fetching the wood, and we employed the interval in looking about us. As we stood on the mound of human ashes, probably of human thousands or tens of thousands, I felt deeply serious. One of our party felt the wrist, and closed one of the eyes of the body, which was not yet stiff,

so lately had the spirit left it, and he then called audibly to mind sundry passages from the "Siege of Corinth," such as the following:—

"But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,  
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there," &c.

At length the wood came; the men employed for the purpose then slightly hoed up a small spot in the ashes, and constructed the pyre by laying pieces of wood at right angles, alternately adding a few dry rushes.

The brother of the deceased now arrived, with a Brahmin priest of the sect to which he belonged. The poor man had brought a little rice, and fetched water in an earthen vessel from the holy stream.

The priest then repeated distinctly what struck me as the names of some of their numberless deities, and these were responded to by the brother, who was mixing some compound at the same time.

This finished, the body was raised, the water from the earthen vessel was poured on it from the head downwards, and it was then put on the pile with the legs crimped up. A few pieces of wood were then placed on it. The brother put some of the compound before-named to the mouth, and the remainder under the left arm.

Thus the arrangements were completed; and the men gave the brother some lighted rushes, with which he set fire to the pile immediately under the head of the body.

We stood round ; the fire caught the wood, and the flames at this midnight hour lit up the living and the dead with an awful glare. The grilling fumes awoke the carrion birds on the walls ; they flapped their wings ; dogs came in stealthily ; hungry swine approached, grunting ; the wood crackled, and the body was half burned ere we left a place we shall probably never allow our curiosity to lead us to revisit.

The poor mourner stood like a statue ; he looked so absorbed in grief as not to be aware of our presence. Poor fellow, we sympathized with him.

Calcutta, Sept. 1847.

### *Bay of Bengal.*

I left the city of palaces three days ago, in a little steamer bound for sundry ports on the eastern coast of the bay.

The weather has been fine, the sea calm as a lake ; the wind almost breathless, so that the heat renders the day uncomfortable.

Early this morning, as I looked upon the sea, I thought of the Mediterranean, on which I so often voyaged last year. I then enjoyed an horizon of blue waters ; these waters are blue also, and the rising sun is even more beautiful here than there. Last night there was a bright, starry firmament above me, as bright probably as I have seen under an Italian sky ; but the spirit on the face of these waters is not the same ; here there is nothing which lights up the imagination, the feelings, and the soul ; in fact, we all seem touched with an apathy, which, if we were Moslems, would rank us high among the faithful.

There is, however, one exception to the apathetic dreaminess which haunts us, in a group of passengers I shall now notice.

*Murderers.*

In our small steamer is a party of eleven convicts proceeding on their sentence of transportation for life beyond seas. While looking down on them, I read a description of them, including their own names, their fathers' names, their religion, and their crimes. Their crimes made my blood almost curdle; for all of them are murderers, except two who were accomplices in the same crime.

Several of them have vile physiognomies; all have their crimes tattooed on their foreheads.

I confess that to have seen them hanging on the yard-arms of our ship would have given me satisfaction rather than otherwise; and I wondered why they had not been hanged on conviction; but I learned that this transportation for life beyond seas is considered a far heavier punishment for them. Better judges than I am of human nature may come to a belief that it is so, but for my part I would have had them hanged to a certainty.

They appear supplied with all their customary food, and to suffer no inconvenience whatever, beyond links of iron on their legs to cripple their locomotion.

I have just taken another quiet half-hour's look at these villains. In all of them there seems to be a dreadful indifference to their position. They eat, they drink, they smoke, they bathe, they sleep as perfectly at their ease as though they were intended to be preserved

in good condition for some good purpose. Charity, without her proper attribute, justice, is here exemplified; and I verily believe, that were merciful forgiveness and freedom now given them, it would only be sending them back to be again guilty of the same fiendish crimes for which they now receive so little punishment.

Bay of Bengal, Oct. 1847.

### *Akyab Harbour.*

We entered the land-locked harbour this evening, after a few days' voyaging in the Bay of Bengal, without a ripple upon it.

It is a very large one, with a narrow rocky entrance. On one side is the town and station of Akyab, on the other are hills covered with heavy tree jungle.

We landed, and I was agreeably surprised to find the station so comfortable in appearance, especially as I intend remaining here several months.

The rains have nearly subsided, and with them some of the danger of the Arracan fever, so well known and dreaded. Few can live through many seasons without paying life's penalty, or a heavy fine on the constitution.

Oct. 1847.

### *A Native Fight.*

Whilst I was paying a visit this morning, a great row was brewing in the main street. The natives were running to and fro, collecting bamboos for a fight amongst themselves. They became so violently noisy, that, with a friend, I went out to watch the proceed-



ings. The fight had begun. They ran towards each other, whooping, and set to in good earnest. One fellow was felled as we came up, and some half dozen were literally killing him. We rushed in, got him raised with his bleeding head, and probably saved the man's life, and prevented a murder.

With their bamboo weapons I scarcely thought the fight could result in more than administering a sound thrashing to each other, which might do both parties good.

Akyab, Oct. 1847.

### *Jungle and Phoongee House.*

This morning, in a small schooner, I sailed up the harbour to the mouth of a creek, where I took to a small boat for the purpose of seeing the villages which lie about the many intersections of the river-navigation of these parts. For four hours we rowed up in one direction, down in another, and round in another, on what may be called a large river.

This is the first time that I have been in jungle, which here comes down not only to the water's edge, but considerably into it. The foliage of the mangrove is most luxuriant. Much of the jungle here is what is termed "tree jungle," and very properly so, for amongst it is timber of a good size.

It was hot, and scarcely a breath of wind moved upon the river, which, at full tide, with the burning sun shining upon it, was still to solemnity.

We met many canoes proceeding in various directions; indeed these rivers form the high-roads of the natives, who never think of a journey on foot, and

they, consequently, manage their canoes very dexterously.

I got out at one village, at a short distance from some wooded hills, and went into a phoongee (or priest's) house, of which most villages contain one at least.

As soon as I entered this place from curiosity, the entrance was crowded by villagers, anxious to see an European, as an equal matter of curiosity to them.

Within a wooden railing were a number of Bhuddhist images, and on one low stand I counted thirty at least, big and little, marble and wooden. There were a great many ornamented cases, surmounted respectively with images, and each containing copies of their scriptures, cleverly written or engraved with an iron-pointed pen on the dried palm leaf.

In this Phoongee-house were a variety of flags and devices, &c. which the people believe are effectual in scaring away the nats (fairies), which they believe to inhabit their woods, plains, rivers, indeed every thing, for this is their great superstition.

Unlike the Brahmins, the Phoongees make no scruple of allowing strangers to enter these houses. While I was within, a large dog I had with me rushed up the steps, and so scampered about the place that I expected to see him tumble over the whole of the images.

I purchased some copies of their scriptures from a young Phoongee, who took the silver from me on his yellow garment (priest's colour), and thus avoided any actual contact with a stranger to his creed.

The great heat probably kept the noisy tenants of

the jungle quiet ; but we saw very few birds, and only a monkey or two during the day.

Akyab, Oct. 1847.

### *Akyab Jail.*

There are between five and six hundred convicts in this jail undergoing sentence of " transportation for life across the seas," and are all sent from the Bengal presidency.

These convicts are chiefly guilty of, or accomplices in, murder, under a great variety of forms. There are revengeful murderers, thievish murderers, and murderers by profession, such as thugs and poisoners. What a company ! they often pass my bungalow as they go to their labour. Probably a larger company of horrible criminals is not assembled together on the face of the earth ; indeed, the very contemplation of their aggregate crimes forms so dreadful a picture, that the mind is appalled, and turns from it horror-stricken.

In a conversation with the surgeon who has medical charge of them, I heard a favourable report of their general behaviour. To some, however, the punishment is intolerable ; and a late instance occurred, when one of them killed a jailer for the avowed purpose of getting hanged. In this he was not disappointed, for he was at once hanged.

Akyab, Oct. 1847.

### *Alligator, and Indian River Scene.*

I was one of a party of three, and we sailed across the harbour up one of the many rivers connected with it.

We left the schooner to land in a small boat ; and thinking it probable that we might meet with game of some sort, we loaded our guns to be in readiness.

A fine favourite dog we had with us jumped out of the boat for a swim, when forthwith an alligator rose twice a few yards from us. Five barrels were pointed at him, but unfortunately our anxiety in calling to the dog, alarmed him so much that he would not let us see him again. Our guns would have put his eyes out, but any other injury would have been impossible through his scaly slimy coating.

This alligator was one of the worst species. For some time we were kept in great fear for the dog, and I have no doubt it was the plunge he made from the boat which brought the hideous beast from his muddy haunt to show his horrid snub-nosed head so close to us.

We landed near a pagoda, and were walking on towards it, when one of our party shouted " Snake ! snake !" ran up a rock, and shot him dead. We laid the snake out at full length, and, by a rule measure with us, found him to be six feet and three quarters long.

We climbed to the pagoda, from whence we had a fine view, bounded by the mountains which separate Burmese from British territory, in the distance ; with a nearer prospect of large patches of cultivated rice-lands, with their villages ; all interlaced with rivers and creeks, and rendered here and there romantic by neighbouring hills, covered with dense jungle in leafy luxuriance, and sundry white pagodas rising among them.

On our return, we found that our dead snake had been taken away by the natives, who eat them. I sent one of the boatmen to bring it back, and was glad that it was not yet cut up and cooking; though I have no doubt whatever their impression was, that we intended ourselves to eat the reptile.

The almost naked natives who came to look at us, the enormous buffaloes, called tame to be sure, but to us strangers looking fiercely between their immense horns; the parroquets chattering around; the dead snake; the living alligator, and the reptilish river we sailed on, made it as strange a scene as it was interesting to European eyes and notions of things.

Akyab, Oct. 1847.

### *Another River Excursion.*

With a friend I started on an excursion up one of the rivers, much farther into the interior.

At night we anchored off a village, and our arrival was the signal for a general commotion among the pariah dogs. They set up such a woful abominable howling, that one would have thought we had broken the limbs of every one of them, whereas we could not see even their shadows.

A dense fog shrouded us in the morning, till the sun had well risen, when we went ashore, taking our guns with us. Two years ago, this whole village was kept at bay by a couple of tigers, who chose to take up their quarters close to it; and I did not feel quite comfortable walking in thick high grass, simply prepared for snipe. Here and there I fancied I could see the lair of the "forest lord," and it would not have

astonished me to have found myself disturbing one. Had I done so, I know who would have been the most alarmed ; his striped tawny hide would have been enough for me to catch a glimpse of, until I could return with others, equipped for a rencontre with him.

We found some pretty shooting, and got back duly to our little schooner.

Akyab, Oct. 1847.

### *Fever.*

Within the last ten days, I have seen what fevers are in this province of India. One of my companions in my river excursions, three days after our last trip together, was suddenly seized. Probably the fog he had inhaled was charged with the surrounding malaria poison ; anywise, suddenly a burning head and galloping pulse came on, requiring emetics, leeching, and dosing. Ten days of starvation have now gone by, and, thanks to the vigour of a strong European constitution, the fever dart has not been mortal.

It has been otherwise with an intelligent native I brought with me from Bengal not a month ago. He was burning with fever, and I did what I could for him, but yesterday morning I saw he was sinking, and that the fever was devouring him. I stood by him ; could do nothing more for him. His brother grieved over him, and I grieved too that he should have come with me ; but he was dying, and I have just seen his body carried out to be burnt, according to the rites of his brahminical faith. This occurrence has been very painful to me.

Akyab, Nov. 1847.

*Choosing a Burial-place.*

This morning I visited the cemetery, a square-walled enclosure near my bungalow.

I walked round it, and fixed upon the spot (if not previously occupied) where I should wish to be buried, in case of my decease at this station, and have given directions accordingly.

The spot I have selected is under a tree in a sheltered corner. Little as it can matter what becomes of our lifeless clay, yet I prefer to think that mine will lie out of the glare of the fierce sun in this quiet nook, and I have brought away a twig of the sheltering tree.

I often walk into this little burial-ground, to think of the past, the present, and the future. Meditations among tombs are useful, particularly here, where our Protestant church has no minister to perform his office "between the living and the dead."

Akyab, Nov. 1847.

*Bengalee Minstrel.*

India sends out her minstrels from Bengal, as once the south of France did from its Provence.

I wish I was skilful enough with my pencil to sketch a wandering minstrel who has paid me several visits. He is now before me, with nothing but a scanty coarse cloth round his loins, and a ragged wallet over his shoulders. His head is bare, and poverty has thinned his bony frame. He is old for an Indian, but withal there is a cheerful contentedness observable in his countenance.

He has a small kind of guitar with four strings, and is singing to it as wild and strange music as could well be listened to; it is not unpleasant, but savours of the usual Indian flat monotony.

I tempted the old man unsuccessfully to sell his guitar, but I was glad to find that in his poverty he would not do so, and that he prized it far above its value. I blamed myself afterwards for this unromantic attempt to possess the friend of the wandering minstrel out of mere curiosity.

Akyab, Nov. 1847.

### *Marriage.*

Marriage is here bound by no contract beyond mutual consent, and lasts just so long as such a consent continues. Nevertheless, as woman holds her proper position better here than she is allowed to do in Hindostan, the matrimonial bond is not less stringent generally than where marriage is made a matter of ceremony among eastern nations.

There is existing here what would be in England called a great looseness of manners. Native women frequently become the mistresses of Europeans; and it is unquestionably considered a marriage contract by them, which they as well know is to be thrown off at any time.

Faithfulness is a prevailing trait with them; and this morning I had an affecting instance of it presented in the case of a so-called husband who was leaving the province, the steamer being about to sail. The poor girl placed herself under the shadow



of a tree, she sobbed, tore her hair, and expressed grief such as the gaze of strangers could not repress.

I supposed it sincere, and felt sorrow that she should feel so much of the sufferings of widowhood.

The whole scene was truly Oriental.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Court-House.*

The court-house is a large bamboo bungalow, with a few pekul and cocoa-nut trees about it.

It is here that I would bring an European foreigner to astonish him with British dominion in India.

In an unhealthy region, far away from the charms of society, is a young judge seated on the bench, his ears familiar with three or four Oriental languages now being spoken before him by a motley crowd of natives,—Hindoos, Mussulmen, and Bhuddhists,—all anxiously watching him. He is administering justice,—such justice as their forefathers never dreamt of,—justice not warped by bribery, or biassed by partiality, but grounded on the same broad principles which govern the relations between man and man in our own favoured land. It is an imposing sight; one to be rejoiced in.

The sword has its honourable service, and its glory; but here is a permanent actual blessing, and a change such as perhaps no other conquered people ever obtained or conquerors bestowed. It is “mercy twice blessed.”

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

*Distant Storm.*

It was sultry during the evening, and a storm was in the distance. The hills were illuminated with splendid sheet and forked lightning. It came near enough to dart and flicker the beautiful blue, golden, and blazing electric fluid all round us. Over one hill in particular, we were much attracted by the dark crimson flashes continually springing as it were from the summit of the hill itself. We thought some volcanic eruption must have forced its way through the earth's surface; knowing, as we do, that the crust of the earth about this part of the coast is of a volcanic nature, and flames still issue in places occasionally.

Akyab, Nov. 1847.

*Snakes, and Indian Snake-Charmers.*

I have this morning had an exhibition of living snakes at the door of my bungalow, numerous enough to provide a fair store for the shelves of a museum, had they been bottled.

I requested them to be all let out before me; and such a coiling lot of venomous creatures I never beheld. I kept a sharp look-out lest any of them should glide underneath my bamboo dwelling.

Three wild-looking Indians and a boy kept up a loud, strange, monotonous chant, while they pulled them about to enliven their dancing, and to excite them to spring at them. I counted five cobra capellas, among them two of very great size, much larger than any I ever saw living. Of course their venom fangs

were extracted, yet I observed that the men took great care to avoid being bitten, and they had good reason to do so. I induced them to force one to open his mouth, and therein I saw teeth enough to inflict a serious wound.

One marvels why the hooded cobra, the rattlesnake, and others, should be endowed with the privilege of poison beyond the rest of their kind.

In the garden of a neighbour, a few days ago, a very large cobra at bay kept several natives in fear ; and before he was killed, I am told his hissing fierce rush at them was ample cause for their alarm. I hunted through the garden afterwards, hoping to find his partner (snakes go about in couples), but without success. I only put up one small snake, which escaped.

This station is not so much infested as many in India are with snakes ; still they are common enough. A short time ago, one measuring six feet was killed a few yards from my gate ; and a few evenings since, a neighbouring friend killed, under the sofa in his sitting-room, a carpet-snake ; this is one of the most rapidly fatal species known.

Lately, as I sat at dinner, one of the servants shouted out that he was bitten. I was preparing to dose him with eau-de-luce (our best remedy), but on searching for the supposed reptile, we found it was only a centipede.

I confess to an indescribable enmity to the whole kind, beautiful as many of them undoubtedly are.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

*An Evening Stroll amongst Bhuddhism.*

With a party I started to visit some of the Bhuddhist phoongée, or priests' houses in this town.

On our way we heard drums beating, and went to see what was going on. It was at a poor bamboo hut, where one of the inmates was sick with fever, and a woman possessed, (in fact, a witch, in public estimation,) was performing an incantation to effect a recovery.

This was taking place at the entrance, and a small raised receptacle contained a variety of strange fantastic offerings, made to Gaudama, before which the hag was dancing to the wild music of four vehement drummers and a shrill pipe. We went close to the sorceress, and she repeated her dancing and gesticulations, pointing, and coming up to us, as though she expected to draw some of her faculties from the foreign strangers.

This exhibition to the thoughtful is melancholy ; but I do not forget, that, not very long since, our own European Christendom disgraced its profession by almost similar belief in the efficacy of such unhallowed means. This superstition finds its chief supporters among the lowest classes of the people ; for the better informed affect to disbelieve it.

We then entered an enclosure, where the body of a phoongée, embalmed, lay in state, as it has done for several weeks, and will continue to do for three months longer.

The body, after embalming, is carefully enveloped

in wax, except the head, and a worked crimson silk coverlet is thrown over it, while the face is gilded.

It is placed on an ornamental frame-work of wood, ten feet high, and its shape reminded me of some of the fine old monuments which adorn the Christian churches of the middle ages ; but covered with gaudy colouring, glittering glass, and tinselling. At its base, at each corner, are figures, as angel-like as Burmese artists can make them, and the whole is surmounted by a canopy resembling that which is borne over the priests who carry the Host in Roman Catholic processions.

A grand ceremony will take place at the burning of this body, which I hope I may have an opportunity of witnessing.

Close by this gay exhibition of the dead was a coloured picture on cotton cloth, representing a strange, horrible medley of the future punishments of the damned, forming altogether a hellish panorama. I hope to succeed in procuring a few of these representations of their future, as being of interest, to show what sort of hopes and fears exist in the minds of the people.

Near this enclosure are several pagodas huddled together, the work of some devotee.

We afterwards entered a Phoongee house, and induced the priest to show us its contents by torchlight. A great number of carved wooden cabinets were placed around, containing copies of Bhuddhist Scriptures, some of them being elaborately carved and handsomely gilded, and all surmounted by marble images. There were a few more pictures of future bliss and woe, and

the priests seemed pleased that they should attract our notice. Many of them, particularly the hideous ones of the latter sort, bear a similarity in design to the old frescoes of Europe's dark ages.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Wells.*

The wells in little retired spots, sheltered by the leafy palm and banana, and the deep foliage of the mangoe and other trees, are the favourite resorts of the women, who fill their pitchers there, and talk over the news of their little spheres. Maidens and their lovers also make these their rendezvous to pour out sympathetic vows. There is nothing novel in this, it is as old as the days of the Patriarchs.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Heroic Tale.*

The following heroic little incident is worth noting, it was told me by one of the two officers in charge of a detachment sent to destroy a few villages belonging to the hill tribes, who had committed depredations on others under our protection.

They came to a stockade, took it, and drove the besieged to their last little stronghold.

This stockade is on an acclivity, and the little citadel is connected with it by a flying wooden bridge. The hero of the tale led on a few Sepoys and followers armed with spears; an affrighted little girl came in the way, the spear of an armed follower was uplifted, and, in a moment more, the innocent infant life of the child would have been sacrificed. The officer caught

her up in his arms, held her; still led on, and was on the little bridge, when the men he led entreated him to stop, for they expected a whizzing bullet would have felled him. A moment's pause ensued; he still held the girl; happily bloodshed was stayed, and he had saved the grandchild of a wild mountain chief, who had never seen an European before.

I am indebted for this heroic tale, not to my friend the man himself; no, he does not appear to be aware that he has done any thing so touchingly beautiful, but to his companion, who saw it, and is anxious that it should not be forgotten.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Wild Chief's Tears.*

A stockade had been taken, and the chief brought to terms. He was then compelled to point out the pathways of his hilly country. This he did, and was permitted to return, when he sat down and cried with affliction. The prospect of returning to his tribe and family, amongst whom war had left its bloody traces, overpowered him altogether for a time.

I am told that he was a picture of sorrow few could endure to look upon without emotion.

No doubt both he and his tribe had met with their just deserts; but can any one withhold a little sympathy for this wild chief, who had never looked on an European opponent before, and whose notions of right and wrong might be somewhat ill-defined?

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

*Races.*

Some fun and frolic with races among the natives have enlivened the dull spirits of our circle of residents at this eastern station.

There have been two meetings for a couple of hours, about sunset, and a more singular gathering together of natives it would be difficult to imagine.

They are more famous here for ponies than for riders, and a large supply of the ridiculous gave us our sport.

Foot races, wrestling, football, and leaping filled up the intervals of the jockeyship.

To-day a hill chief and attendants came to look on. He is one of those who have lately been brought to terms by the detachment sent against them. Every thing was strange to him, and no wonder ; for it is only within a week or two that he has ever beheld an European, and he has scarcely ever descended from his mountain fastness into the plains.

He smoked cheroots, and seemed honoured by our taking a light from him.

He wore a sort of tartan scarf, and those that were with him had on their thick calicoes ; indeed it was as well that they had, for the mode in which they often go about in the hills does not even prove their relationship to Adam and Eve's fallen state.

The chief had a long top-knot of birds' black tails, giving a very grotesque appearance to his serious, thoughtful countenance.

To us the sight of such a stranger to the wide and busy world is robbed of much of its singularity by our



reading, but to him we must be a great and puzzling novelty.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

*Journal of an Excursion to the British Frontier  
and Old Arracan.*

At two o'clock we set sail. The tide favoured us, but a strong head-wind kept the crew continually at work to tack about our handy schooner, a very capital flat-bottomed craft of about fifty tons, well found in every respect, with excellent cabin accommodation for our small party of three. One of our trio took care that although European comforts are not attainable in the wild region we were going to, there should be no lack of them on board our vessel. We enjoyed the time, and passed it jovially. At night we came to anchor.

Jan. 17. At daybreak I was on the poop. It blew great guns; the river was as billowy as the sea in a smart breeze, while the cold was greater than I expected, and my pilot coat became welcome and necessary.

We passed along in good style. Close to the banks on one side was a long undulating ridge of rocks, covered with foliage and tree jungle, which the sun beams made fine and picturesque. Before noon, tide and wind had failed us, and two of us went on shore. We took the precaution to load some of our guns with ball, for any accidental game of a dangerous kind, and hoped we might at least find some wild fowl; but in both respects we were disappointed.

Just at starting, an alligator was pointed out to us, basking on the muddy bank. He was some two hundred yards off, and I had doubts of its being one, till one of our party took aim with his rifle, and hit him about the forearm, when the monster reared up, opened his great jaws, exhibiting his slimy head, body and tail to full view, and dashed into the river. We considered him from eighteen to twenty feet long.

It was a heavenly moonlight night, and a deep stillness prevailed around, till presently we heard a gruff sound near the bank we were approaching; we heard it again and again, and ascertained that it was a male tiger prowling about for love or prey. Some dogs in the distance caught the forest lord's voice, and yelped in alarm. I watched the water's edge, hoping his shadow would have shown me whereabouts to level a bullet at him.

We were now approaching fine scenery, illumined by the moon. I was forcibly reminded of Sicily by our hilly prospect.

Jan. 18. I was early on deck, but all was enveloped in a thick mist; soon a delicious breeze sprang up and chased away the shroud which enclosed us, bringing in a blaze of light, and gilding beautiful romantic scenery.

Wind failing us, at mid-day we came to anchor. The sun was very hot, the breeze hushed, and the river a dead calm. One of our party spied an alligator within shot; two balls were fired at him, both took effect; he reared up, and with a plunge got into the river again. We then took to our boat, rowed on, and within a quarter of a mile found capital alligator

sport. Several were near enough for ball practice; some basked on the banks, others swam on the surface; but I am inclined to think the latter were those we had wounded on the banks. One small one, about six or seven feet long, lay within twenty yards of us, and we came unexpectedly upon him. I sent a bullet, in my opinion, right through him, for he plunged into the river, but was obliged to come up again, when I gave him another; and I have no doubt we should have bagged him, had we waited a little longer. I shot at another, and was kept in dreadful suspense for a second or two, for the ball grazed the alligator's head, and was turned towards a canoe, full of people: fortunately it did not do any mischief. I lost a shot at another, by a snake rising at my side as I was taking aim. Alligators are not so timid as I had imagined, for a noisy boat race was proceeding on the opposite side of the river at the very time we were battering them on this.

We neared a high rock, beautifully wooded, with tinted foliage equal to that of the Wye in autumn. The top was surmounted by a pagoda. An artist would have been enchanted with such a scene for his pencil.

Jan. 19. To-day we have progressed but slowly, and our course was tortuous, winding through heavy jungle, which grows luxuriantly from the water's edge up to the tops of the loftiest hills. At times I was reminded of the Rhone, where the vine clothes the neighbouring heights, which here are crested with impervious bamboo.

We now reached the scantily peopled hill country,

and having landed near a village, we made our way through high reeds into a little tobacco plot, where a man and wife were at work. They are certainly as little inconvenienced by clothing as need be conceived ; and their dwelling is about the most simple of all human tenements, consisting merely of an elevated perch, made of bamboo and reeds, about eight feet by six, and only high enough to sit in.

We have seen many of these hill people in their canoes, and some of them were so timid as to run up a creek out of sight of us, if possible.

No game of any sort has come in our way to-day, not even an alligator ; so we passed our time reading, talking, and admiring this scenery, which was new to us, and which few living travellers have visited.

One regrets that such a fruitful soil should have no population to put it to the prolific uses for which nature has adapted it.

The fresh northern wind coming down from mountainous heights has already invigorated our constitutions and spirits.

We came to anchor as the moon rose, and landed at a village where most of the people were curious to see us. A fire was burning, around which many of them squatted : we joined them, lighted our cheroots, and chatted with them, through our interpreters, about all sorts of things. We called for the children, and then the company swelled to about forty persons, and probably few stranger groups could be got together.

These people might live in greater comfort if they chose, but indolence and ignorance reign to a degree among them which is surprising. They do not possess

a net, although they live on the banks of a river abounding with fish ; not a fowl is kept among their twenty huts ; and not one could either write or read. They seem indeed to appreciate the full spirit of the old lines,

“ Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.”

Their trade consists in felling bamboos, which they send down in large rafts to Akyab. They sent us a present of some sugar-cane, which we valued as the gift of poverty.

We wanted ducks, and they sold us the only one they had, but we returned it. Simplicity and honesty are realities with them ; but these qualities, however admirable, are no excuse for their indigence.

Jan. 20. At daybreak we arrived at one of the objects of our visit, viz. the frontier guard of the British possessions in this direction, where my friend inspected the small company of sepoy and police stationed at this stockade. There was an air of comfort about them to be seen no where else. We walked into the neighbouring forest as far as we could, then returned to the schooner, and set sail on our way back to another river branch.

The breeze freshened, and we had a good run with and against tide the whole day. I remained on deck enjoying the beautiful scenery.

The only game we saw during the day were alligators. These are so numerous in this river, the “ Kooladyne,” that wherever a few people collect their huts, they enclose a small bamboo fence against them, for

they evidently fear being carried off when they fetch water from the river. Shortly before sunset we passed near a mud bank in the river, where six of these reptiles were basking together in the sun, including one, a huge monster ! which our boatmen took for an old canoe. We approached noiselessly, and in a volley fired five balls among them ; it was a strange and hideous sight to see them all thrown into dismay ; one I shall never forget. All of them got into the river at once, except one that appeared hurt and unable to do so. I jumped into the jolly boat, and went off to see if he was killed, and if so, to get him into the boat. To ascertain this I fired, but missed him. He was not dead, but crawled along towards me and got into the river. Another alligator, apparently dead, came floating down ; and I suspect our late ball practice will have done enough to several to send them down in the same plight.

Jan. 21. Before daybreak I was on deck. Our horizon was becoming lighter and lighter. The west still glowed with the silvery moon, till at length the sun peeped over from behind distant heights, and dispelled night and her queen by his more brilliant rays. Nothing worth notice occurred during the day, and towards evening we turned into a creek, where the banks were lined with the wild palm, a very reptilish looking haunt. We were getting short of live stock, and some of the servants were ordered to go off to the nearest village for poultry ; but night had come on, and they were so much afraid of meeting tigers, that we went with them armed, but we were not fortunate enough to fall in with any thing of the sort.

Our progress was very slow; and although we were only a few miles from Old Arracan, it took us two tides to reach it. Numerous villages line the banks on the approach, and the novelty of ourselves and our schooner brought out nearly every member of every family to look at us.

The tide had not risen sufficiently to get the schooner up, so that we decided on losing no time, and proceeded in our boat. The heat, even at this season, is much greater than I expected; and I can readily believe it to be as dangerous at all times as it is reported to be to all who are exposed to it.

*Jan. 22.* We landed below a rocky mount, on which were five pagodas. In a few minutes we were among them, and found their position most enchanting. Two or three large gilded images of Gaudama were in niches, within the pagodas, and around them were sheds for the believers to sit and meditate in.

These pagodas are of ancient date. At the corners of two of them are large ugly things like sphinxes, which remind one of Egypt; but the square bases and the annular tapering of the structure is Indian.

The scenery from this mount is strikingly picturesque. Pagodas crown the tops of most of the neighbouring hills and hillocks; the back-ground is formed of wooded and verdant hills; the far distant horizon is blue mountain; while below, and around, beautiful trees and vegetation luxuriate as in a hot-bed. Perhaps there are few such rich scenes as this water intersected place, connected as it is by rude wooden bridges, as primitive as the earliest sons of Adam would have adopted.

We stopped some time at this choice spot, while a delicious breeze ruffled the leaves of the pekul tree, and helped to stimulate the imagination. Before descending, we heard quite a commotion in the town below; dogs barked, parrots screamed, drums beat, gongs and pipes joined in making up an indescribable confusion of sounds. On our way into the town, we found it was caused by a funeral, and we met the procession en route for the pyre. A gay coffin, and gaily canopied, was borne along, resting every now and then, for a fresh burst of music, and dancing to take place round it.

We walked through the town, looking at the ruins of former days, forming, as they do, so great a contrast to the frail bamboo dwellings of the present time. Vegetation almost disputes the soil with the inhabitants; and, in many places, a jungle of pine-apples runs up the rock-like ruins. Most of the streets are paved with stone and brick taken from old pagodas.

The walls and old fortifications are very distinct on close inspection. I climbed up a high sort of breast-work, where I found stone masonry four feet and a half thick. Although it is only twenty-three years since British troops dismantled these fortifications, they are so overgrown with vegetation, that unless by walking and climbing among them, they would scarcely be discernible.

We had next to visit the chief attraction to the stranger, viz. the "Temple of the Eighty Thousand Gods." We took guides and candles with us, and soon reached it. It is situated about a mile from the



town, and evidently the approach to it was once very fine.

This temple is the most extraordinary effort of paganism I have seen in the east.

The lower part of it is a large, massive stone structure, surmounted with brick work. The bricks resemble the square, flat, old Roman brick or tile. The iconoclast has been busy here, for most of the smaller images are damaged, and thousands have been destroyed or carried off. I am quite prepared to believe that eighty thousand images may have once been set up here.

We examined the interior, which contains a great deal of curious frieze sculpture work, portraying animals, &c., and crowds of gilded gods. We pushed our way as far as we could, until positively driven back by the thousands of bats we disturbed; indeed, we nearly had our lights extinguished by their fluttering about us more than once, which is not pleasant while groping where there might be more dangerous company than bats.

Near the great temple are several pagodas. We entered one, which was in excellent preservation; it was a well built, strong, stone structure, equal to Roman masonry.

We afterwards walked on from one little valley to another, and every hill and hillock near them I believe to have been once topped with pagodas. In the palmy days of Arracan, it must have been an extraordinary and beautiful scene.

I never felt so completely amidst idolatry, such

idolatry as the Old Testament Scriptures impress on the mind. "Groves" are here, and "every high hill" had its image, as of old in Canaan. The images of the Bhuddhist do not resemble the wonderful and beautiful creations of Grecian idolatry, but are almost all of one and the same shapeless cross-legged body, with the head tolerably well formed; they are of all sizes, and generally gilded.

Bhuddhists appear to be the least bigoted of any heathen people, for you may go where you please amongst their sacred things, at least we found it so here. No *sanctum sanctorum* was kept from us; and we did not venture to go into the recesses where the images were placed without having the consent and permission of those who had charge of them.

At the great temple, our Bhuddhist servants and the sepoys with us bowed down their foreheads to the ground three times before the huge gilded image.

During the day, I observed a few priests walking about the town in their yellow garments; they were bare-headed, and shaven, and carried a string of beads in their hands. I have noticed many with a cast of countenance like the Capuchins; and had I met them in Italy, I should not have remarked any great peculiarity beyond their yellow garment, so nearly do some of the Romish religious orders resemble those of Paganism.

After our dinner, we went off to a nautch (dancing, and theatrical entertainments), which we had requested to be got up for the amusement of ourselves and the people of the place.

We found a large muster of people squatted in a

circle. In the centre were three lamps which lighted up the stage (a matted parterre), and the people were under a capacious awning. Three seats in a prominent position were placed for us.

I much enjoyed looking round upon the five or six hundred men, women, and children assembled for this their favourite amusement. The dancing was Oriental, and far from fascinating; the acting created lots of merriment in the audience, and we regretted not understanding the language so as to join them. The music most attracted our attention, and I will here describe it. A drummer was squatted within a circular cage of wicker-work, containing eighteen drums of different sizes and tones, throwing his fingers marvellously over them; another performer was posted before a wooden frame-work, within which were eighteen gongs of different sizes, and he struck these into bell music. To these were added a kind of oboe; two wild, shrill clarionets; a big drum; cymbals, and bamboo clappers. A chorus of voices at times joined this wonderful orchestra. The effect of the whole can be more easily imagined than described. I am sure such an exhibition in London would leave no chance for Ethiopian or Pyrenean Serenaders. What a contrast is an opera in the West and one in the East, I thought! In an hour or two we left, but the crowds there collected would not stir probably before six o'clock in the morning. My head was full of the day's strange sights, and probably I shall never have such another in my life.

I must not forget to note that we purchased an image or two at one of the god shops, to take away

with us, as an appropriate souvenir of this old Arracan, still esteemed so sacred that pilgrimages continue to be made to it.

*Jan. 24.*—We got back safely, after an agreeable and interesting excursion.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Rice Market.*

I was early this morning in my boat, looking at this singular floating market. The rice is brought down to the port in canoes and boats of all sizes, from the various creeks and rivers abounding inland in every direction.

Small purchasers have it carried away by men in baskets, one of which is placed at each end of a bamboo, which is carried on one shoulder, after the Chinese method. Larger buyers send boats to collect their purchases.

In the busy season, as many as two to three hundred of these boats and canoes come in. The dealings commence long before daylight, and it is a strange, babbling scene.

I saw a bargain concluded with a native, for about five pounds worth. He haggled a long time for a mere fraction; but when he got the rupees, he thought he found several more than there really were, and wished honestly to return them. The fact was, he was wrong, and could not count.

Akyab, Jan. 1848.

### *Arracanese Funeral Pyre.*

A funeral procession attracted me, and, being near

the spot where the bodies are burnt, I determined on seeing the whole ceremony, and joined the party.

The corpse was in a coffin gaily decorated, and was placed within four props, with wood heaped under and around it. Drums were beating, and priests were praying under a shed close by. One of the priests after a time came forward to the head of the coffin, and pronounced some short prayer or benediction before an offering of two sticks of sugar-cane, two coconuts, a cluster of bananas, some pawn-leaf, and betelnut. This over, a few of the company gave a last look at the deceased. I asked permission to do so. It was a female with a soft expression of countenance, her beautiful black hair was carefully arranged, and a few spices and offerings were strewn over her.

The mother then gave a farewell look at her daughter. It was a sorrowful sight. She fell in a swoon, and they supported her; but the setting fire to the pile was the signal for another burst of grief.

It unmans me to look on sorrow, and I soon afterwards retired.

I observed them take the clothes of the deceased in a bundle, and hold them for an instant in the fumes of the pyre. They looked handsome, and were the work of her own loom and fingers as I was told. A few cigars were distributed about, and I took one which they presented to me. I did not light it, but brought it away with me.

The fire was rapidly consuming the pile, and already some among the crowd of friends were leaving.

This funeral, and the subsequent ceremonies at home, will cost these people several pounds; and it

is only those whose friends can afford the cost that are burnt. The poorest people are buried.

Akyab, Feb. 1848.

*Divine Service.*

Of the various changes of all kinds which are encountered by travellers, none are much greater than with respect to places of Christian worship.

To-day we assembled, a congregation of eight, at the court-house; a bamboo structure, with the wind whistling through it. There was no church bell, no swelling organ, no glorious anthem, no oratorical preaching; not even an ordained minister. But we had our beautiful Church of England Service, and a sermon, read by a regimental officer.

I hope, as I believe, that we felt it a hallowed hour that we thus spent together.

It is not many months since I was in St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and several of the magnificent cathedrals and abbeys of Europe. The contrast is great, but only proves how secondary to public worship are the greatest adjuncts that human art and science can devise.

Akyab, Feb. 1848.

*Roman Catholic Priest.*

I have received such unexpected civility from some of the Romish clergy, that I do not fail to repay it when opportunities occur. A Dr. ——— is accidentally at this station; he is considered a talented man, and holds a missionary appointment direct from Rome's Propaganda.

I invited him to dinner; and, it being Friday, I ordered my servants to take care and provide fish. To my dismay, just before dinner I learned that no fish could be procured. The Doctor came. I privately asked him if he denied himself meat on this day; adding, that I was mortified at discovering there would be no fish at my table,—none could be got. I looked at him, hoping that Rome's austerity was softened in these Eastern regions a little; and, to my great comfort, he told me "that when he left Rome he brought away a special dispensation permitting him to take meat as necessity may require." This was most fortunate; and allowed me to entertain the Doctor in the way I could wish. It was a pleasant evening; the Doctor seemed to enjoy the cheer, and friendly company; but perhaps I showed him too clearly how pleased I was at finding he did not deny himself ordinary fare on this particular day; as he took occasion, aside, to assure me that he really did possess the Pope's dispensation, and that he hoped I should not consider he was scandalizing his Roman Catholic profession.

Akyab, Feb. 1848.

*Funeral Rites to a deceased Phoongee.*

This Bhuddhist ceremony I was anxious to witness. It was a rare opportunity, as the deceased priest belonged to the town, and was much esteemed. He had been dead many months, and considerable preparation for the day had been going on for some time past.

I joined a party of Europeans, and we were on the spot early, in order to see the whole proceedings.

The place selected was an open plain, where there had been some paddy cultivation. A gaily ornamented tinselled car, with the bust of a woman at the head, and the tail of a dragon at the foot, contained the body of the deceased Phoongee, and was placed in the centre. People by thousands came from all directions, and formed a large semicircle around the car.

Our European party had tents, a few bamboo sheds sheltered some of the better classes of natives, while the multitudes endured the burning rays of a mid-day sun, and it was intensely hot.

The funeral ceremony of burning a priest is the very opposite to any thing an European imagination would depict. No grief for the dead is either felt or exhibited; but, on the contrary, the whole affair is looked forward to as a joyous holiday, a time for fireworks, dancing, and music. Men wear their best garments, and women their gayest dresses, many hoping, probably, to make conquests among the living while attending the ceremony for the dead.

There were several hundred dancers. They form sets of about fifty, and go through their dances in three rows. Each has a leader, who recites some of their native poetry, accompanying it with some gesticulation of body, which the rest imitate, making the most grotesque scene and uttering the most strange and wild, but not unmusical, chorus imaginable. We saw one party go through a drinking song and scene, which it would be difficult to describe.

The local battalion joined in the amusements of the day; the men were marched down in military order, and would have been useful in quelling any possible



disturbance, such as sometimes happens on these occasions.

At about two o'clock, we of the European party refreshed ourselves with a substantial luncheon; and probably to the natives we were the greatest curiosity of the day, for they came in such crowds around us, looking at our marvellous mode of using knives and forks, and emptying bottles of beer, that we were compelled to have them driven back by force.

While amusements went on among the crowd, the preparations for firing the car were proceeding.

At three o'clock all was in readiness, and this was announced by a few booming reports of a brass gun. All was now excitement amongst the large assemblage.

The great desideratum is to strike the car with rockets, and set it on fire. This is considered a lucky omen with regard to this world and the next for those to whom the rocket belongs. It is customary for all the neighbouring districts and villages to send one, and even some of the Europeans had rockets.

These rockets are a foot and a half to two feet and a half in length, and with the wood work are about a foot and a half in circumference, so that they are rather formidable missiles. They are attached to ropes, which are made fast to the bamboo scaffolding round the car. There were fifteen of these ropes suspended on poles in a semicircle, a hundred and fifty yards from the car; the rockets are raised about fifteen feet from the ground, and, as usual, fired with a fusee.

The first went off, then a second, and a third, when

the car took fire, but this was too soon; so water was procured, and the fire put out. Afterwards, for a couple of hours, rockets were fired off one after another; some missed, but generally they belched away like a high-pressure steam engine to the car. The parties to whom they severally belonged went after them, whooping, jumping, and tumbling like bedlamites, to bring back the wood work of their exploded rockets. About thirty-five rockets were fired; one of the last battered the car greatly, and when these were over, the pyre was in a blaze, and the whole burnt furiously.

The burning closed the fête, one of the most extraordinary I ever witnessed.

I could not help wondering how the living priests relish their prospect of affording such stirring amusement for the multitude after death. Methinks a quiet lowering into a damp grave would be far more consonant with human feelings; but man is a creature of habit, and this strange custom, one to which the people have been habituated for centuries, must be supposed to reconcile them to the prospect of the ceremony.

We estimated that there were as many as from ten to twelve thousand people assembled.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Water Scene.*

Moonbeams and starlight are the only means by which the view from my bungalow can be made to resemble scenes of a milder clime, and it does at times forcibly remind one of some of our English lake scenery.

This morning the north wind blew freshly, and the harbour before me was as a bright lake, backed by the indented hills running along it on the opposite side. Soon the resemblance vanished. The hills are fine on a distant view, but they are not habitable; their thick woods are tenanted only by malaria and the wild creation; these waters afford no charm for a poet's contemplation; and quickly a burning sun looks down upon the whole, rendering it foolhardiness for any one to expose himself to its rays who is not compelled to do so. As the sun rises, the breeze from the north is hushed, leaving us a heat to bear which relaxes the bodily muscles as it does the mental energies, and engenders too frequently an unnatural indolent apathy.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Political Discussion.*

Last night some of our little European circle entered into a political discussion. It was provoked by the home news just arrived, giving early evidences of the decay of those mighty principles which once had possession of our rulers. It was a noisy debate, some of us got so heated that neither words nor gestures could give vent fast enough to the boiling spirit within us. I have often been among similar parties, and seen men, habitually and naturally quiet, stimulated beyond control, and growing furious, when the subject has been that of modern politics; nor can we, on consideration, wonder at it.

To say a word about the change of avowed principles. I have seen men, intelligent men, plan commercial operations thoughtfully, cautiously, and statis-

tically, weighing well the chances of fiscal alterations at home. I have seen them pore over Hansard's volumes to reassure themselves of the professed principles of every member of the British Cabinet ; and I have known them utterly confounded, deceived, and ruined by relying on them. Nay ! as if the toils and anxieties incident to large operations and their failure were not enough, I have heard them branded as speculators, seen them reduced from the luxuries of Oriental life to the refuge of a London garret. Fortunate is the man whose mental energies may not then be impaired by age, or his health broken down by a foreign clime. There is not, in my opinion, a greater injury that can be inflicted on our foreign merchants than uncertain principles in our home rulers. As regards the new principles of free trade, as they affect commerce, I have heard the Spanish West Indian planter and slave owner rejoice over the bright prospects held out to him for a market for his sugar ; in Russia, I have heard the same for corn ; and in almost every European country I have listened to the exultation of the foreigner on the vast advantages England was preparing for their exports ; but never have I heard one word about reciprocity, nor do I believe that we shall find other countries anxious to adopt our new theories. Our rulers appear to have abandoned that natural law, viz. to take care of their own family first ; and it may well be doubted, whether any nation or individual ever ultimately benefitted others while forgetting their natural duty.

Akyab, March, 1848.

*Blooming Jungle.*

This evening in my walk the air was loaded with the scent of blooming jungle.

Spring has awakened these evergreens, and they are bringing forth many beautiful flowers. I was much struck with one, at once so graceful and delicate, that I wished it could be preserved. These flowers, like the flowery parterre of the Russian steppe, are shortlived, they reign but briefly, and only to propagate a shelter for malaria. They teach us a lesson, that, where man neglects the high behest to "till the ground," the earth will nevertheless "bring forth," even if it be worse than "briers and thorns," about him.

Akyab, March, 1848.

*Cobra Capella and Dog.*

At dusk, while riding with a friend on an embanked road, with our two dogs ranging over paddy fields below us, we heard a hissing once or twice. We looked round, and saw one of them in face of a large cobra, which was rising, hissing, and darting at the dog, whose activity evaded him. We jumped off our horses and ran down the bank, first to get the dog away, then hoping to find and kill the snake, but it was so near dark, that being armed with our riding whips only, we thought it prudent not to grope about after him, for fear of his fangs ourselves.

We were glad to have saved the fine setter, who would have continued to hunt up the snake until

bitten ; for snakes leave a strong scent, which well bred dogs follow up.

I regretted not to have found the cobra for two reasons, one, because I wanted a specimen of my own finding, and then by killing him I hoped to prevent a mortal bite to others.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Snipe Shooting.*

Snipe is the only game at hand. They are here large birds, and very plentiful in the season.

Our indolent mode of sporting would amuse English sportsmen. Snipes are to be found within a mile, and we often ride this mile at about an hour before sunset. A servant carries our powder and shot after us, and we kill a few couple, then ride back. The same evening (two hours after), at dinner, the snipes are on the table.

A very good shot, last season, brought down a hundred couple in one day's sport.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Provisions.*

I must note that in this out of the world place, where there are so few resident Europeans, I have been surprised at finding so many comforts procurable.

There is an abundant variety of fish, and good of its kind ; fruit of several kinds, the best bananas I have tasted in the East, superior pine-apples, the sweet lemon, a delicious substitute for the orange, and probably more wholesome than the orange itself,

The only meat procurable is beef, but poultry is excellent, and much better than is generally met with in India.

Man's pampered appetite is perhaps the only thing which habit does not control. The other day I heard a gentleman insisting upon it that chicken, ducks, and geese were not fit for a Christian's dinner, the fact being that he grew tired of them. In the same estimation are held beef in the Danubian ports of the Black Sea, mutton in the Crimea, woodcocks at Constantinople, snipes in many parts of sunny India, &c. &c.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Gold.*

Gold amongst Eastern nations has for many years commanded a higher value than in any other; for which there are several reasons. In addition to the quantity used in gilding the images, and adorning the temples of Hindoos and Bhuddhists, a very large quantity is converted into jewellery for the women; and when such, it has been usual with despotic rulers to respect it. Thus, all Indian families possess, or endeavour to possess, a large value in family jewellery. Another reason is its portability, both in times of war and as an exchange for products amongst the rudest people who live in distant regions. The gold mohur (value £1 10s.), is often seen strung with beads, as in Hindostan, for necklaces.

Probably at this moment, in this province gold fetches a higher value than any where else on the face of the globe. The natives put great value on

its purity, and they are very adept in detecting alloy by means of the touchstone.

The causes above assigned have assisted to create the passion and affection for the precious metal in its every shape, and here it is probably as much or more "the root of all evil" as in any country the sun shines upon, or where the dews of heaven fertilize.

I believe happy England would be happier still without the golden standard she has set up ; such an image surely cannot perforce be necessary amongst the people of a highly civilized nation ; I entertain a strong opinion on this subject.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Opium.*

This drug, which the people of China render a curse to themselves, and our Christian government and traffickers so willingly and profitably assist them in so doing, is an inestimable blessing in its proper medicinal use.

I have had the muscles of my body, when in knots from a slight attack of cholera, quickly allayed through its influence. Last night one of my servants was literally doubled up with severe pain, his chin and knees meeting. I administered to him a preparation of opium, and, to my delight, in a few hours he was sufficiently recovered to be about again.

Opium, calomel, and quinine remedies have done wonders in counteracting the ravaging diseases of India ; none are more generally efficacious in skilful hands.

Akyab, March, 1848.



*Nautical Scene.*

Before my bungalow, at this moment, is an interesting nautical scene, especially when it is considered that the hills opposite (only five miles distant), are uninhabitable; and that within a short river excursion humanity is as wild and almost unknown as the prolific vegetation.

The East India Company's pennant and colours are streaming from the masts of a man of war schooner, gun-boats, a steamer, and river schooners; there are British, French, American, Belgian, Dutch, Danish, Hamburgh, and Bremen merchantmen, some of them of a large class. Then there are junks, with the peculiar Chinese build and rigging: Burmese craft, of a strange variety; rough, clumsily-constructed vessels of various dimensions from Chittagong and the Coromandel coast; the still ruder craft from the Maldivé Islands, exciting wonder how such frail vessels were ever ventured on so long a voyage; then the large boats from the neighbourhood, with their multitude of rowers, down to the canoe scooped from a single tree, and paddled swiftly along by a couple of hardy natives. All these should form a scene of interest to an Englishman, of which he may be proud, as in great measure it is the happy result of British rule.

Akyab, March, 1848.

*Town of Akyab.*

A word about this bamboo town and its population. There is only one brick and mortar building tenanted, and the houses of the natives I have heard not inap-

appropriately likened to bird-cages. They are all built of bamboo, and raised on stakes a few feet from the ground, on account of the heavy rains which at times inundate the whole country.

A little more than twenty years ago, this place was a mere resort for fishermen to ply their trade. It has now grown to a large native town, with streets of bazaars, and is a considerable mercantile port.

The population at this season is estimated at upwards of thirty thousand, but this includes a very considerable number of Indian settlers and Coolie labourers, who come here during the harvest and busy shipping time, as the Irish cross the channel into England for harvest wages.

There are a great many Burmese living here, with whom there is a similarity of religion, manners, physiognomy, complexion, and language.

The natives (who are called Mugs), are an indolent, independent race, much given to opium and gambling; yet they are more open and honest than the Bengallées; nor does their Bhuddhist religion fill them with the bigotry and grosser superstition of the Hindoo of the present day.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Prospect of leaving.*

My stay in this Eastern region is now drawing to a close, and to regret it is impossible. The months I have spent here have been the most secluded of my life, and to be glad to get back again into Christianized civilization is a yearning in which all who are resident here join me. Such a solitude as this is has

perhaps many advantages to a reading, thoughtful mind, but I question its profitableness for a long continuance; and I rather believe, that no reading or thinking will alone prevent the mind from getting rusty. It is contact with the world's society which burnishes solitary thoughts and researches.

I am thankful to get away without much loss of health, after tasting slightly the ills of the climate, which is perhaps the worst in eastern, as Scinde is in western India. From the beach I often look upon the waves, and listen to them with a pleasure only to be felt, not described. The briny deep I look upon as my best friend, on whose bosom I shall rejoice to recline, whether in calm or in tempest, provided only I am carried onwards to the far west again.

Akyab, March, 1848.

### *Leaving Akyab.*

Hour after hour, I had been sitting at the door of my bungalow, anxiously on the look-out. At last, a few murky lines were observable in the distant horizon of waters: it was the steamer. Soon myself and traps were in readiness. Several farewell parties had already been going the round amongst our little European circle, and now an Indian tiffin gathered us together for the last time as regarded myself.

There is something in farewells among friends which is touching, although it may not be the rending asunder of life's long friendships, or of the close affections of kindred. I confess I prefer escaping the ordeal altogether. The "good-bye's," and "good wishes" went round; when the Doctor came aside,

shook hands, and whispered to me,—“ I am glad you are off ; another cholera case is just come in.”

I can only wish them all a safe deliverance from the ills of such a climate, and speedy return to one that is more enjoyable in every sense of the word.

At sunset I rejoiced to say—Farewell, Arracan.

March, 1848.

### *The New Cathedral.*

I watched the building of this Indo-Gothic edifice, walking amongst the swarthy masons, and often seeing the rays of morning and evening suns shining through its scaffolding. It is now completed, and I rejoice to have heard its swelling organ, and joined a congregation in divine worship therein.

It is an elegant structure, of which Calcutta may be proud ; and it is a monument worthy of the energy and munificence of Bishop Wilson, through whom it was begun and finished.

Calcutta has its cathedral, churches, ecclesiastical college, missionary establishment, and schools. The sublime efforts making for heathen conversion may well arrest the deepest thought, for Christianity is the only means which can bring light into the mental darkness brooding over the millions of India.

Calcutta, April, 1848.

### *Farewell View of Calcutta.*

I have once more rambled through the densely peopled districts and bazaars of this city. It has been with a sort of feeling that I shall never see them again.

Since I last threaded my way among them, I have seen many countries, but nothing strikes me as strange; every nook and corner, every costume, every kind of traffic, seem as familiar to me as though I had not left the country.

India is not a land of change as regards the natives; fashion does not rapidly disturb the existing state of things; and I should think that in no other country has there taken place less change than in the manners and customs of this people (China excepted).

As the sun was setting I ascended the Ouchterlony monument to take a farewell view of the City of Palaces. It was a fine scene; the sun went down luridly in the distance, black stormy clouds angrily threw off their electricity in flakes and forks, and were hurried hither and thither by the rising winds.

The view from this monumental pillar is very extensive and imposing; probably there are few finer of its kind to be seen any where. The large scale and handsome style of the buildings in general, combine to make the whole magnificent. On a closer inspection, these splendid buildings lose much of their charms, when compared with the palaces of Italy. Their flimsy stucco is but a poor apology for enduring marble and granite: however, it is a splendid view of a city, worthy, as it is, to be the seat of government; while the noble river, studded with the largest class of shipping, proclaims its commercial importance.

By to-morrow's sun I leave this eastern capital, preferring England in every sense, and in any position, to all its sunny splendour.

April, 1848.

*Habit.*

What creatures of habit we become ! A few years ago I should have thought a night at sea a voyage requiring consideration, but now I really think as little about a five thousand miles trip as though it was merely shifting my lodging to the next town or street.

Again I witnessed the pangs of parting friends, and again quitted the heated shores of Bengal.

The Hooghly, April, 1848.

*Death and Burial at Sea.*

One of our fellow-passengers two days ago fell down in a fit, but he was better yesterday morning, and came amongst us. He relapsed in the evening, and died. This morning, at half past eight, the knell tolled ; many of us assembled round a clergyman passenger, who read the solemn service, and then the coffined corpse was consigned to its billowy grave.

This is the first time I have witnessed a funeral at sea ; it is very impressive.

The rapid transition from life to death and the grave, in the case of a fellow-passenger, has made many of us thoughtful. It is melancholy to contemplate one dying far away from kindred and the solace of friendship, but it is the more so from knowing, as we now do, that in the present case death in youthful manhood has been occasioned by the suicidal indulgence in the bottle.

Bay of Bengal, April, 1848.

*Hindoo Festival at Madras.*

An intensely hot morning did not prevent my taking a last walk on the soil of British India. I am glad I went, for it happened to be a Gentoo Festival.

The Juggernaut Car, on its eight monster wheels, was dragged along through the native town, decoying thousands of its swarming population into the narrow streets. The ponderous car, quite covered with wood carving of strange things, and decked with streaming red flags and garlands, contained the favourite image. Priests were busy receiving the offerings of the people. Wild music of strange sounds, and dancing, accompanied the procession. I followed, and saw many marvellous ceremonies at this pagan festival, which baffle and preclude description.

This minor exhibition of the terribly celebrated Car of Juggernaut gave me a tolerably clear notion of the bloody scenes there enacted by frantic, fanatic Hindoos. The dreadful immolation under the wheels of the car still takes place annually, though happily the victims are fewer than formerly.

Once more I witnessed Indian dancing, jugglery, and snake charming ; and in the evening was glad to find our good ship steaming rapidly onwards.

Madras, April, 1848.

*Another Death.*

Yesterday, at the dinner-table, one of our fellow-passengers suddenly dropped forward. He was re-

moved to his cabin ; but all that surgical skill could do failed to restore him from an apoplectic seizure.

About three o'clock this morning, the carpenter's hammer near my berth awoke me. I guessed correctly the cause, and, on looking out, I saw a coffin half made. The sick man was dead ; and, at half past eight o'clock this morning, he was consigned to the deep.

This second instance of almost sudden death in the short lapse of a week makes some of us wonder whose turn may come next to be carried off. The occurrence has added solemnity to the appointed church services of the day, for it is Good Friday.

Indian Ocean, April, 1848.

### *Pilgrim Ship.*

In the distance we sighted a brig. She had her flag knotted, in consequence of which we bore down towards her.

On nearing her, we asked what she wanted, in English ; but could get no reply. Then the head lascar was ordered to speak to her, when the cry was for paunée (water).

She proved to be an Arab brig, with two hundred and twenty-five souls on board, bound to Aden and Mecca.

A general feeling of gratification pervaded us all, from our good commander downwards, to find that our ship was enabled to relieve the wants of a crowd of thirsty fellow-creatures. We must have proved a sort of oasis in the desert to the slow-sailing Arab.

Indian Ocean, April, 1848.



*Ship's Shambles.*

On the fore main-deck below, are some capital cabins, and several of us who have berths there have reason to be contented with our lot in so crowded a ship. There is, however, one revolting drawback, for the butcher's shambles are here.

I happened to-day to be entering my cabin at the moment that a huge African was about to butcher a goat for the stokers. He held the poor animal by the head between his knees, and was positively laughing and playing with its neck, while between his teeth gleamed the sharpened knife. I just saved myself the sight of the performance. I cannot understand what can be the gratification, but I have observed that the slaughter of a few sheep, pigs, or an ox, generally musters a party of our English passengers to witness it. It is a strange taste, to say the least of it.

Indian Ocean, May, 1848.

*Trip up the Red Sea.*

We passed so near to the town of Mocha, that I was glad of the opportunity of looking into it; and, with the aid of my telescope, to carry away some knowledge of this Arabian town, without the trouble of paying it a personal visit, which, from all I learn, would be any thing but agreeable.

Contrary to my fears, the weather in this summer month of May has been delightfully cool. How changed will be the cool breezes we are enjoying in a few weeks!

We had a clear view of Mount Sinai, at least if that be it which is pointed out to us as such. Some parties who have visited the sacred mountain have told me that it is, while another traveller in our party, who has also been there, doubts the fact, because the Red Sea was not visible from it.

Nothing can exceed the barrenness of the coasts of the Red Sea on either side. It has taken us six days to voyage from the Straits of Babelmandeb to Suez.

May, 1848.

*Simoom on the Desert.*

Our party by the Calcutta steamer was so numerous, that there were not vans sufficient to convey us all across to Cairo; consequently, I with two others started on donkeys.

An hour before sunset, we left the gate of the town of Suez. Heavy electric clouds hovered over and around us; the sun went down luridly; soon afterwards a hot wind commenced blowing from the south, and increased in intensity until it seemed like a blast from a neighbouring furnace. We were about twenty miles on our journey when I observed to my companions that I thought we should have a dreadful night. The heated wind still increased. I had watched the simoom as it approached, and had been bringing back to memory old descriptions of them. I now proposed that, on the word being given, we should instantly dismount and protect ourselves behind our donkeys. I had scarcely said this, when it blew a tempest of hot wind, sand, and pebbles; our breathing was difficult; and our position serious. We dismounted in dismay,

and having packed the donkeys, got behind them for protection.

The simoom raged, going all round the compass, and compelling us to shift our position, so that we soon lost all knowledge of where we were. The tempest continued in gusts of more or less fury from an hour to an hour and a half; and heartily glad were we to observe one star after another appear in the distance, their twinkling light telling us that the simoom had passed by. We were all safe, except a donkey, which we have since seen nothing of.

This has served to give me an idea of the storm of the Desert; and to meet one in a sandy ravine must be terrible indeed. I have been benighted on the snows of Poland, but the hot blast of the simoom, to my mind, is far more to be dreaded.

May, 1848.

*False Alarm of the Guides, and Sleep on the Desert.*

After the simoom had passed over, we attempted to find the road, but the darkness of the night made it impossible. Our guides were quite at a loss to know where we were, and told us we could go no farther, as no track was visible. This we objected to, and moved on; not much liking the Desert sands for a couch. Presently, one of our guides came running up in seeming breathless agony, telling us "that the Arabs were close upon us." For a moment I meditated on the possibility of an unfriendly bullet, or the loss of our purses, or a Bedoween bondage, and I confess the last thought rather tickled my fancy; but we

soon found that the cry of "Arabs coming down upon us," with their pretended fright, was only a ruse of our guides to induce us not to proceed in the dark. At first I felt disposed to chastise our alarmists, but as this could serve no good purpose, refrained.

Finding progress impossible, as we were already off the track, we laid down on the sand until daylight. A stone formed my pillow. I soon fell asleep, and after an hour or two on my hard bed and harder pillow, I awoke refreshed, and, strange to say, in the midst of a pleasant dream !

It has been one of the wildest, strangest nights I ever passed, and gladdening daylight found us jogging along cheerfully on our journey.

May, 1848.

### *Desert Silence.*

The following night, while our party stopped a short time, I walked on a-head alone.

What a delicious change from the hot blast and noisy tempest of last night ! The young moon's crescent, and the bright stars now shone in the deep blue firmament with a splendour such as I have rarely, I think never, seen elsewhere.

The stillness of the Desert was intense. No gust of wind swept by ; no distant cry of a hyena, or bark of a dog could be heard.

I stood gazing with rapture at the beautiful heavens, until I thought I heard a kind of distant bell music. The impression was exquisite, indescribable.

May, 1848.

*Donkeys.*

We were thirty-six hours, including stoppages on the Desert and at the stations, in traversing the eighty-four miles between Suez and Cairo. On approaching Cairo this morning, I was delighted to find my excellent beast, the same I had ridden the whole distance, still jogging merrily along, with his fine ears sent forward, and every now and then braying a salutation to old friends; and this after a journey long enough to have worn out a stout horse.

A good donkey commands a higher price than a common Arab horse, and the proof of their excellence is the journey to Suez without stopping, except for water; rather a serious trial to submit to. I believe we were far more fagged at our journey's end than the donkeys. It is a trip I would recommend all travellers to avoid, if possible; the fatigue of trotting along so continually for so many hours is very great, but by no means so serious as by the slower means of a baggage camel.

Cairo, May, 1848.

*Egyptians and their Eyes.*

The modern Egyptians are an athletic race compared with the people of Bengal and Southern India; indeed, they are often seen toiling and carrying burdens which in England would be winced at. There is one sad general defect; you rarely see a pair of good eyes, they are nearly all more or less bleared. This defect begins in childhood, and appears seldom

to be got rid of afterwards. Whether it arises from the utter lack of cleanliness, or the myriads of flies which swarm in so dry a climate on the Nile's banks, I know not ; but probably from both causes ; certainly the latter has something to do with it, for I scarcely ever saw an Egyptian child awake or asleep without some flies about its eyes.

Cairo, May, 1848.

### *Egyptian Politics.*

The following tragic occurrence is reported to have taken place a few days ago ; but I believe, as I hope, that it cannot be true.

A deputation, it is said, repaired to the highest quarters for the purpose of presenting a petition for a constitution. They were profoundly listened to, and so well received, that really they began to consider their moderate request half granted. Unhappy men ! the three leaders in this novel movement died on the gallows at sunrise the next morning ! This is sharp practice, and I do not believe it ; still it is only the reception that would have been given a century ago by Eastern despots to such petitioners. The poor Egyptians have to go through a long education before they are fit for a constitution, and I do not think the Israelites of old were in much worse bondage than they have long lived under.

Cairo, May, 1848.

### *Alexandria.*

This city of late years has thrown off much of its Asiatic aspect, and is now in reality more European

than most that are eastward of Italy. The old filthy bazaars seem swept away, and with them the means of harbouring the plague and its horrors.

Any one that has not visited Alexandria within the last five or six years, would barely recognize any portion of it beyond the fine open square in its centre.

May, 1848.

### *Syra.*

A short voyage of three days, during which we had a good view of Mount Ida, and the coast of Crete, brought us to the Greek island of Syra, with its thriving town, situated on a very steep conical hill. Our yellow flag prevented our paying it a personal visit.

Several of us accompanied some fellow-passengers to the quarantine prison, which is the only imposing building in the port. I was rather disposed to purchase my freedom by passing a legal purgatory there, but having already seen Athens, the prospect of a twelve days immuring with the motley company I saw therein, decided me against it.

May, 1848.

### *A real Greek.*

While at the quarantine, I was greatly amused with a dandy Greek. He was dressed in his folds of white petticoat, blue vest and leggings, with a short blue cloak thrown in studied negligé over his shoulders. The way in which he continually strutted about, the various postures he assumed, his pensive

moods, and his measured tread up and down the rocks, were all as methodical as though he was positively performing some part in a Greek piece on an English stage.

The kind of disdain with which he looked down upon us, poor foreigners of the degenerate modern West, was not the least amusing part of his idiosyncrasy.

Our fine gentleman lost some of his apparent dignity, when we discovered that he was simply over-looking the landing and warehousing of some bales of Egyptian linen which our ship had brought from Alexandria.

Syra, May, 1848.

### *The Cyclades.*

We have been sailing among the Cyclades, and have had a sea view of almost every one of these numerous islands. One day it has blown fresh, and we have seen the waves foaming and dashing against their iron-bound shores ; the next, we have had soft winds, with a bright blue sea gently laving them.

It has been truly a pleasure trip, and probably I shall never enjoy another to equal it in my life. Every thing has conduced to enjoyment. The rapid transition of only five weeks from the heated atmosphere of Bengal, to the exhilarating, invigorating breezes that play amongst these islands, has added a halo to their positive beauty, and their classic and historical interest. Some of us have become enthusiastic, and we have sung—



"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung," &c.

and joined in the chorus—

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine."

May, 1848.

### *Coast of the Morea.*

It was a clear, bright morning, as we passed Capes St. Angelo and Matapan, showing off to perfection the lofty range of hills, whose highest points were snow-capped. These hills are noble in their barrenness.

We rapidly coasted along the west of the Morea, the land of Arcadia, on to the Ionian Islands. A full moon has shed a lustre on our limpid way, throwing a brightness over scenes such as leave nothing but the imagination to embellish. Midnight has seemed too early for the pillow.

May, 1848.

### *Corfu.*

This romantic island took me by surprise, notwithstanding that my anticipations were raised very high.

The harbour seems completely land-locked, and imbedded in luxuriant fertility. The island heights, and the Albanian mountains in the distance, form a magnificent prospect. At this moment, snow caps their highest points, fringing the enchanting vision with brightness even into the sky.

The rose has its thorns everywhere, and amid the charms of this region lurks a malaria to sadden them.

May, 1848.

*Town of Corfu.*

A distant view of this town is all we can obtain. Our yellow flag keeps us strangers to it and its inhabitants; moreover, our approach has excited alarm, ridiculously enough; and the health authorities will not allow their boats as usual to land passengers at the quarantine. All this is because our ship comes from Constantinople, where the cholera happens to exist. How different are our Indian fears about cholera, accustomed as we are to reside in the midst of places where we know it lives at all times.

Not all precautions against contact will prevent this dreadful scourge, if it is, as it is said to be, wafted on the wings of the wind.

May, 1848.

*Relics of French Royalty.*

We have lost one of our fellow-passengers, a Greek, who has entered quarantinè. He was a short personage, with a drab slouched hat, and with a visage only in small part discernible out of a thick forest of hair.

He has given us graphic descriptions of the late February revolution in Paris. This he was well enabled to do, having entered the Tuileries with the canaille, and possessed himself of a piece of one of the royal robes which they had torn into shreds, and also of a fragment of the throne they had shattered.

These are trophies he valued, but I am glad to say there are none amongst us who envy him the possession of such precious relics.

This gentleman has completed his professional studies in Paris, and is become decidedly Frenchified. I think I can almost tell whether a man has had the equivocal advantages of Parisian schooling. One peculiarity I remark, which is, that a young man is generally turned out apparently middle-aged.

Corfu, May, 1848.

### *Rough Night.*

I little thought after leaving the peaceful harbour of Corfu, that we should soon tumble about in so rough a sea, but we have had a day and night of real boisterous weather.

I hardly expected such a reception at this season in the Adriatic. Fortunately, we were flying before the wind; but, as we could not fly fast enough, the yawning billows came after us angrily, battering our stern unmercifully, creaking our timbers, and reminding us of cannon shot from a pursuing enemy.

It was necessarily a sleepless night for most of us; but our good little steamer danced merrily over the surging waves, and reached smoother water this morning.

Adriatic, May, 1848.

### *Austrian Steamer.*

We are a party of several English on board en route from India. We were in the Anglo-Indian steamer as far as Suez, and, although not complainers by nature, its over-crowded state occasioned us many disagreeables; nor do I see how this can be remedied, whilst such a multitude of passengers are permitted to

embark in them. None but strong, healthy people should attempt the voyage in this season of the year, unless more regard to their necessary comfort can be paid.

In the Austrian steamer the contrast is most favourable in every sense of the word. The clean and elegant meals, the cheerful and civil attendance, the liberality in all the regulations, every thing makes us feel as though we had reached a more refined civilization.

Adriatic, May, 1848.

### *Passengers.*

We are nearly at the close of our little pleasant voyage from Alexandria, and all of us with evidently improved health.

Although we are a motley party, I have rarely seen one more unanimously disposed to be mutually agreeable. We have had among us one of the best amateur Italian singers I ever heard, and a good guitarist. We have all had enough of sea life, but I dare say we should like to continue some of the sociality we have enjoyed.

Near Trieste, May, 1848.

### *Rain.*

The fine approach to Trieste was lost to us from a continual fall of rain. To me this was not a matter of regret, for I had seen scarcely a shower during the last six months. The heavy drops were truly delicious, and it will be long ere I shall join in a cry

against the clouds which pour fatness upon the face of the earth.

A residence under an Indian or Egyptian sun is a pretty certain means of rendering rainy weather delicious.

Trieste, May, 1848.

### *The Exchange.*

The busy haunts of the civilized world have a great attraction for one who has been for some time consigned to Eastern barbarism. I felt this attraction, and my first visit was to the Exchange. Crowds of people of all complexions were assembled there, and I never saw men appear more intensely anxious. They all seemed to have lost something, and to be hunting for the thief; indeed I am sure gray hairs grew fast on a multitude of heads, for their countenances were melancholy to behold. There were a few exceptions to this general gloom in the boyish spirits of a few striplings from mercantile offices, who appeared to gather fun from the perplexities of their patrons. All this is accounted for by the momentary expectation of an enemy's fleet off the town from Italy, and its prospective mercantile consequences.

Trieste, May, 1848.

### *National Guards.*

The town is full of new made National Guards, who are being drilled for emergencies; and about seven thousand of them are enrolled.

At sunset there was a large muster, armed for parade, and although it was surprising to notice the good

order they exhibited, I was at times vastly amused to see the mixture of sizes amongst them side by side, including the big fat to the short lean, and the tall lean to the short fat man, and as they all wore their own private attire, this variety was the more striking. I think sundry corps of corresponding stature should be organized, where it could be so easily done apparently.

I am rather curious to know whether they will really fight when necessity comes. I have my own opinion on that important point.

Trieste, May, 1848.

### *Fine View.*

Early I strolled through this fine town up to the old Cathedral, a veritable antique structure, built on the foundation of an old Pagan temple. For the sake of the music I again witnessed the ceremonial of the mass.

The Cathedral is situated beautifully on the summit of a hill. The morning was deliciously fine. The snowy heights in the distance, the blue Adriatic nearer, then the town below, and flower gardens at my feet, all gorgeously glowing under a May sun, made me revel with delight.

Would that men loved a peace, like that which the heavens and the earth and the sea portrayed, how soon would the gloomy countenances of thousands in this town be changed into joy again!

Trieste, May, 1848.

*Flower Girls.*

It was a bright morning when several of these damsels came to the hotel windows. They wore such rosy cheeks that they found most of us ready and willing purchasers. If any of us would not be tempted at first, they flung roses at them until they made them purchasers. Their laughing eyes made an easy conquest of me.

The flowers were fresh as the morning, and I liked them all the better for not being made up into formal Genoese nosegays. The roses were beauteous, but a handful of lilies of the valley rejoiced me more than I think flowers ever did in my life.

Trieste, May, 1848.

*Enemy's Fleet.*

As reaching Venice is out of the question at present, on account of the blockade, and Trieste itself is becoming too warm, in a military sense, to be agreeable, I have left it earlier than I intended.

I started with a party of my countrymen. In ascending the neighbouring splendid heights we saw the town to the greatest advantage. It was a most lovely morning, and the scene magnificent. On reaching the highest point the long expected Sardinian and Neapolitan fleet hove in sight, and approached apparently within range of the guns of the port. It was unique as a sight in the position we were, to watch eleven sail, accompanied by five steamers, all working up to the port in order of battle.

The shipping in port was protected by a couple of

men of war; while our splendid English steamer, the "Terrible," was anchored a short distance away, and stood alone, as a giant. I hope, as I think, that the presence of this four funnelled monster will at all events procrastinate any belligerent proceedings.

Two guns of alarm were fired in the town, and I have no doubt Trieste contained more sleepless people during the following night than she has for a long time.

I trust this fair scene of a fine town and beautiful environs may escape the horrid blemishes of war. This we all hoped, as we passed on into the beautiful and mountainous countries of Illyria and Styria.

Near Trieste, May, 1848.

### *Grotto of Adelsberg.*

This celebrated grotto is situated in a charming secluded country. We sat down at the entrance while our half dozen guides were engaged lighting up the interior. The sun was declining, shedding a soft lustre over beautiful meadows, a picturesque mill, and a clear stream, which rushed down towards us, and descended into the grotto below.

We entered, and I cannot picture to myself any thing more magic-like than the scene around us, as we wandered down into this beautiful region of the wonders of nature.

I often find how utterly incompetent the poet is to describe Nature's beauties, or so to describe them that their impressions may be vividly conveyed to another. It is assuredly as much the case at present as with any thing I ever beheld. Near the entrance a stream



rushes along below, and this we crossed on a long wooden bridge. The effect of the illumination of this subterranean scene brought back to some of us "Arabian nights" tales, almost robbing them of their fiction.

The grotto is miles in length, and during the whole distance, stalactites, from those of an enormous bulk to some of the delicate texture of a ribbon, form every kind of imaginable object; lofty banquet halls, churches, pulpits, prisons, tombs, men, animals, trees, flowers, and, when struck, music itself.

Romance and religious superstition have a rare opportunity here for enjoyment. What a region for catacombs! and under the care of Capuchin brethren, what a holy spell would soon issue from so strange a region! I wonder the Friars have not appropriated it, as it would have been a great hit for them; but perhaps it is a little too serious a place for even their thoughts.

One of our party proposed letting loose a couple of active negroes and a couple of large apes, to play a frolic; and I believe if they did, the people would not rest until the priests had used all their means to dis-  
.edevil it.

There is a chilly dampness in the atmosphere which must make the place unwholesome for a long stay, we spent two hours only in it, and came away surprised and delighted.

May, 1848.

unique  
eleven

### *Route to Innspruck.*

... with my ci-devant friends and companions,  
and have been travelling in the beautiful mountain

country of Styria, taking a circuitous route by Gratz, Bruck, Yssel, Saltsburg, &c. to this capital of Tyrol. It has been a treat such as none could so well enjoy as one coming direct from hot oriental regions. Every thing has conduced to enjoyment, the weather has been delicious, and the season the merry month of May. Every valley teemed with fertility, every mountain looked magnificent; above all, the people generally appeared contented and happy, and their dwellings clean and comfortable. Every village has its church, and these, even in small towns, are usually on a large scale.

I know few countries in which I should so much like to ruralize as in Styria and the Tyrol, giving in many respects a preference to the former.

Yssel struck me as a delightful retreat, and certainly the last stages of the route from Bruck are very beautiful and grand.

Innsbruck, May, 1848.

### *Priests and Images.*

At many of the country inns I met priests, not in general of a melancholy countenance, but, on the contrary, jolly enough. I once entered into conversation with three of them, who, amongst other things, wished to convince me that, in a few years, reformed Britain would again become Roman Catholic; I could only say, as I thought, "impossible." The late marvellous secessions to Rome in England are thought much of by the Romish clergy; I believe they are not much less astonished at it than some of us Protestants are.

Images and fresco representations are here greatly

in vogue, within and without the churches, more so than in Rome itself. The Madonna and Child have a place equally over shop, tavern, and stable. I think "Mariolatry" has a greater pre-eminence here than elsewhere. The virgin is adorned with crown, sceptre, mitre, priestly robes, and all sorts of things, down to the latest fashion of the day.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

### *Fidelity to Royalty.*

However much republicanism may be gaining ground elsewhere, it finds little favour in these mountains and valleys. The people wont have it, they are loyal to the bone.

It happened that two Austrian officers, en route for Italy, were in the same carriage with me, and I found them jovial fellows. On reaching a large village, we sang the national anthem, and our voices being rather powerful, we created a considerable sensation. The inn was quickly filled with Tyrolese, who flocked round us to hear any news we could tell or invent, and of this latter my military friends gave them largely. In a few moments such hearty cheers were vociferated and encored as would have done good to the heart of a king to have heard. These are times of political excitement, it is visible everywhere.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

### *Innsbruck.*

This capital is charmingly situated amid mountains whose snowy tops generally resist the summer's sun, and the rapid Inn runs through it.

It is essentially a "church and king" place. The main street is handsome, with a fine triumphal arch at one end.

The royal palace is extensive, and centrally situated, with a public garden and walk close by.

June, 1848.

*The Austrian Emperor and Palace Guards.*

This morning I saw the monarch of this extensive empire several times. The character he bears I could readily believe to be exactly true. He is a tender hearted man, with a great lack of mental energy. The Empress was with him, and appeared of the same disposition, but clever looking.

It is well, probably, that the Emperor has fled to this faithful part of his dominions, though I can scarcely imagine a being villain enough to injure him personally.

The palace is guarded by Tyrolese in their national costume, viz. conical hat, green jacket, black breeches, white stockings, and half boots. They walk about carelessly before the gateway, handling the rifle like a toy, that weapon which in their hands is perhaps the most deadly in the world.

A company of these brave men, bearing a tattered standard, and accompanied by their band, came to salute the Emperor. It was done heartily, and must have gratified royalty: I, a mere stranger, felt it, as I looked on these brave sons of brave fathers cherishing their standard, made ragged by Napoleon's war hounds. It was so affecting, I was obliged to turn aside.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

*Riflemen.*

All classes of the people excel in the use of the rifle. I went to see some practice, which was beautiful.

It is reported that a Tyrolean rifleman lately in Austrian Italy killed eighty of the insurgents, one after another. He could strike true to the coat button.

There will be bloody work if fighting begins in these regions. I pity the man with only a musket for offence and defence; he has no chance with the active limb and the unerring eye of the Tyrolean.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

*Cathedral.*

This building is well worth visiting, if only to see the tomb of Maximilian, so renowned for its beautiful marble basso-relievos. They are exquisite. There are also twenty-eight finely executed large bronze figures, the monument to Hofer, &c. &c.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

*Public Litany Procession.*

I rose early on purpose to see this public devotion, which lasts for three mornings. Thousands of men, women, boys, and girls walked along by twos in procession, interspersed with and accompanied by priests and crucifixes.

I never witnessed such a doleful turn out in my life, and, to my mind, it really partook so much of the

ridiculous, that I was obliged to turn away, as I could not look serious. It was an awful procession of mumbling miserales. The men and women looked as though they were all going to be hanged, but the poor children could not manage to put on a similar outward show of misery.

I could not resist telling some of the Innsbruck people, that they must look out for an earthquake shortly.

The honest reply of a very pretty Tyrolean amused me very much. I asked her why she did not join the walking multitude, she said simply, "because I cannot pray like that."

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

### *Religion and Jesuits.*

Innsbruck and Saltzburg I believe to be the two most bigoted towns in Christendom. The people for generations have been born and educated in Romanism, and they are still wedded intensely to its marvellous fascinations.

What a brushing away of strange things will take place whenever the devoted people come to discover their lack of scriptural authority! The very picture and book shops are chiefly filled with books and representations to suit the prevailing taste.

There were not so many priests about and abroad as I expected to see, but the weather was too chilly perhaps for them. I caught sight of a few deep thinking, and probably deep scheming, Jesuits. It certainly does tell against the Romish faith, to find that the Jesuits, unquestionably amongst the most de-

voted and talented of its followers, are suspiciously looked upon at this moment in all lands, even in Rome itself. I believe that if Rome had inquisitorial power again, power over the consciences of kings, and the scourge of anathema she used to delight in, as of old, that this mysterious sect would again rise high in favour in the closet and the pulpit, at the scaffold or the stake. But I expect to see the whole Romish fabric vanish before the light of truth and knowledge now spreading everywhere.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

### *Female Beauty.*

Female beauty varies greatly. I could not help noticing that in Styria the women are handsome, and much more so than in the Tyrol. They are all rosy, and that, not only in the bloom of youth, but even to old age the hue of the "roses hangs round them still."

In the mountainous districts the neck is generally disfigured with the goitre deformity, a great blemish certainly.

In the Tyrol the women appeared to me much too heavy in the extremities to suit our notions of beauty. I met, however, with one remarkable exception, in the person of my landlord's daughter, a very elegant creature, still in her teens, and one more winning in manner I have rarely seen. She spoke four languages, and was assuredly much too good for the duty of bringing me my soup, and I thought so.

Innsbruck, June, 1848.

### *Valleys.*

The beautiful valleys I have passed through must

be seen to be appreciated; to read of them is not enough.

It is a bright picture to look at villages with their churches, decked with streams, rich meadows, and cereal crops. Higher up are the pastures and cattle, the beautiful woods, the straggling oak and larch, and then the pyramidal pine, shooting with green strength upwards and upwards amid rock and precipice, into clouds and snow. While a summer sun is gleaming, and gladdening the whole, verily these valleys are indeed beautiful; they rejoice the eye,—they rejoice the heart.

Tyrol, June, 1848.

### *To Feldkirch.*

I reached Feldkirch, the frontier town of Austria in the Tyrol, and the route to it from Innsbruck is in parts very fine. The snows earlier in the year make it difficult, often dangerous, and impossible to travel this way. Falling avalanches not unfrequently roll down from the rocky heights. On one height we got into clouds and snow, when a lady in our vehicle became affrighted, and certainly it is somewhat startling to look down into the depths below at a turning point of the road cut on the edge of a precipice.

June, 1848.

### *To Rappenswyl.*

I crossed the Swiss Rhine into Switzerland, and walked up the first height. It was a long pull, but I rejoiced in it. New cut hay scented the air, and cas-



cares echoed music by the road-side. Nothing can exceed the richness of the pasture-lands; and the beauty of the cattle struck me very forcibly. The population is scattered over the country, studding it with dwellings.

As I watched the cattle feeding, and their owners tending them from the plain to the hills above, I could imagine the affection which clings to the heart of a Swiss for his home, his herds, and his mountains. That affection is so tenderly fixed within him, that Napoleon forbade the "Rans des Vaches" to be played to his Swiss soldiers, lest the chords of their inmost feelings should vibrate, and unnerve them.

June, 1848.

### *Switzerland.*

The glimpse I have had of some of the northern cantons of Switzerland has enraptured me, as it would, I imagine, the most fastidious of travellers. It is no common pleasure to watch the towering Yungfrau and Righi, or to feel the inexplicable charm that hangs round a lake such as that of Zurich. The luxuriant rock foliage that catches the virgin spray of the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen is enough to keep any one, as it kept me, motionless with admiration. In a word, nature in Switzerland is beautiful and romantic every where, and grand in its general features. Not only is the scenery here fascinating, but physical comforts are attainable to an extent worthy of the preference usually given to this country by English travellers.

June, 1848.

*Schaffhausen to Fribourg.*

The road runs through a part of the Black Forest. Night, and a blinding rain made it as black as its name; otherwise, I suppose, it is no more black than the Red Sea is red.

The morning was fine when we entered the valley called by the very serious name of "Hell" (Höhlenthal).

To us it was a continual descent amid rich woods of pine, &c., but to those coming this way, it might as well be called Heaven. It has its fires, and a bubbling stream, but no brimstone,—simply charcoal manufacture.

It is a fine wooded ravine, with occasional choice specimens of rock scenery.

June, 1848.

*Fribourg.*

This town is alive with soldiers of all sorts and uniforms. In front of my hotel are several waggons of ammunition. I am glad to arrive in a quiet moment; for, not being a soldier, I have no great fancy to live within the sound and reach of a rattling cannonade. It was sharp work here a few weeks ago; and, in my walk round the town this morning, I saw many houses where the iron balls still hung thickly imbedded in the walls.

June, 1848.

*Cathedral.*

I hope this beautiful Gothic cathedral will remain untouched; for nothing but nature's lightnings, or earthquakes, or man's destructive propensities, will prevent its braving in youthful perfection many more of life's ages. Its red sandstone material looks as fresh as it could have done six hundred years ago.

I was there at high mass, and a crowded congregation filled it. The music was very fine, and performed, I think, by the largest orchestra and vocal company I have ever seen in a church on an ordinary occasion. It included male and female voices, fiddlers, trumpeters, &c.

The coup d'œil was splendid up the crowded nave, in light softened by richly painted windows, to the high altar, attended by its robed priests, and almost veiled by the fumes of incense, all rendered more fascinating by the charm of music.

June, 1848.

*Strasburg Cathedral.*

I was within it by the afternoon's sombre light, as it streamed through the beautiful painted windows.

After wandering over it, and hearing the conclusion of vespers, I was attracted to one of the chapels which was filled with females of all ages. A young and handsome priest first knelt, then seated himself before the altar, and distributed tracts to each of the assembled females who approached to receive them.

While this went on, half a dozen girls, evidently well tutored, sang hymns with most exquisite effect.

I placed myself in various parts of the cathedral to listen. The soft, plaintive echo was ravishing, angelic. I should have liked to have spent hours listening. The simplicity of that youthful strain, in such a place, at such an hour, approached the sublime.

The cathedral is a noble structure, and its spire wonderful. The proportions are so symmetrical, that one has at first a very inadequate notion of its vast height. It is in excellent preservation.

June, 1848.

*France, and her New Republican Motto.*

I was met on all sides by the new motto of France, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." It is inscribed beneath "La Republique Francaise," on every public building. I dare say the new republic is an object of temporary affection with the bulk of the people, as novelties are apt to be.

This soi-disant "La belle France" is a strange country. What a change has taken place during the circuit of a year since I last visited it! A change which to my mind wears such a ragged aspect that I hasten to leave it.

I happened to enter into conversation with a party of republicans, one of whom wished to convince me that if the experiment in France answered, "in a few months we should have no Queen in England!" I smiled naturally; and could not resist telling him in return, that our glorious constitution was like a beau-

tiful arch, which required, as much as it rejoiced in, the key-stone of royalty, for its perfection, and enduring solidity.

What contemptible vanity must Frenchmen have, to imagine that a nation mightier than themselves in all which constitutes real greatness should be captivated, fascinated by a political gewgaw of so volatile a neighbour.

France has great men, as eastern deserts have their prolific oases ; but, I fear, if the mass of the people be left to their self-government, that a wilderness of destructive spirits will inhabit the land.

Their new motto is difficult to comprehend. *Liberté* I understand to exist only where respect to the rights of all is universally shown, but here it approaches more nearly to what we term "license."

*Egalité* is a puzzle. I find it nowhere. It is not in the hidden mines of the earth, for metals differ in kind, value, and utility. It is not on the earth, for flowers and trees differ, as all vegetation differs. Mountains differ in height, as rivers do in length. All created life differs in its every object and kind ; even intellects differ. The material hosts of heaven, sun, moon, stars, and comets differ. All differs in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth. Yet France has got hold of a sublime crotchet of *Egalité* !

Then *Fraternité*. France, in my opinion, must be schooled in higher and better principles before she can know much of that holy bond. She understands a costless, pretty mannerism called politeness, but even that will not be met with should it happen to require self-denial.

My fear is, that real *Liberté* is unknown in France, *Egalité* a nick-name for plunder, and *Fraternité* a passing dream.

An awakening moment may come, when, unless the restless multitudes find vent for their uncontrollable spirits in foreign warfare, this *Fraternité* may be forgotten, and "La belle France" become again the scene of civil discord and hideous butchery.

I am heartily sorry thus to think of a country I have so frequently visited.

12th June, 1848.

### *The Rhine.*

I am again unfortunate in the weather; it is as dreary, wet, and blustering as a day in November.

I managed once, and only once, to feel the romance of the scene. It happened as we steamed by the numerous castles, that a troop of Prussian lancers trotted along the banks. I could fancy it might have been a sally, as of old, from a neighbouring castle, for deeds of chivalry; and it looked really like it.

Had it been fine weather, I should think the Rhine could never have appeared to greater advantage.

June, 1848.

### *Cologne Cathedral.*

This stupendous edifice still progresses. Five hundred workmen are employed upon it; but at the same rate, it will take another hundred years to complete its grand design.

Unless the nation's pride should be piqued at the present slow progress with the building of this magni-

ficent temple, and thousands instead of hundreds of artisans be employed upon it, it is to be feared that Time will leave his scythe-marks on its pillars before in finished glory it can be dedicated to divine worship.

June, 1848.

*Last Note in my Journal.*

In the hope that I may have no future opportunity of noting any new scenes abroad, I gladly pen what I believe to be their conclusion.

With many of us memory is so treacherous a repository to cull from, that I have no doubt much that I have seen and noted would have been otherwise forgotten, and much exaggerated or misrepresented; besides, an amusement would have been lost, which has had its charm in the writing, and may give moments of pleasure on future perusal even to myself.

Any reader of these Notes will find here a great medley. Joy and sorrow, things gay and serious, beautiful and frightful, sometimes strangely to succeed each other, yet they are not the less true; for it has been my endeavour to avoid even the appearance of exaggeration. I know so well the reception "Traveler's tales" meet with, (often too justly disbelieved,) that frequently in narrating strange scenes I have felt the necessity of reducing them to the level of a listener's powers of belief.

This last Note has nothing in it but an echo of the past. It is six years since I left England for the East, and in their course heavy anxieties have hung about me. Some of the fevers of India have at times pros-

trated me ; and dangers which necessarily attend travelling have beset me ; yet I have still the blessing of good health, and for this I feel a thrilling thankfulness.

I have sometimes been afraid of being seized with a travelling mania ; but I can truly say that I am in no wise affected with it ; for the more I have seen of other lands and nations, the more have I become an affectionate admirer of my own.

Unquestionably I have had great sights, and sources of varied instruction and enjoyment laid open to me in the countries I have happened to visit. I have looked upon Nature in many varied forms. Her Alps, Apennines, Atlas, Carpathian, Etna, and Vesuvius ; I have passed over the plains of Russia's Steppe, the Desert of Egypt, through the Valleys of Styria and the Tyrol, and over the bright waters of a Lake in Switzerland. I have become familiar, more or less, with many of the famous rivers of the Old World ; the Rhone, the Arno, the Tiber, the Nile, the Dniester, the Danube, the Vistula, the Rhine, the Hooghly, &c. I have sailed on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, Mediterranean, Black, and Red Seas ; now in the noble and rapid steamer, now in the frail canoe and Masoulah boat.

I have felt the cold of Russia's winter, and the heat of India's summer ; witnessed the snow-storm of the North, and the simoom of the Desert ; sailed on calm, unruffled waters, and become the sport of mighty winds and waves. I have been deafened by the thunders of the storm, and charmed by the delight and peacefulness of quiet ; sometimes treading the earth's wildest,



least cultivated, and almost untrodden districts ; sometimes those most improved by the thriving hand of civilization ; meditating at one time amidst volcanic devastation ; anon amongst smiling orange groves and vineyards ; here traversing barren wastes, and there enraptured with blooming luxuriance.

I have been among nations of great variety, and observed their religions, from Paganism and Islamism to Christianity ; many of their rites and ceremonies ; their priests, temples, mosques, cathedrals, churches, monasteries, groves, high-places, and cemeteries. I have seen great cities ; Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Athens, Cairo, Calcutta, Smyrna, Vienna, Cracow, Munich, &c. and those nearer home.

I have gazed upon the Pope, the Sultan, the Pacha of Egypt, the Ferdinands of Austria and Naples, and other potentates, down to the wild Indian hill-chief, who had scarcely ever beheld an European before.

I have been sledged on the snowy Steppe ; borne along in India's palanquin ; carried in Sicily's letiga ; and have crossed the Desert, perched on the hump of the camel.

I have seen the haunts of the wolf and tiger ; have had the fierce looks of the former upon me, and heard the rough notes of the latter at my side. I have watched the soaring eagle, and the loathsome vulture ; have killed the envenomed snake, and bulletted the hideous alligator.

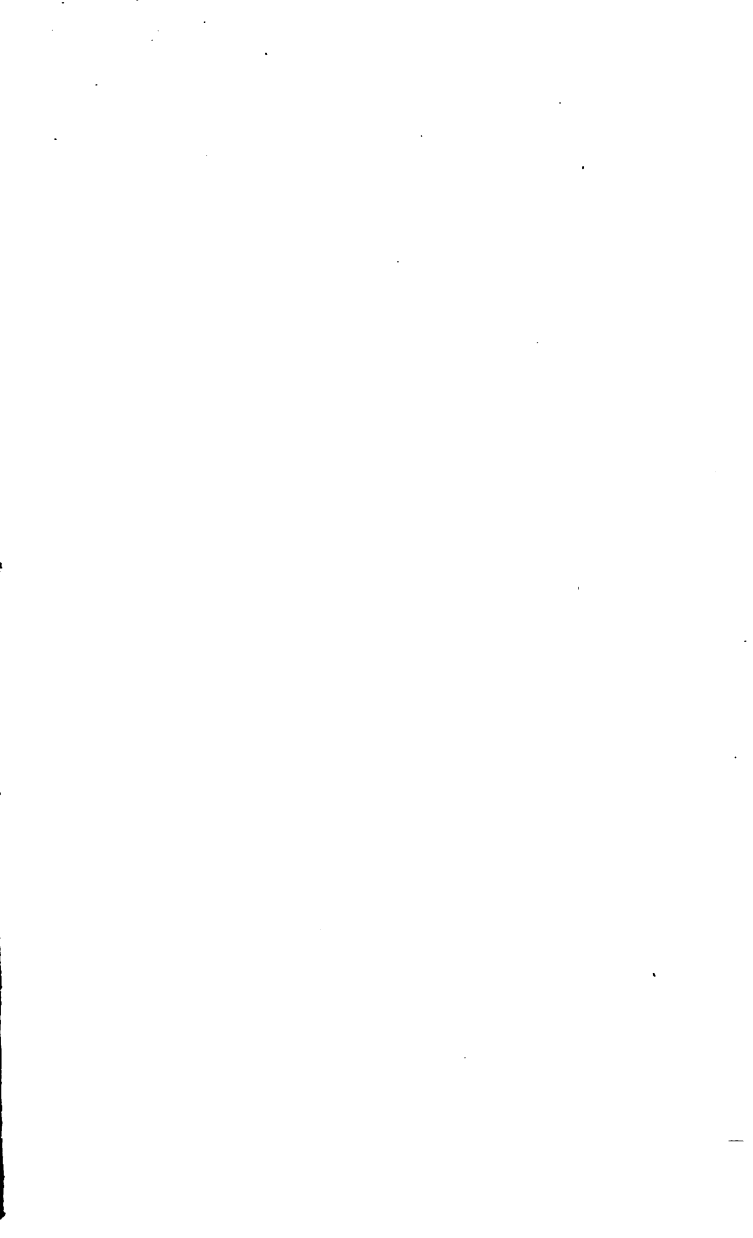
All these, I am aware, are but a few of the vast variety of scenes that the globe affords to a leisure traveller. For me, they are enough. England is in sight ; and I gladly say—Farewell to other lands ; let

me rejoice in the charms of my own, where exist the highest attractions that the world offers. I shall be glad to hide myself for ever behind yonder white cliffs.

Straits of Dover, June, 1848.

FINIS.

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